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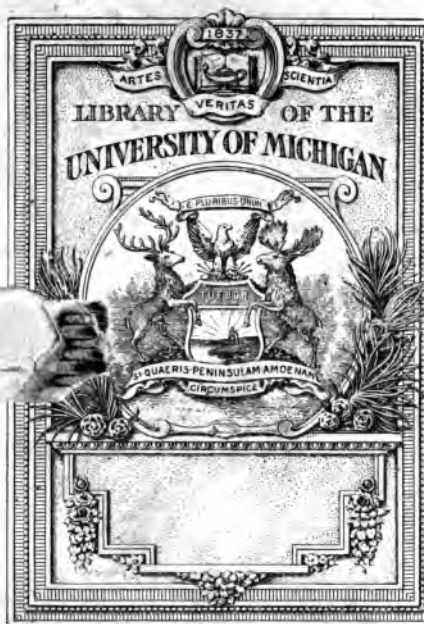
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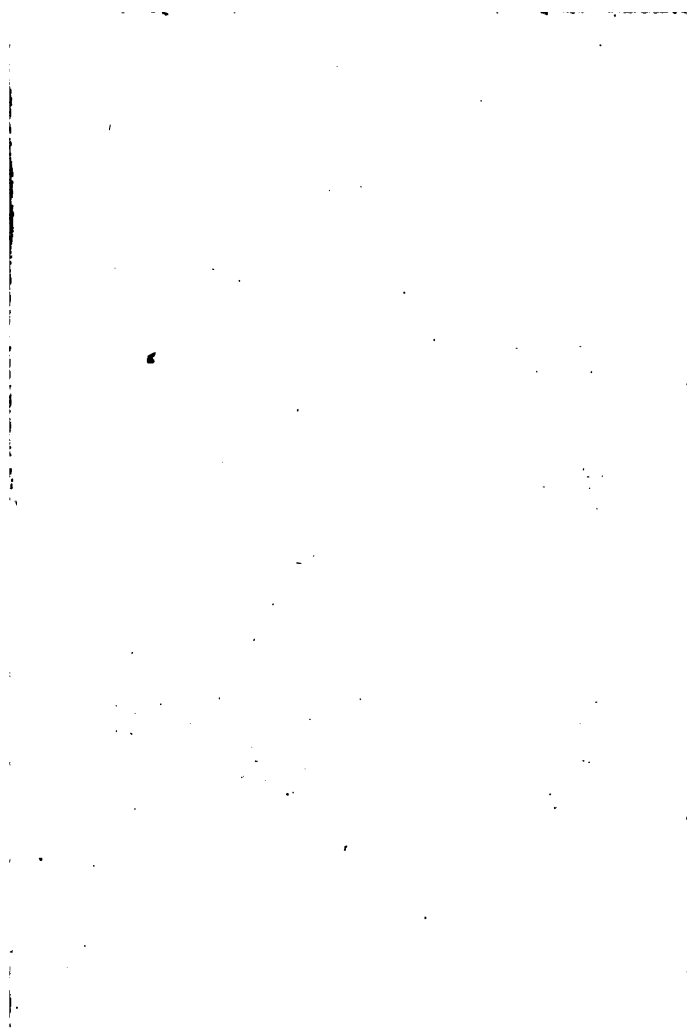
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Wm. Jones

IN THE BOOTHBY COLLECTION

London, 1790. Henry Anson's 1790

THE LIVES
OF
THE MOST EMINENT
BRITISH
PAINTERS, SCULPTORS,
AND
ARCHITECTS.


BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

VOL. IV.

LONDON:
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.
MDCCCXXI.

Then, too, the pillar'd dome magnific heav'd
Its ample roof, and luxury within
Pour'd out her glittering stores ; the canvas smooth
With glowing life protuberant to the view
Embodied rose ; the statue seem'd to breathe
And soften into flesh beneath the touch
Of forming Art, imagination—flush'd.—THOMSON.

TO
JOHN SOANE, ESQ. R. A.
PROFESSOR OF ARCHITECTURE
TO THE
ROYAL ACADEMY.
F.R.S. F.S.A. &c. &c. &c.
THESE LIVES
OF
BRITISH ARCHITECTS
ARE
VERY RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED
BY
THE AUTHOR.



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* * The Engraved Heads, with the exception of that of INIGO JONES, which fronts the Title-page, to precede the respective Lives.







W. S. P. 1844. 12

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LIVES

OF

THE BRITISH ARCHITECTS.

WILLIAM OF WYKEHAM.

BEFORE Architecture became a defined science, and had schools, professors, and disciples, a class of men existed in England, who, trained to other studies, and living in the daily discharge of devout duties, planned and reared edifices with a mathematical skill, a knowledge of effect, and a sense of elegance and usefulness which regular practitioners have never surpassed. The architects to whom I allude, were divines of the Roman Church, and if their labours sometimes had in view only the glory of their religion, it is not the less true that they tended to the good of mankind. The art in which they excelled has been stigmatized as barbarous by learned men; and the uses to which it was dedicated have induced Walpole to say, "that, stripped of its altars and shrines, it is nearer converting one to popery than all the regular pageantry of Roman domes." But the works of men

called barbarians are not all barbarous, and he who is in danger of becoming a Catholic from looking at an abbey, is near of kin to him who dreads drunkenness from gazing at an empty cup. I shall attempt no definition of what is classic or what is barbarous—to me Gothic Architecture exhibits a harmony of parts, a scientific elegance of combination, a solemn grandeur of effect, and such fitness of purpose, as class it with the finest efforts of the human mind. That it differs from the classic architecture of Greece is its merit: if it resembles it in any way, it is only as two statues resemble each other; dissimilar in attitude, and expressing different sentiments, both are works of art, and imitations of nature. I claim for this style of architecture a character original and peculiar; by many it has been called the Gothic, by others the Norman, and by some the English; but it may more properly be called the Order of the Catholic Church—for here, at least, it rose with her rising and sank with her decline. Of those clerical architects the names of but few are known, though their labours extend over a period of five hundred years;—since the Reformation one cathedral only, and that too in the classic style, has been built in England;—and the memories of our Gothic artists have become dim amongst us. Indeed, History has only taken care of the fame of one—the architect of Winchester Cathedral, Windsor Castle, and New College, Oxford, whose life has been written at some length, and with much learning and no little eloquence, by Bishop Lowth.

William of Wykeham, for so his name is frequently expressed, or William Wykeham as he

writes himself in his will, and oftentimes in his own register, was born at Wykeham, in Hampshire, in the year 1324—the eighteenth of Edward the Second. Concerning his name, parentage, and education, we find many legends, and some bitter controversy. Leland, an anxious inquirer after truth, relates, that on a time he happened to meet with Dr. London, a person, who, by his station had the best means of informing him, and noted down from his lips the following singular memoranda respecting William, Bishop of Winchester. “William Perot,” says this veracious document, “alias Wikam, because he was born at Wikam, in Hampshire. Sum suppose that he was a bastard—Perot the parish clerk’s son of Wikam. Perot, brought up by Mr. Wodale, of Wikam, lernid grammar, and to write faire. The constable of Winchester Castle, at that time a great ruler in Hampshire, got Perot of Wodale and made him his clerke. Edwarde the Third cummyng to Winchester Castelle lykid Perot and tooke him to service, and understanding that Perot had mind to be a preste, made him first, parson of St. Martines, in London; then Archdeacon of Buckingham. Edwarde afterwards made him Surveyor of his buildings at Windsore and Queenburge in Kent and other places. Then he made him bearer of the Privy Seal and Master of the Wards and the Forests. Then he made him Bishop of Winchester, Chancellor and Treasurer of England, as very manifestly appeareth by writing. The Black Prince scant favoured Wikam. Wikam procured to keep the prince in battle out of the realme. John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, enemy to Wikam. Alice Per-

pers, concubine to Edward the Third, caused Wikam to be banished, and then he dwelled in Normandy, and Picardy a seven years, Edward the Third yet lyving. Wikam restored about the second yere of Richard the Second, of whom he had a generale pardon." In addition to this scandal, in later days one William Bohun of the Middle Temple thus writes: "In the declining years of King Edward the Third, W. Wickham, Bishop of Winchester, in whom the king entirely confided, had found means to introduce his niece or sister, the famed Alice Pearce, to the king's favour and bed, and by her means had got into the chief management of the councils and revenues of the kingdom." Concerning these calumnies, Lowth seems more troubled than necessary. By references and arguments he has most triumphantly refuted them—but he crushed their authors first.

Of John London, Lowth exhibits the following character. He owed his education, subsistence, and rank, to Wykeham's bounty—became Warden of New College, Oxford, in 1526, and being favoured by Archbishop Wareham, obtained many rich pluralities. He insinuated himself into the good graces of Cromwell, was much employed in the suppression of monasteries, and became zealous in removing images and destroying reliques. On Cromwell's fall he courted and gained the confidence of the cruel Gardiner—put himself foremost in the plot to destroy Cranmer; succeeded in convicting and burning three persons accused on the Six Articles—sought to confer the same favour on others connected with the court—was discovered, accused, delivered a false testimony, was convicted

of perjury, by his own hand writing, and exhibited in Windsor, Reading, and Newbury, with his face to a horse's tail, and then pilloried. The testimony of Bohun, the bishop has also shaken sorely. This man conceived without cause a violent resentment against the society of New College. Having been foiled in a law suit with one of their number, and cudgelled by another, Eustace Budgell—he thought he could give them a blow which would affect them more sensibly, by wounding the reputation of their founder, and set himself to collect every thing he could meet with that was capable of being represented to his discredit, and scrupled not to improve it with new calumnies of his own invention. Such were the characters and motives of the men who collected oral rumours, embellished improbable legends, and related wilful falsehoods, to darken the fame of one of the benefactors of the human race.

Of John the father, and Sybil, the mother of this great man, nothing more is with certainty known, than that they lived in wedlock at Wykeham, and, according to the unimpeachable testimony of their son's will, had several children. That Wykeham was the family name there have been some doubts. At the time of the bishop's birth, surnames were not settled by descent as they are now; they were unknown in England till the Conquest; by little and little the better sort took surnames, but by the common people they were not generally adopted till the reign of Edward the Second; we are not, therefore, to consider it to the reproach of the Bishop that there should be some uncertainty on *this* point. That the surname was borne by others of

his family in his own day there is collateral testimony. "We meet," says Lowth, "with several of his kindred living at the same time with him, who bore the same name: Nicholas Wykeham, Archdeacon of Winchester, and warden of New College, whom he expressly calls his kinsman; Richard de Wykeham, warden of St. Nicholas Hospital, Portsmouth; the same, probably, with Richard Wykeham, called likewise his kinsman in the rolls of account of New College, in the year 1377," &c. It is therefore probable that it was something more than a casual name taken from the place of his birth. He mentions his father and mother only by their Christian names; if their surname had been different from that which he bore himself, it would have been natural, if not necessary, to have mentioned it. Upon the whole, therefore, I cannot give much credit to the testimony of a pedigree of Wykeham's family, preserved in an ancient register of Winchester College, which mentions his father by the name of John Longe; which, whether it was the proper surname of the family, or a personal bye-name given him on account of his stature, it is neither material nor possible to determine.

No evidence, either documentary or legendary, countenances the imputation of bastardy brought against him by London. Had his birth been base, he could not have been admitted to any orders without a dispensation from his diocesan, nor to holy orders without a dispensation from the Pope; the former must have been granted to him by Edyngdon, Bishop of Winchester, before he ordained him acolyte, and the latter must have been

tendered to the same in order to his being ordained subdeacon; and both would regularly have been entered in his register—yet no traces of any such dispensations are to be found there. The assertion that he was the parish clerk of Wickham's son is neither proved by any evidence, nor favoured by any tradition. His mother, we are informed, was well-born and of a gentle family; the number, too, of his relatives seems to countenance the belief of many that he was not of servile extraction, but come of people of reputable condition and of a middle station in life. He appears himself to have disclaimed all higher pretensions; the motto which he added to his arms—"Manners makyth man"—has been interpreted to mean, that a man's real worth is to be estimated, not from the outward and accidental advantages of birth and fortune, but from the endowments of his mind and his moral qualifications. Conscious himself that his claim to honour is unexceptionable as founded upon truth and reason, he, according to this apparently sound interpretation, makes his appeal to the world, alleging that neither high birth, to which he offers no pretension, nor high station, upon which he does not value himself, but virtue alone, is true nobility.

These passages, the substance of authentic documents, refute the slander of the pilloried priest, London; nor is he much nearer the truth in many other of his assertions. Wykeham was never parson of St. Martin's, nor Archdeacon of Buckingham; no existing record makes him Master of the Wards, nor Treasurer of the Revenues of France; and history satisfies us that he was never Treasurer of England. The more venomous

slander of Bohun, concerning Alice Piers, is as easily disposed of; it is a fiction raised on the similitude of names, but even that shall not avail. The family name of Wykeham's niece, daughter of his sister Agnes, was Champeneys; she was married to William Perot, some years before the death of Edward the Third, for John, the youngest of her three sons, was admitted fellow of New College, in 1395, and so was probably born about the close of Edward's reign, and her eldest son William was married in 1396, and was, at least, of full age, since he had the bishop's approbation; and, finally, she and her husband, William Perot, were both alive in the eleventh year of Henry the Fourth, for they appeared in a cause in the court of King's Bench. Now the maiden name of Alice, the concubine of Edward, was Piers; she was maid of honour to Queen Philippa, and, from that circumstance, probably of good parentage, (which discountenances the account contained in the Harleian MSS. 6217, chap. 8, that she was a shameless woman of base kindred—a weaver's daughter from the neighbourhood of Exeter,) and in that station obtained the notice of the king, and profited in her fortune by his favour, ten years at least before he died. On the death of Edward, she married Sir William de Windsore, and was known by his name; the niece of Wykeham was living at the same time with her husband, William Perot. There is no foundation, then, for the assertion of Bohun, that Alice, the niece of the Bishop of Winchester, was Alice Piers, and was "laid by her uncle in the King's bosom." It is idle to carry refutation further. This slanderer probably imagined that Archbishop

Parker meant something stronger than surmise, when, speaking of Wykeham's legacies, he says, "One hundred pounds are bequeathed to Alice Perot, his kinswoman; whether this person was the same with her whom the historians call Alice Perres, by whom, as we have said, he was reconciled to the king, is uncertain." But the good Archbishop overturns his own insinuation of relationship, when he makes his brother of Winchester win his way to the good graces of Alice Piers with a handsome bribe. What, bribe his own niece? Parker seems to have had little love for the founder of New College; he calls him, in the face of all his splendid bequests and benefactions, a frugal and parsimonious man, and adds to the reproach with as little reason, that he was of low and servile birth, and totally deficient in learning. As we have now, we think, cleared away the calumnies which hung like a cloud over the fame of this illustrious man, we shall proceed with the story of his fortunes.

It has been said that the parents of Wykeham did not give him a liberal education, because they were *poor*; but it must be borne in mind, that few people were then well educated; many of our nobles were next to illiterate; learning was almost exclusively confined to the clergy; the man who did not give his son a college education was not therefore necessarily poor. He was placed, tradition says, by Nicholas Uvedale, lord of the manor of Wykeham and governor of Winchester castle, at the school of Winchester, where he was instructed in grammatical learning, and gave early proofs of piety and diligence. After passing with

credit through the school, he was made Secretary to the Constable of Winchester castle, and attracted the notice of Bishop Edyngdon. How far the education which he received at Winchester was followed up, has not been ascertained; the later writers of his life make him pursue his studies for six years at Oxford, but they state no authority for their assertions, and are contradicted by the silence of those who, living nearer the days of Wykeham, were likely to know best. Chaundeler, who, fifty years after the death of the Founder, was Warden of New College, and Chancellor of the University of Oxford, says, in almost express terms, that Wykeham never studied in any University; and, as he had the means of knowing the truth by consulting the registers, we must accept his testimony as decisive. "But whoever," says Lowth, "considers the miserable state of learning in general, and particularly in the University of Oxford, in that age, will not think it any disadvantage to him to have been led into a different course of studies." He was better employed in managing the secular affairs of his patron, and in the study of architecture, than he could possibly have been by the logical contentions between the "Nominalists" and the "Realists." "As he had a capacity," continues Lowth, "that would probably have carried him to the top of any profession into which he might have chanced to be thrown, he might indeed have become an eminent schoolman, an Irrefragable perhaps, or even a Seraphic Doctor: but we should have absolutely lost the great statesman, and the generous patron, and promoter of learning."

Under whose auspices he attained his knowledge in architecture has not been told, nor have we any notice of any of his designs before his twenty-third year—at which time he appears to have been taken to court, and placed in the service of King Edward. The first office which documents show him to have held was that of Clerk of all the king's works in his manors of Henle and Yes-hampsted. That he entered Edward's service so soon as his twenty-third year has been doubted; but tradition is supported by the preamble to a license of a mortmain granted to his colleges, where he is described as having been engaged in the king's service *very early* in his life. At whatever period he came to court, the patent conferring the office of Clerk of the Works is dated May 10th, 1356, when he was in the thirty-second year of his age; and from this time his rise was rapid. On the 30th of the following October, he was made Surveyor of the king's works at the castle and in the park of Windsor, and powers were given him to press all sorts of artificers, and to provide stone, timber, and all necessary materials for conveyance and erection. His wages were one shilling a day while he staid at Windsor, two shillings when he went elsewhere on his employment, and three shillings a week for his clerk; this was not found sufficient, and on the 14th Oct. 1357, he received an addition of one shilling a day, payable out of the Exchequer. The castle of Windsor was levelled by his advice; and a new edifice, surpassing in magnificence all other royal mansions in England, rose in its place. He had likewise the sole designing and

building of Queenborough Castle ; the difficulties arising from the nature of the ground and the unpromising lowness of the situation did not discourage him, and the result—a lofty and noble building—served to confirm the confidence which the king reposed in his abilities. On the 10th of July, 1359, Wykeham was constituted Warden and Surveyor of the king's castles of Windsor, Ledes, Dover, and Hadlam, and of the manors of Old and New Windsor, Wichmere, and several other castles ; with full power over men and materials. Armed with these extensive powers, the royal castles—edifices alike calculated for resistance and domestic comfort—were rebuilt or restored : the rich nobility began to follow the royal example, and something like elegance made its appearance in the architecture of our feudal strong holds. So desirous was Edward of having his favourite palace worthy of the growing grandeur of his kingdom, that he caused workmen to be imprest out of London and several counties, to the number of five or six hundred, by writs directed to the various sheriffs, who were commanded to take security of the masons and joiners that they should not leave Windsor without permission from the architect. These were strong measures.

Of Windsor Castle, the first recorded specimen of Wykeham's skill, no very satisfactory account can now be rendered ; for little of his work has survived the waste of time, the change of taste, and that love of levelling the old and raising the new, which comes to monarchs as well as to others. The pile, which gave place to the designs of our architect, was a rude and massive one, more resembling

a fortress on the borders of a hostile kingdom, than a mansion for princes, in the centre of their dominions : yet it was not strong without cause ; the laws of succession were not so securely settled in those days as to exclude subjects from aspiring to the crown ; and our kings, on some occasions, discovered that the sturdiest walls and the loftiest towers afforded imperfect protection against rebellious audacity. This state of society must be considered by all those who are disposed to deride the thick walls, the loop-hole windows, and the vaulted chambers of our princes and nobles in the stormy times of the Edwards and Henrys. The sanctity of a cathedral or an abbey protected them generally from the spoiler ; but the residence of the powerful layman had much need to be, what its name implied, *a camp*.*

The castle-palace, which Wykeham raised on Windsor hill, was at once strong and spacious—inaccessible yet beautiful ; adapted to the swelling and varied nature of the site ; and with its numerous peaks and towers overlooking one of the loveliest valleys of the island. It was seen at a great distance, and was for many centuries considered a miracle of magnificence. Little now remains of Wykeham's workmanship, save the round tower ; George the Fourth made Windsor his chief residence, and, availing himself of the talents of Wyattville, restored and augmented the palace so much in the style of the original, that we may suppose, without much exertion of fancy, that the spirit of the clerical architect has awakened in the layman.

* *Castrum* and *Castellum*.

Other advancements awaited Wykeham; in June, 1363, he was made Warden and Justiciary of the king's forests on this side Trent—on the 14th of March following, the king granted him an assignment of twenty shillings a day out of the Exchequer—he was made Keeper of the Privy Seal on the 11th of May, 1364—within two years after he was secretary to the king—he was commissioned, together with the Chancellor, the Treasurer, and the Earl of Arundel, to treat of the ransom of David, King of Scotland, and the continuance of the truce with that country; and in addition to all this, he is called, in the records of the time, Chief of the Privy Council and Governor of the Great Council; “which terms,” says Lowth, “I suppose are not titles of office, but express the great influence and authority which he had in those assemblies.” If such elevation in the state was in those days the usual reward of such merit, the fashion has not lasted;—to conceive and execute designs worthy of a great nation has not, in more recent times, proved the surest way to favour; some of the greatest benefactors of the land have passed with little distinction to their graves: the smooth, the fawning, and the courteous, usurp the rights of genius; and there is some truth even in the satirical verses of the poetic priest;

“A beauteous sister, or convenient wife,
Are prizes in the lottery of life.”

Wykeham's education, however, was of the common order—his birth was at least no higher than the middle classes—and he had no powerful patron to smooth his way to distinction; his rise, therefore,

can hardly be attributed to any thing but his own transcendant talents and industry. Edward III. was the most discerning and liberal of his race; his strong mind and penetrating sagacity encouraged and rewarded few except men of conduct and capacity. His court became the most magnificent, as he was certainly the most powerful prince, in Christendom. A warrior himself, and a statesman of the first order, he was well supported by his chivalrous sons, more particularly by that renowned prince whose sword struck so nigh the heart of France and Spain at Poitiers and Najara. The kings of France and Scotland were his captives—his ports were filled with shipping for war and for merchandize; his nobles, remarkable alike for turbulence and valour, instinctively bowed to the commanding genius of their prince, and, forsaking their strongholds, appeared at court with their wives and daughters, and began to acknowledge the influence of chivalry and literature. Chaucer was there with his “well of English undefiled;” Gower, a name revived with lustre in our own days; Froissart, the chief of all chroniclers before or since—with Sir John Chandos, the Roland of Prince Edward’s camp, while over the whole presided Philippa, of Hainault, an accomplished princess, who soothed the natural sternness of her husband’s character, and aided largely in softening into civility and elegance the hitherto rude and turbulent nobility of England.

That much was needed we may gather from the lively image which Walpole has given of the preceding reigns. “During the days of the two first Edwards (he says) I find no vestiges of art,

though it was certainly preserved here, at least by painting on glass. No wonder that a proud, a war-like and ignorant nobility, encouraged only that branch which attested their dignity. Their dungeons were rendered still darker by their pride. It was the case of all the arts; none flourished, but what served to display their wealth or contributed to their security. They were magnificent without luxury, and pompous without elegance. Rich plate, even to the enamelling on gold, rich stuffs, and curious armour, were carried to excess, while their chairs were mere pedestals, their clothes were encumbrances, and they knew no use of steel but as it served for safety or destruction. Their houses, for there was no medium between castles and hovels, implied the dangers of society, not the sweets of it; and, whenever peace left them leisure to think of modes, they seemed to imagine that fashion consisted in transfiguring the human body instead of adding grace to it." This savage picture is dashed off by the hand of a satirist, yet it would be little softened by spreading over it the hues of perfect truth. The large intercourse, by barter and by battle, which the third Edward established with foreign lands—more particularly France and Spain—brought wealth; and consequently conferred importance upon our middle ranks. "Riches and plenty," observes Warton, "the effects of conquest, peace and prosperity were spread on every side, and new luxuries were imported in great abundance from the conquered countries. There were few families, even of moderate condition, but had in their possession precious articles of dress and furniture, such as silk,

fur, tapestry, embroidered beds, embossed cups of gold and silver, agate and chrystal; bracelets, chains and necklaces brought from Caen, Limoges, and other foreign cities."

Not a little of this golden shower descended on the Church: the son and grandson of Henry the Third inherited neither his submission to the clergy, nor his love of cathedrals, and during their stirring and turbulent reigns art was little heard of; but it revived with Edward III. He honoured the priesthood, and, a lover of magnificence himself, encouraged it in them; nor were they slow in perceiving their advantage. The world-for-swearing servants of a meek Redeemer soon exhibited but an indifferent symbol of his lowliness. Clad in the costliest dresses, they walked to sumptuous entertainments over inlaid floors, and under sculptured and painted roofs, hung with silver lamps that diffused at once light and odour. Their fields were covered with the fairest crops, their orchards filled with the rarest fruits, and their gardens produced grapes whose wine vied with that of France or Italy. Much of all this arose from the industry and intelligence of the priesthood—perhaps more from the benefactions which opulent sinners made in the hope of smoothing the way to Paradise. Their places at once of abode and worship were worthy of their pride and of their learning—palaces faded away before their splendid cathedrals—princes were not obeyed with that obedient start which followed the commands of men whose power extended over this world and far into the next—and the kings of the earth, for a time, found themselves but indifferently served when priests forbade.

This power and glory of the order failed not to make deep impression on one so wise in his generation as William of Wykeham.

The precise time when he began to aspire to the priesthood has not been traced; but there is proof that it was early; in even his first patent concerning the palace of Windsor he is called Clericus, but he had as yet, Lowth conjectures, only the tonsure, and some of the lower orders. It seems clear that so soon as he was prepared for preferment in the church the royal hand helped him on rapidly. He was presented to the rectory of Pulham, in Norfolk, 30th November, 1357; on the first of the following March he became prebendary of Flexton, in the church of Lichfield; and on the 5th of May, 1360, he had the king's grant of the Royal Free Chapel, or collegiate church of St. Martin le Grand, London. This last benefice he held about three years, during which time he generously rebuilt, in a very handsome manner, and at a very great expense, the cloister of the chapter-house and the body of the church:—these additions being from plans made by himself, and the whole completed under his superintendence.

In those days of nobles who could not write and people who could not read, knowledge, in all its branches, took up its abode with the clergy. They became the historians, the poets, the painters, the sculptors, the philosophers, the physicians of the land: and there is enough of evidence to prove that they were the chief architects also, not of ecclesiastical edifices alone, but of all works connected with the defence or embellishment of the country. Many learned prelates laid aside the mitre and as-

sumed the helmet, and grasped the sword with the same hand that wielded the crozier. It is enough to name Antony Beck, the warlike Bishop of Durham, who commanded the cavalry of Edward the First at the memorable battle of Falkirk with equal valour and prudence, and who erected few churches and many castles, as those of Alnwick, Barnard-Castle, Gainsford, Somerton in Lincolnshire, and Altham in Kent, can testify. It was nothing new, therefore, for a churchman to put his hand to profane architecture; Wykeham, however, had not half the martial merit of Beck; he built but two castles, whereas the other raised five, and, though a councillor of state, his foot was never in the stirrup of a war-horse.

A churchman possessed of such generosity and such talents was in those days likely to be encouraged; and preferments accordingly came, so numerous and so valuable, that they seem to have alarmed the Pope,* who, in the year 1366, demanded an answer from Wykeham to his bull issued concerning pluralities. "This bull," says Lowth, "orders all ecclesiastical persons whatsoever, possessed of more benefices than one, either with or without cure, to deliver to the ordinary of the place where they commonly reside a distinct and particular account of such their benefices, with the sum which each is taxed at in the King's books, to

* His Holiness was by no means a sensitive man in these matters; "at that time," says Lowth, "there were some who, by the Pope's authority, possessed at once twenty ecclesiastical benefices and dignities, with dispensation moreover for holding as many more as they could lawfully procure, without limitation of number."

be transmitted to the Metropolitan, and by him to the Pope." The account which Wykeham rendered in obedience to this summons is curious—but monotonous—a bare recital of his pluralities and their net revenues. It appears that the yearly value of his benefices amounted to £873. 6s. 8d. I know not what was the result of this papal inquiry; Edward was not a prince to be intimidated by bulls; he withheld the old tribute, "and when," says Hume, "the Pope, in 1367, threatened to cite him to the court of Rome in default of payment, he laid the matter before his Parliament. That assembly unanimously declared that King John could not without a national consent subject his kingdom to a foreign power, and that they were therefore determined to support their sovereign against this unjust pretension." In vain his Holiness warned Edward in the words of the Abbot of Walthamstow :

" Lord, bethink thee,
Thou hast withheld from our most reverend house
The tithes of Everingham and Settleton :
Wilt thou make satisfaction to the Church
Before her thunders strike thee? I do warn thee
In most paternal sort."

The king regarded neither the Pope's threats, nor his inquiries into the affairs of his clerical architect. Wykeham rose more and more in favour; "every thing," says Froissart, who was then on a visit at court, "was done by him, and nothing was done without him." "The king," says Lowth, "had raised him to some of the highest offices in the state, and intended to carry him still higher; it was in a manner necessary that his station in the church should

be proportionable. William de Edyngdon, Bishop of Winchester, died 8th October, 1366, and, upon the king's earnest recommendation, Wykeham was immediately and unanimously elected by the Prior and convent to succeed him, but from a variety of obstacles which interposed, a whole year elapsed before he could get into full possession of his new dignity." The cause of this delay has been ascribed to the backwardness of the Pope to appoint a man so deficient in scholastic learning; but this could not well be; his Holiness, in a Bull constituting him Administrator of the Spiritualities and Temporalities of the vacant see, speaks of Wykeham, as "recommended to him by the testimony of many persons worthy of credit for his knowledge of letters, his probity of life and manners, and his prudence and circumspection in affairs both spiritual and temporal." There is no reason, therefore, to suppose that Wykeham was personally disagreeable to the Pope; but the pontiff and the monarch had the point of etiquette to settle between them concerning the right of nomination, and his Holiness was inflexible, till the Duke of Bourbon, one of the hostages for the King of France, at Edward's urgent request, interposed. The Pope then, as a matter of grace and favour rather than of right, complied with the wishes of the monarch, and on the 9th of July, 1368, Wykeham was enthroned in the cathedral church of Winchester. In the same year he was constituted Chancellor of England, and, resigning several minor appointments, secured himself against future impeachment by obtaining a full acquittance and discharge from the King.

Wykeham was now forty-four years old—his judgment was ripe, his capacity extensive, and his application to the duties of his many dignified offices incessant. But the church shared deeper in his affections than the state. He took his seat, it is true, at the council-board—made some clear and business-like speeches on the affairs of the nation and the monarch, and carried his high fortunes with much meekness and good-will to all. But his mind was with his diocese—he considered with deep regret the dilapidations which hospitals endowed for the poor had suffered—the dilapidated condition of many religious houses, and the grasping spirit of many of the incumbents. He resolved that all these things should in due season be amended, and the first symptom of this reformation appeared in his commanding the executors of Edyngdon to repair the episcopal buildings, amounting to twelve different castles, manor-houses, or palaces of residence belonging to the cathedral, which had been allowed to become almost too ruinous to be habitable. The executors were intimidated and complied, and at the same time delivered over to his care the standing stock of the bishoprick, namely, 127 draught horses, 1556 head of black cattle, 3876 wethers, 4777 ewes, 3521 lambs, and for dilapidations in cattle, corn, and other goods, 1662*l.* 10*s.* Having done justice to himself, he determined to obtain it for others, and visited all the Religious Houses throughout his diocese, informing himself of the state and condition of each, and of the particular abuses which required reformation. He resolved to restore them in the spirit of their original foundations,

and drew up rules and injunctions for that purpose, "many of which," says Lowth, "are still extant, and are evident monuments of the care and attention with which he discharged this part of his episcopal duty."

In those days the wealth of the Church was immense, for she drew at will upon the fear and superstition of the earth; and her spirit was as great as her power. For centuries her treasures were for the most part wisely and munificently expended, and the noble buildings she erected and the good deeds she performed cannot be contemplated, even now, without admiration. She opened her gates to the poor, spread a table to the hungry, gave lodging to the houseless, welcomed the wanderer; and high and low—learned and illiterate—alike received shelter and hospitality. Under her roof the scholar completed his education, the chronicler sought and found materials for history, the minstrel chaunted lays of piety and chivalry for his loaf and his raiment, the sculptor carved in wood or cast in silver some popular saint, and the painter conferred on some new legend what was at least meant to be the immortality of his colours. To institutions so charitable and useful, the rich and the powerful devised both money and lands abundantly; an opulent sinner was glad to pacify the clamours of the Church and the whisperings of his own conscience, by bequeathing wealth which he could no longer enjoy; and chantries were added to churches, and hospitals erected and endowed, where the saints were solicited in favour of the departed donor's soul, and the poor and the hungry were clothed and fed. All this wealth,

however, was not appropriated to masses and acts of kindness and mercy. One Archbishop of Canterbury, on a visit to Rome, purchased from the Pope an arm of St. Augustine for six thousand pounds weight of silver and sixty pounds weight of gold—at least, so says William of Malmesbury. To support such expensive purchases, many scenes of fraud and rapine occurred; the rich were cheated in their bequests, and the poor robbed of their right.

The Hospital of The Holy Cross, near Winchester, cost Wykeham six years of anxious remonstrance and litigation, before he could restore it according to the intention of the founder, Henry de Blois. The institution requires “that thirteen poor men, so decayed and past their strength, that without charitable assistance they cannot maintain themselves, shall abide continually in the hospital, who shall be provided with proper clothing and beds suitable to their infirmities; and shall have an allowance daily of good wheat bread, good beer, three messes each for dinner and one for supper. That beside these thirteen poor, a hundred other poor, of modest behaviour and the most indigent that can be found, shall be received daily at dinner time, and shall have each a loaf of coarser bread, one mess, and a proper allowance of beer, with leave to carry away with them whatever remains of their meat and drink after dinner.” Now it happened that the revenues assigned for the annual fulfilment of the founder’s wishes had increased in value, and the masters and brethren of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem, who were

guardians and administrators, seized the surplus and put it into their own pockets. The canonical jurisdiction of Wykeham enabled him to interfere; he determined that the whole revenue of the hospital should be dedicated to the poor, as was the intention of the founder, and having in vain tried admonition and remonstrance, summoned the Four Masters to appear before him and answer for their stewardship. They were bold enough to set Wykeham at defiance, and availed themselves of all the subtilties of the law, and of all manner of evasion, by appeal and otherwise, to thwart and throw him. The upright bishop persisted—he called them to the severest account—had them fined, and, till they made restitution, excommunicated—and finally restored the whole endowment to its primitive purpose. Wykeham himself afterwards made a great addition to St. Cross;—a further endowment for the maintenance of two priests, thirty-five brethren and three sisters, besides those of the ancient foundation. “The hospital,” says Lowth, “though much diminished in its revenues, by what means I cannot say, yet still subsists upon the remains of both endowments;” and, it may be added, that the old, and in parts very beautiful quadrangle of St. Cross, presents at this day a more perfect picture of monastic life than is elsewhere to be met with in England.

Having restored the hospital of the charitable de Blois, and made his diocese a pattern for all others, Wykeham now began to meditate the noble scheme which has immortalized his memory in England. Being somewhat deficient in classic lore himself, and feeling probably the want of it,

to sustain him in conversation with priests and prelates, who, without a tithe of his understanding, or his knowledge of human nature, would, no doubt, eclipse him occasionally on professional topics, he resolved that others should be strong where he was weak, and accordingly determined to found, and amply endow a splendid seat of education. Strict in his household, and economical in his ordinary outlay, he had not escaped the reproach of parsimony; but, ere long, the Church and the court heard, with equal surprise, that this methodical prelate had resolved to build a college for the perpetual maintenance and education of 200 scholars;—that he had purchased land;—made splendid plans;—that stones were squaring in the quarries and timber felling on the hills; and eminent workmen engaged to carry his designs into execution.

This munificent undertaking was disagreeably interrupted. Edward III. was sunk into dotage, and forgot his fame and his country in the company of Alice Peirs;—the Black Prince, the darling of the nation and the dread of evil doers, had found an untimely grave; Wickliffe made his appearance, and the Duke of Lancaster, who supported the reformer, brought him to court, to the horror and scandal of bishop and courtier. Lancaster was incensed with Wykeham, because he had thwarted his ambitious desire to supplant his nephew Richard; and the moment the weakness of his father armed him with power, he let loose his indignation in a formal impeachment. He accused our Bishop of mismanaging the revenue; of imposing fines on deserving soldiers; of causing the

noble hostages of France to be released for his own profit; of occasioning the loss of Ponthieu; and of various other misdemeanours. The answer of Wykeham was so triumphant, that the accuser dropt all the articles of impeachment, save one; in short, this mighty accusation, which set out with a charge of more than a million, dwindled down to the paltry matter of forty pounds; and for this alone, the Bishop's whole temporalities were adjudged to be seized into the king's hands. He had to endure other indignities—he was banished twenty miles from court; and when, in the fiftieth year of his reign, the Commons petitioned the aged monarch to grant a general pardon for all crimes committed before the time of the Jubilee, they excepted out of this act of mercy, the prelate, whom they themselves had thus unjustly oppressed. These are the words, "But always it is the king's mind, that Sir Wykeham, Bishop of Winchester, shall nothing enjoy of the said graces, grants and pardons; nor in nowise be comprised within the same."

The oppression of this munificent churchman alarmed the clergy, and incensed the people; the former declared they looked upon the proceedings against the Bishop of Winchester, as an injury done to their whole body; an infringement of the liberties of the Church, and a grievous interruption of the pastoral duties of his high office. The latter adopted a more rude and effectual mode of aiding their favourite prelate, they assembled in vast numbers, and assaulted the palace of the Duke of Lancaster; he fled for refuge to the house of the Princess of Wales, who sent three of her friends

to soothe the people, but the people demanded that justice should be done to the Bishop of Winchester, and on this being promised, they dispersed. Soon after this, the king restored Wykeham to his temporalities, on the following conditions:—he engaged to fit out upon the sea, three ships of war, in each fifty men at arms, and fifty archers, for one quarter of a year, at such wages as were usually paid by the king, and in case such voyage should not take place, he was to pay the sum to which the wages of three hundred men, by reasonable computation, should amount. The Earls of March, Arundel and Warwick were his sureties. On the 21st June, 1377, Edward the Third died: Richard the Second, ascended the throne, and immediately remembered his heroic father's friend. The Bishop of Winchester was summoned to the coronation—his pardon was prepared, and passed the Privy Seal on the 31st of July, and that it might not be construed into an act of mercy, rather than of justice, it concluded in the following words. "Willing that all men should know that, although we have granted to the Bishop of Winchester, the said pardons and graces, nevertheless, we do not think the said bishop to be anywise chargeable, in the sight of God, with any of the matters thus by us pardoned, remitted or released unto him, but hold him to be, as to all and every of them, wholly innocent and guiltless." The loss sustained by Wykeham in this affair, amounted to 10,000 marks.

The indignities which followed his impeachment he endured without complaint, and his pecuniary losses sat so light on his spirit, that the moment the pardon was passed, he returned with undi-

minished zeal to his plan of founding a college at Oxford. More than four centuries have passed since this edifice had a right to the title which it still retains—that of *New College*. The architectural beauty of the building is subordinate to its fitness for instruction; and both are surpassed by the plan of education that he laid down, which is great and original in its kind. “In the first place,” says Lowth, “he formed his society, appointed them a governor, allowed them a liberal maintenance, provided them with lodgings, and gave them rules and directions for their behaviour; not only that his beneficence might not seem to lie fruitless and ineffectual, while it was only employed in making purchases of lands, and raising his building, which would take up a considerable time, but that he might bestow his earliest attention, and his greatest care, in forming and perfecting the principal part of his design; and that the life and soul, as it were, might be ready to inform and animate the body of his college, as soon as it could be finished, and so the whole system be at once completed in every part of it. On the 5th of March, 1380, at eight o’clock in the morning, the foundation stone was laid; the building was finished in six years, and the society made their public entrance into it, with much solemnity and devotion, singing litanies, and marching in procession, with the cross borne before them, at nine o’clock in the morning, on the 14th of April, 1386. The society consists of a warden and seventy poor scholars, clerks, students in theology, canon and civil law, and philosophy: twenty are appointed to the study of laws, ten of them to that

of the canon, and ten to that of the civil law ; the remaining fifty are to apply themselves to philosophy (or arts) and theology ; two of them, however, are permitted to apply themselves to the study of medicine, and two, likewise, to that of astronomy ; all of whom are obliged to be in priest's orders within a certain time, except in case of lawful impediment. Besides, there are ten priests, three clerks, and sixteen boys, or choristers, to minister in the service of the chapel."

Of the several draughts of the statutes which he prepared with his own hand, Lowth thus speaks ; " The original drawings of a great master, compared with the finished paintings which he has made from them, let us more intimately into the true spirit of his design ; they lay open his whole train of thinking, and discover the reasons of all the most minute alterations which are made in the progress of the work. We see evident marks of his invention in composing, his care in expressing, his judgment in correcting, and have the pleasure of tracing the several steps by which the whole piece has been brought to perfection ; and it sometimes also happens, that we have reason to regret the effects of too much study, and application, of accuracy and correctness pursued too far, where the cool endeavours of art have not been able to reach the warm strokes of genius, and perhaps some particular parts of the finished piece have even wanted the propriety and justness which they had in the first composition. A close attention to particulars in a work of policy may be carried to excess, too much refinement will only give the greater scope and advantage to

evasion, and it is the usual misfortune of frequent alteration in a plan, once in the main well adjusted, that while it improves some part, it is attended with unforeseen inconvenience in others, perhaps, of greater consequence. Something of this kind, I think, may be observed in one of the last revisions which Wykeham made of his statutes, and that in a point of considerable importance, the manner of election into his college at Oxford, which seems then to have been unhappily altered for the worse. The method which he had established at first, was to fill up the vacancies of the preceding year by an annual election, and that in case, before nine or ten months of the current year were past, there should happen six or more vacancies, they were to be filled up by an interelection. The only inconvenience of this method, which continued till 1393, was, that the society would very often want of its full complement of members; and Wykeham was unwilling that any part of his bounty should ever be dormant and inactive. By making it a free election to supply the vacancies immediately, he effectually prevented this inconvenience, but at the same time opened the door to much greater inconveniences, to which the new method has been found liable, to the greatest possible perversion of his charity, a shameful traffic between the Fellow of the college that begins to sit loose to the society and the presumptive successor, an abuse of which he was not aware, the simplicity and probity of that age, perhaps, affording no example of the like. The laws of the land have interposed in vain; but it behoves all who are interested in the college to exert themselves in

putting a stop to so scandalous a practice, if they have any regard for the honour of their society or for their own reputation."

Not satisfied with this magnificent benefaction to his country, Wykeham had already determined on connecting his college at Oxford with a preparatory one at the capital of his bishopric. Much time and a princely treasure were now devoted by the generous prelate to planning and founding the Saint Mary College of Winchester, and endowing it so as to maintain a warden, seventy poor scholars, ten secular priests perpetual fellows, three priests chaplains, three clerks, and sixteen choristers; and for the instruction of the scholars, a schoolmaster and an under-master or usher. "A natural affection and prejudice for the very place," says Lowth, "which he frequented in his early days, seems to have had its weight in determining the situation of it; the school which Wykeham went to when a boy, stood where his college now stands." It took up six years in building before the warden and society made their solemn entrance into it, chanting in procession; but the school itself had been established so as to fulfil all the purposes of learning as far back as Michaelmas, 1373. Wykeham did not therefore become charitable when old age pressed on him, and the terrors of death and judgment rose on his fancy: amid the splendour of a court, and distraction of business, scientific, clerical, and political, he remembered the scene of his own youthful days, and opened his heart and his purse to its children. "He enjoyed," observes Lowth, "for many years the pleasure—the greatest to a good and generous

heart that can be enjoyed—of seeing the good effects of his own beneficence, and receiving in them the proper reward of his pious labours—of observing his colleges growing up under his eye, and continually bringing forth those fruits of virtue, piety and learning which he had reason to expect from them. They continued still to rise in reputation, and furnished the church and state with many eminent and able men.”

Having seen the college at Winchester completed, the indefatigable Bishop, now in his seventieth year, began the greatest of his architectural labours, the restoration of his cathedral.

Many are the theories of ingenious men concerning the origin of the architecture of our churches and abbeys; but though some of these are marked by much research, and others by no little sagacity, and all are in parts plausible, they must be considered chiefly as pleasing visions, rather than established realities. Men began to inquire when it was too late; the older luminaries have recorded their disputations with their brethren; the miracles, real or imaginary, which perplexed or edified the nations; and the woes and temptations which they themselves endured from foes of this world and the next; but they have not removed the veil from the face of their architecture. An Augustine monk indeed affirms, that the church of Glastonbury was not built by human skill, but prepared by God for the salvation of man; but then from a soberer authority we learn that this divine edifice, sixty feet long and twenty-six feet wide, was made of rods, wattled and interwoven, much like the palace of Howel, prince

of Wales. Such a structure could belong to no order, nor are we much better informed as to the character of those wooden edifices which the early Saxon churchmen raised, and which are mentioned in our histories. They were as rude, no question, as the people who reared them; the wooden church which Bishop Finan built in Holy Isle was composed of oak planks and thatched with reeds; and King Edgar, in his charter to the monks of Malmesbury in 974, complained that the churches of his kingdom were so many structures of worm-eaten wood, and decayed even to the exposure of the beams! The Saxons, in fact, had no word for *building* but *to timber*; and the cathedral of Winchester, when Wykeham undertook its embellishment, still exhibited marks of the chisel and the axe of that fierce and unpolished generation.

To those who have no leisure for research, who have perplexed their heads with none of the dozen and odd theories on the origin of Gothic architecture, and who even look at it without inquiry and without wonder, it must, nevertheless, appear of an original and peculiar nature, and distinct in its forms, combinations, and effect from all other styles of building. Such I confess it has ever appeared to me. When I have wandered among the majestic ruins of the abbeys of Scotland—not unacquainted with the classic works of Greece—I never for one moment could imagine that in the ribbed aisles, the pointed arches, the clustered columns, and intelligible yet grotesque carvings of the mouldering edifice before me, I beheld but the barbarous perversion of what was once grand

and classic; I could as soon have believed that a battering ram had degenerated into a cannon, or a cross bow into a carabine. The building on which I looked seemed the offspring of the soil,—it corresponded in every thing with the character of the surrounding landscape. The stone of which it was built came from the nearest quarry, the wood which composed its screens and carvings was cut in the neighbouring forest, and the stories and legends chiselled on every band and cornice were to be found in the history of the particular church or in that of the Christian religion. The statues of saints, kings, angels, and virgins belonged to modern belief; and in their looks, and in their draperies, they aspired to nothing beyond a copy of the faces and dresses to be found in the district; whilst the foliages, flowers, and fruits which so profusely enriched band, and cornice, and corbel, were such, and no other, as grew in the woods and fields around. The form of the building was that of the common symbol of religion, the cross; and with its external buttresses, its side aisles and nave, formed, on looking at its section, a complete triangle, the first of all shapes for strength and endurance. The centre of the nave fitted into the peak; the side aisles, surmounted with open buttresses, fell within the sloping lines; while beyond these again, the solid buttresses, projecting far from the line of wall, completed the sides of the triangle. Externally the structure was every way contrived to withstand the rigour of the climate. The sharp peaked roofs threw off the rain and carried little snow—every projection was furnished with a drip, generally in the shape

of a hawk's beak, which guarded the moisture from the walls, while the gutters terminated in picturesque heads that ejected from their gaping mouths the water far into the air. The prime architect and planner of all this was, like William of Wykeham, some abbot or bishop, born and educated in the land. The rude and martial nobles, who considered learning an effeminate thing, and architecture as mechanical, and who could storm a castle sooner than sign their names, saw, without concern, a bookish churchman planning those splendid structures, covering them with beauty, and filling them with the treasures of learning, and with images and symbols of silver and gold.

It would be ridiculous to assert that no resemblance exists between the Grecian and the Gothic,—or, indeed, to deny that many of the combinations which pertain to the latter are to be found in the architecture of almost all countries. A Spanish cloak, nevertheless, is not a Tyrian robe, though both are made for the human body; ingenuity cheats itself by discovering imaginary resemblances; an antiquarian in every molehill and broken stone, sees the visible footsteps of the mighty of other days; the geologist bores his hole in the ground, and over the pebbles and earth which come up, pronounces some barbarous words, and writes a history of the ante-diluvians; the sculptor sees in Plinlimmon or in Penmanmaur the form and lineament of some colossal hero—his imagination turns rocks into noses and helmets. In like manner the architect and the scholar trace likenesses in buildings; yet place the temple of

Minerva by the side of York Minster, and no peasant in the land would for one moment imagine that the latter was an elegant and happy corruption, as it has been called, of the former. Every person who writes on the subject follows the will-o'-wisp of his own nature, or fancy, or education, in seeking the sources of the Gothic. A scholar has no wish to carry a load of learning to no purpose; his Greek accordingly colours all he sees and all he imagines; a man of an original turn of mind, loves to get up some ingenious theory, and round this he twists his subject and tortures it as a fisher does a worm to make it fit his hook.

John Evelyn was the first who bestowed on the picturesque architecture of the Church the designation of *Gothic*—and Sir Christopher Wren adopted the term, though he rejected the idea on which it was founded. “He,” says his son, “was of opinion, that what we now vulgarly call the Gothic ought properly and truly to be named the Saracenic architecture refined by the Christians; which first of all began in the East, after the fall of the Greek empire, by the prodigious success of those people that adhered to Mahomet’s doctrine, who out of zeal to this religion built mosques, caravanseras, and sepulchres wherever they came. These they contrived of a round form because they would not imitate the Christian figure of a cross, nor the old Greek manner, which they thought to be idolatrous, and for that reason all sculpture became offensive to them. They then fell into a new mode of their own invention. The quarries of great marble by which the vanquished nations of Syria, Egypt, and

all the East had been supplied for columns, architraves, and great stones, were now deserted; the Saracens, therefore, were necessitated to adapt their architecture to such materials, whether marble or free-stone, as every country readily afforded. They thought columns and heavy cornices impertinent and might be omitted, and affecting the round form for mosques, they erected cupolas in some instances with grace enough. The holy war gave the Christians who had been there an idea of the Saracen works, which were afterwards by them imitated in the west; and they refined upon it every day as they proceeded in building churches." In this theory Wren is supported by Lord Aberdeen. "If a line," says that accomplished scholar and antiquarian, "be drawn from the north of the Euxine through Constantinople to Egypt, we shall discover in every country to the eastward of this boundary, frequent examples of the pointed arch, accompanied with the slender proportions of Gothic architecture;—in Asia Minor, Syria, Arabia, Persia; from the neighbourhood of the Caspian through the wilds of Tartary: in the various kingdoms, and throughout the whole extent of India, and even to the farthest limits of China. It is true, that we are unable for the most part to ascertain the precise dates of these buildings; but this is in reality not very important, it being sufficient to state the fact of their comparative antiquity, which, joined to the vast diffusion of the style, appears adequate to justify our conclusion. Seeing, then, the universal prevalence of this mode in the East, which is satisfactorily accounted for by the extensive revolutions and conquests effected

by the Eastern warriors in that part of the world, it can scarcely appear requisite to discuss the probability of its having been introduced from the West, or still less further to refute the notions of those who refer the origin of the style to the invention of English artists."

To the opinion of these two distinguished authorities, we may oppose that of a poet, whose learning was, as is universally admitted, of the first order: who had studied both eastern and western architecture with patience and skill, and did not depend so much upon written accounts as upon the evidence of the buildings themselves. "Dr. Akenside, I perceive," says Gray, "is no conjurer in architecture when he talks of the ruins of Persopolis, which are no more Gothic than they are Chinese. The Egyptian style (see Dr. Pococke, not his Discourse, but his prints) was apparently the mother of the Greek; and there is such a similitude between the Egyptian and these Persian ruins as gave Diodorus room to affirm, that the old buildings of Persia were certainly performed by Egyptian artists. As to the other part of your friend's opinion, that the Gothic manner is the Saracen or Moorish, he has great authority to support him, that of Sir Christopher Wren; and yet I cannot help thinking it undoubtedly wrong. The palaces in Spain I never saw but in description, which gives us little or no idea of things; but the Doge's palace at Venice I have seen, which is in the Arabesque manner; and the houses in Barbary, you may see in Dr. Shaw's book, not to mention abundance of other eastern buildings in Turkey, Persia, &c., which we

have views of, and they seem plainly to be corruptions of the Greek architecture, broke into little parts indeed, and covered with little ornaments, but in a taste very distinguishable from that which we call Gothic. There is one thing that runs through the Moorish buildings that an imitator would certainly have been first struck with, and would have tried to copy, and that is the cupolas, which cover every thing—baths, apartments, and even kitchens; yet who ever saw a Gothic cupola? It is a thing plainly of Greek origin. I do not see any thing but the slender spires which serve for steeples, which may perhaps be borrowed from the Saracen minarets on their mosques. All the buildings of Henry the Second's time are of a clumsy and heavy proportion, with a few rude and awkward ornaments, and this style continues to Henry the Third's reign; then all at once came, in the tall picked arches, the light clustered columns, the capitals of curling foliage, the fretted tabernacles and vaultings, and a profusion of statues, which constitute the good Gothic style, together with decreasing and flying buttresses, and pinnacles on the outside."

Such is the opinion of Gray; the very different theory, which considers the Gothic as a mere corruption of the Grecian architecture, has been not less ingeniously supported by his companion in travel, Horace Walpole. "When men," says that wittiest of virtuosos, "inquire who invented Gothic buildings? they might as well ask who invented bad Latin? The former was a corruption of the Roman architecture, as the latter was of the Roman language. Both were debased in bar-

barous ages; both were refined as the age polished itself; but neither were restored to the original standard. Beautiful Gothic architecture was engrafted on Saxon deformity, and pure Italian succeeded to the vitiated Latin. The Saxon style begins to be defined by flat and round arches, by some undulating zig-zags on certain old fabrics, and by a very few other characteristics, all evidences of ignorant or barbarous times. The pointed arch—that peculiar of Gothic architecture—was certainly intended as an improvement on the circular, and the men who had not the happiness of lighting on the simplicity and proportion of the Greek orders, were however so lucky as to strike out a thousand graces and effects, which rendered their buildings magnificent, yet genteel—vast, yet light—venerable and picturesque. It is difficult for the noblest Grecian temple to convey half so many impressions to the mind as a cathedral of the best Gothic taste does—a proof of skill in the architects, and of address in the priests who erected them. The latter exhausted their knowledge of the passions in composing edifices whose pomp, mechanism, vaults, tombs, painted windows, gloom, and perspectives infused such sensations of romantic devotion; and they were happy in finding artists capable of executing such machinery. One must have taste to be sensible of the beauties of Grecian architecture—one only wants passion to feel the Gothic. In St. Peter's one is convinced it was built by great princes—in Westminster Abbey one thinks not of the builder; the religion of the place makes the first impression, and though stripped of its altars and shrines,

it is nearer converting one to popery than all the regular pageantry of Roman domes. Gothic churches infuse superstition—Grecian, admiration. The Papal See amassed its wealth by Gothic Cathedrals, and displays it in Grecian temples.” I know not whether Walpole perceived that in this comparison he had drawn the Gothic and the Grecian as so irreconcilably dissimilar in appearance and effect, that it was hardly possible for his reader to fancy they could have come from the same source.

The same theory, however, found favour with Barry, the painter, who, writing from Italy to Burke, says, “The manner of building called Gothic, is generally believed to have been the invention of the Goths, as the name imports, and to have been brought into Italy by these barbarians, after they had established themselves upon the ruins of the Roman empire. The beginnings of this barbarous architecture, however, are traceable in buildings erected in Italy even before the arts were much declined, and long before the Goths had any footing there. The number of examples have convinced me, that it is nothing more than the architecture of the old Greeks and Romans, in the state of final corruption into which it had fallen. That no doubt may remain about this matter, I shall make a few drawings of the different corruptions as they grew up one out of the other.” It is dangerous to follow blindly an enthusiast like Barry over the delicate ground of antique research. The insulated examples which he has given—of fluted pilasters and columns, perpendicular and spiral—of arches intersecting one another, so as to form

what he calls true Gothic confusion—and the introduction of doves and lambs into the angles of the Corinthian capitals—are obviously indeed corruptions engrafted on the classic style, but they afford no trace or shadow of the original powers of combination visible in a Gothic Cathedral.

The third theory was started by Warburton. “When (says he) the Goths had conquered Spain, and the genial warmth of the climate, and the religion of the old inhabitants, had refined their wits and inflamed their mistaken piety, they struck out a new species of architecture, unknown to Greece and Rome, upon original principles and ideas, much nobler than what had given birth even to classic magnificence. For this northern people, having been accustomed during the gloom of paganism to worship the Deity in groves, (a practice common to all nations,) when their new religion required covered edifices, they ingeniously projected to make them resemble groves as nearly as the distance of architecture would permit; at once indulging their old prejudices, and providing for their present conveniences by a cool receptacle in a sultry climate; and with what skill and success they executed their project by the assistance of Saracen architects, whose exotic style of building very luckily suited their purpose, appears from hence, that no attentive observer ever viewed a regular avenue of well grown trees intermixing their branches over head, but it presently put him in mind of the long visto through the Gothic cathedral, or even entered one of the larger or more elegant edifices of this kind, but it presented to his imagination an avenue of trees; and this alone

is what can be truly called the Gothic style of building." Dr. Stukely, in the *Archæologia*, maintains much the same view of the subject. "Assuredly (he says) the idea of this Arabian arch and slender pillars is taken from the groves sacred to religion, of which the great patriarch Abraham was the inventor. The present Westminster Abbey, and generally our cathedrals, the Temple Church, and the like, present us with a true notion of those verdant cathedrals of antiquity, and which the Druids brought from the East into our own island and practised before the Romans came hither." That this theory is neither very consistent with chronology nor with history has been shown by Milner, in his work on Ecclesiastical Architecture; nevertheless, there is much in it to excite and please the fancy, and it has been favourably received by the world. It has been illustrated, in our own time, by Sir James Hall, who has traced the Gothic from the natural aspects of the grove and the forest, to its bowers of ornamented stone, with much elegance and ingenuity; and it has been embalmed for posterity in those exquisite lines of the last and greatest of minstrels, in his description of Melrose.

"The moon on the east oriel shone
Through slender shafts of shapely stone,
By foliated tracery combined;
Thou wouldst have thought some fairy's hand,
'Twixt poplars straight, the ozier wand
In many a freakish knot had twin'd;
Then framed a spell when the work was done,
And changed the willow wreaths to stone."

The fourth and last theory is one highly flat-

tering to our national feelings—but I fear it “wants confirmation.” “It is much to be wished,” say the Antiquarian Society, (in 1802,) “that the word Gothic should no longer be used in speaking of the architecture of England from the thirteenth to the sixteenth century. The term tends to give false ideas on the subject, and originates with the Italian writers of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; who applied the expression, “*La Maniera Gotica*,” in contempt, to all works of art of the middle ages. The style used by the Saxons is very properly called Saxon. The improvements introduced after the Norman conquest justify the appellation of Norman to the edifices of that period. The nation assumed a new character about the time of Henry the Second. The language properly called English was then formed, and an architecture, founded on the Norman and Saxon, but extremely different from both, was *invented* by *English artists*. It surely is equally just and proper to distinguish this style by the honourable appellation of *English*; and it is hoped that no English antiquary will be offended at the substitution of an accurate and honourable name in the place of one which is both contemptuous and inappropriate.”


It is as easy to find the pole as discover the truth amid these and many more conflicting theories, all urged with skill, supported by authorities of ages dark as well as light, and illustrated with all manner of learning. When the architect of Windsor Palace laid his line and level on the cathedral of Winchester, he probably staid not one moment to inquire, whether the art in which he

excelled was "a happy corruption of the Greek,"—"a better sort of Saracenic,"—"a combination of the Egyptian, Persian, and Hindoo,"—"a sacred grove of Abraham or the Druids, done into stone by a gifted monk,"—or "the poetic dream of some home-born architect, to be interpreted seven centuries afterwards by the Society of Antiquaries." One thing seems clear, that the Gothic architecture, though resembling in many points that of other eras, and sharing with some in peaked arches and diversity of embellishment, has yet a peculiar and decided character of its own.

The Christian religion differs not more from the heathen than a Gothic cathedral from a Grecian temple. The internal economy, the geometrical combination, and the outward elevations are obviously and equally dissimilar. The latter is an oblong building with open columns on the sides, open porticos at the ends, internally containing the colossal statue of the god to whose service it is dedicated, and externally embellished with sculptures representing actions which that Deity was supposed to have directed or influenced. The interior sculpture is not necessary to the integrity of the building: the colossal figure neither supports any part, nor mingles with the masonry, and might be removed without injuring the internal harmony of arrangement; even the sculptures on the outside friezes and double pediments, have no duty to perform further than that of embellishment. The climate for which this noble architecture was invented is warm and mild, where the heat of the sun is more thought of than rain and sleet and snow. There are pediments, but no

lofty towers; the roof is slightly ornamented, and the outline of the whole is regular and unbroken. The stones of which it is composed, in size and weight, make part of the invention; the nature of the architecture requires immense blocks; a great temple cannot be built of little pieces of marble; the lofty columns, massy architraves, long friezes, and projecting entablatures demand blocks of many tons weight; the larger the stones, the firmer the structure. These stones are squared with such nicety, and are so solid and massive, that the quality of the cement which unites them is of little moment; and on some occasions this necessary ingredient to the Gothic has been dispensed with. Constructed in this manner, these magnificent temples survive the vicissitudes of seasons and nations, and are still the wonder of the world.

A Gothic cathedral is a work of another kind—it is at once a place of worship, a sanctuary, and a sepulchre; the mind which conceived it, was in its nature solemn, nay gloomy—and shared largely in that melancholy spirit which inspires our finest poetry. The holy apostles and martyrs who diffused our religion over the earth—the meek Virgin—and her blessed Son, who atoned for our sins, appear above and around; in the recesses, chapels, and aisles, are the statues of kings, councillors, priests, warriors, and poets, lying beneath enriched canopies; and under our feet is their dust, with their names simply inscribed on the marble pavement. Those groups, and statues, and tombs, the processions of priests, the sufferings



of the martyrs, the legends of the Church, and even the picturesque ornaments, are a portion, and no mean one, of the invention of this splendid architecture. They are, in character and handling, wholly subordinate to the building; as much so, as the fruit is to the tree which bears it; yet they are so successfully imagined, that they blend with the masonry into one grand harmony of arrangement, and could no more be spared from the niches, bands, and entablatures, than the jewels from out of an imperial crown. The lofty towers, the numerous pinnacles, the nave, the side aisles, the ornamented buttresses, the clustered columns, and the ribbed and enriched arches, differ not more from the heavy pediments, the weighty entablatures, and massive columns of the classic style, than the materials out of which they are respectively composed. The stones, of which our cathedrals are built, are of small dimensions; few of them heavier than what an able man could easily lift.* The materials are light—so is the structure—so much so, that the Gothic has borne the reproach of being as much too slight, as the Saxon has of

* It is the tradition, that the materials composing Sweetheart Abbey on the Scottish side of the Solway, were brought by sea ready squared; and that a line of men was formed from the building to the beach, who handed the stones one to another as bricks are often moved in the present day. Those innumerable stones, showing in the walls some six, and in the arches some three inches thick, are bound—I might say, welded together by a lime cement; coarse indeed and full of sharp gravel and sea shells; but so hard in its texture, and tenacious in its gripe, that in demolishing the walls at the Reformation, it was necessary to split the stones, for the mortar held them like iron.

being too massive and heavy. It must, however, be borne in mind, that the semicircular arches of the latter, require great weight and strength of abutment, lest they should shoulder the towers, in which they form the openings for light and air, out of the perpendicular; and that the pointed arches of the other, require less strength at the springings, and are, moreover, supported by the arches of the side aisles, and by a profusion of solid and open buttresses—in themselves a great ornament as well as stay to the structure. One might almost imagine, that the stones which compose a Gothic cathedral, were laid in a heap before some sagacious architect, who, observing that they were too small for a temple in the Greek style, and taxing himself with the invention of an order of architecture suitable for his materials, conceived the Gothic. Nor is this so fanciful a view as it seems. In those days there were few other powers, than the force of men's hands, to put masses of stone in motion; it was difficult to cut large blocks in the quarries—and infinitely more difficult to convey them over many miles of rough road, and raise them to the summits of lofty buildings; small thin stones were therefore inevitably preferred, and a style of architecture prevailed, in which large blocks were unnecessary.

Whatever skill Wykeham had obtained in the science of Architecture, he proceeded to employ it in re-edifying his Cathedral of Winchester. Nor was the task easy; much of the old fabric was heavy, not a little of it ruinous; and, before the restorations and additions were all completed, tradition says, that he wished he had begun his labours

with pulling the whole down. The piety of the Bishop, perhaps, interfered to prevent this; we know that there were parts of the cathedral, more particularly an altar and image of the Virgin, which his flock at all events esteemed too holy to be tampered with. "The whole fabric then standing," says Lowth, "was erected by Bishop Walkelin, who began it in the year 1079. It was of the Saxon architecture, not greatly differing from the Roman: with round pillars much stronger than Doric or Tuscan, or square piers adorned with small pillars; round headed arches and windows; and plain walls on the outside without buttresses; as appears by the cross aisle and tower, which remain of it to this day. The nave of the church had been for some time in a bad condition; Bishop Edyngdon undertook to repair it in the latter part of his time, and, by his will, ordered his executors to finish what he had begun;—and whether, in pursuance of his benefaction, or otherwise, it appears that in the year 1371 some work of this kind was carrying on at a great expense. However, Wykeham, upon due consideration and survey, found it either so decayed or infirm, or else so mean in its appearance, and so much below the dignity of one of the first episcopal sees in the kingdom, that he determined to take down the whole, from the tower westward, and to rebuild it in a stronger and more magnificent manner. This great work he undertook in the year 1394, and entered upon it in the beginning of the next year, upon the following conditions, stipulated between him and the prior and convent, who acquit the Bishop of all obligation to it, and acknowledge it


as proceeding from his mere liberality and zeal for the honour of God. They agree to find the whole scaffolding necessary for the work; they give the Bishop free leave to dig and carry away chalk and sand from any of their lands; and they allow the whole materials of the old building to be applied to the use of the new. As the Church of Winchester is situated in low ground, which, without great precaution and expense, affords no very sure foundation for so weighty a structure, Wykeham thought it safest to confine himself to the plan of the former building, and to make use of a foundation already tried, and subject to no hazard. He even chose to apply to his purpose some part of the lower order of pillars of the old church, though his design was in a different style of architecture: that which, for reasons not very apparent, we call Gothic, with pointed arches and windows, without key-stones, and with pillars consisting of an assemblage of small ones closely connected together."

The cathedral of Winchester, as a whole, displays no very picturesque combinations of parts, little of that never-ending variety which charms us in the Minster of York, or Wells, or Lincoln, or Salisbury: but its air of solid and permanent grandeur is highly impressive. It should be remembered that the church is only a portion of the original design; a monastery, a chapter-house, and all manner of suitable offices for a great ecclesiastical establishment have been swept away by the merciless hands of the Reformers, leaving the cathedral deprived of those collateral features, which were to it what wings are to a bird, giving lightness

and relief to the main body. That Wykeham, in devising the character of his restorations, considered these now vanished structures as permanent and essential parts of the architectural landscape on which he was about to work, we have ample proof. In his time the buildings of the monastery covered the whole of the south side of the church, and he thought it was useless to lavish ornament where it would be always concealed. When, therefore, the demolition of the monastery laid the south side bare, it discovered a want in buttresses and pinnacles, with which the north side had been properly provided. With respect to the mixture of styles, it seems to have escaped the eye of those who urge it as a reproach, that Wykeham has, *in fact*, united the Saxon and the Gothic into a harmonious whole, which could never have been accomplished had he used essentially discordant orders of architecture; in truth, they are akin in character and extraction, and always unite well; whereas every one that ever tried to wed the Greek and the Gothic has entirely and lamentably failed. A Gothic structure raised on a Saxon foundation, like a sweet apple grafted on a sour stock, has every chance to endure, and of this no one was more aware than Wykeham when he made use of the massive pillars of his predecessor's building for sustaining his airier additions. It is nevertheless to be regretted, that he was circumscribed by the plan and aspect of the original church; his taste was of a better kind than that of old Walkelyn; and had the whole work of his predecessors been swept away, a cathedral of far more magnificence would doubtless have arisen in its place under his

directions. But he was now very old ; the decay of nature was warning him to decide quickly and labour hard in all new undertakings which he wished to see finished ; and it is next to wonderful with what readiness of invention and alacrity of hand he carried his extensive alterations on.

Those who have not seen Winchester may turn to the valuable volumes of Britton, and by the aid of his splendid engravings compare the work of Wykeham with those of other Gothic architects ; in the elegance of his elevations he is inferior to Alan of Walsingham, and scarcely equal to the builders of York and Salisbury for varied splendor of combination ; but he yields to none in a sense of solid magnificence, in the power of conceiving what is at once useful, durable, and beautiful. His experience in the construction of castles and palaces no doubt impressed him with that love of durability, in which all architects who think of posterity ought to share largely. Of the elevations of this cathedral, the most beautiful, doubtless, is the western front. The great window of Wykeham, the lofty towers which rise on either side with their tapering spires ; the peak itself, concealing its object in the excess of its embellishments—which cover the front, run up the slopes, and gather themselves together into a fine tower, containing a statue of one of the founders,—together with the solid and open buttresses, and flanking windows of the aisles—all unite into one harmonious picture, which shows nothing to detract from its claim to excellence, save a want of corresponding stateliness in the great door-way, and in those of the aisles. Nor is it less admirable



in sectional construction than in outward elevation. The buttresses and other securities against expansion in the arch of the nave maintain the diagonal line, reaching from the summit of the nave to the exterior foundation stones of the flanking abutments, upon the true principles of Gothic architecture; defence succeeds defence from the pinnacle to the ground-stone. Whenever our old architects wished, as they sometimes did, to render the nave more lofty than what this principle of construction allowed, they sought to make compensation, either by heaping a weight on the towers and pinnacles; or, by the clumsier expedient of securing the pillars of the nave against bending inwards from the leaning-to of the buttresses, by connecting them with horizontal bars of iron, such as cross the nave, and strengthen the gigantic columns, of Westminster Abbey.

To the observance of this great principle, we may impute the splendour of the nave at Winchester, which most judges concur with Gilpin in thinking the most magnificent in England. Indeed the whole interior is of no common beauty; the substantial and solid Saxon, and the more light and picturesque graces of Wykeham's Gothic in the nave and aisles, warrant the eulogiums of antiquarians and architects. In the Saxon all is huge, massive and bold; bases, columns, and capitals are without ornaments. Above and upon this Wykeham feared not to engraft and lavish all the light variety of freakish knots of flowers and fruits of the embellished Gothic—yet, amidst all this, the great strength of the work is still visible; the outline of solid masonry is preserved;

the ornamental creeps like a flowering plant along the surface only, and never intertwines itself with the sinews of the structure. There are other parts where fancy has been less restrained: over the Lady Chapel and the Langton Chapel an exuberance of ornament is scattered. The altar-screen too, a lofty work, is covered with arches, canopies, buttresses, pinnacles, crockets, pediments, and all manner of decoration; and when, in the days of the old faith, it had the addition of statues and golden work, it must have been surprisingly splendid. The monumental chantries for Fox, Beaufort, Waynesfleet, Edyngdon, and Wykeham himself, are all different in design and detail; each consists of a pyramidal series of canopies, crocketed pinnacles, niches, tracery, buttresses, piers, &c., raised on and supported by open arches, piers, and parallel screens. Each chantry occupies a separate arch, and is formed to enshrine and surmount the altar-tomb and recumbent statue of a deceased prelate. This combined groupe of chantries, screens, and clustered columns, is unequalled in England. "Every remove of the spectator," says Britton, "presents these objects differently grouped, differently combined, and with varied effects of light and shade." Many of these are subsequent additions, but all are akin in spirit and design, and might easily be ascribed to the pure taste and nice discrimination of Wykeham himself, so much did his genius continue to controul his successors. Much of the sculpture, too, which he introduced was above the prevailing fashion of the time. In repairing the cathedral lately, the heads of several abbots and abbesses, which had probably been

struck from the statues during the idol-fever at the Reformation, were found built into a wall : and there is a softness of handling, a maturity of character, and an undulation of flesh about them, worthy of more ambitious days.

During the progress of these works, Wykeham was summoned to attend a meeting of his clerical brethren on a subject of vast importance to civil and religious liberty—the doctrines of Wickliffe. That bold reformer questioned some of the leading tenets of the Church ; several professors and doctors of distinction in Oxford lent a favourable ear to his “ heresies,” and began to maintain them publicly in the pulpit and in the schools, and many gentlemen and nobles listened graciously to sermons which prescribed resistance to the dominion of Rome as their duty both as Christians and Englishmen. But the public mind was not yet ready for such wholesome counsel ; ignorance every where prevailed in the cottages, and the multitude willingly surrendered their minds to the rule of those who had guided their fathers. The wisdom and the worth too of such men as Wykeham sustained the dignity of the church, and secured the obedience of the people ; his many charities, his benevolence, which was to aid the present and reach down to distant times, could be understood and felt by the rudest. The very splendour in which the hierarchy lived was imposing ; and the daily doles at the abbey gate, the lodging to the wayfarer, the table to the hungry, and the wide-reaching charity of a clergy to whom wedlock was forbidden only, as they said, that all the people might be their children, must have had

mighty influence. The part that Wykeham took in this matter no one has described, but it is well known that he was inclined to mild and merciful methods of reclaiming those of the flock who were tainted with heresy. He strenuously interceded in behalf of the chancellor of Oxford, Robert Rygge, who had encouraged and countenanced the reformer, and obtained his pardon with difficulty. With others the assembled bishops were more stern, and the Wickliffites were persecuted and dispersed.

Wykeham was seventy years of age when he commenced the restoration of Winchester cathedral; he calculated that seven years would complete the undertaking, and hoped to live till the last stone was laid; he had more than his wish—for it was after ten laborious years that the good bishop had at length the satisfaction of seeing the doors thrown open, and the wonders he had wrought displayed at large to his people. "There is no fabric of its kind in England," says Lowth, "after those of York and Lincoln, which excels the nave and aisles of the cathedral church of Winchester in greatness, stateliness, and majesty. It was but just finished when the bishop died, but he had provided in his will for the entire completion of his design by his executors in case of his death. He allotted 2500 marks for what then remained to be done, besides 500 marks for the glass windows; this was about a year and a-half before it was finished, by which some sort of estimate may be made of the whole expense."

The founder of those noble colleges and the re-builder of this majestic cathedral was now about to bid his works farewell. Nature had

given him an excellent constitution; he had now been bishop of Winchester for thirty years, and in all that time had been but once prevented by ill health from attending to his duty. In the month of May, 1401, he was not able to undergo the fatigue of administering ordination, though he was present when it was done by deputy; in 1403 he obtained the aid of two coadjutors, Nicholas Wykeham, his kinsman, and John Elmer; and in July of the same year, feeling, no doubt, some internal warnings, he executed his last will—in which the extensive generosity which had distinguished his whole life is fully displayed. It comprehends all orders and degrees of men, from the highest to the lowest, and answers every demand of piety, gratitude, affection, and charity. His temper was devout; he had accepted the religious system in which he was instructed in all its parts, and his testament, accordingly, is that of a firm believer in the reasonableness and efficacy of prayers for the dead. It is recorded of him, that he always performed this part of the service of the church with intense fervour and even effusion of tears; it is not to be wondered, therefore, if we find him careful in procuring the intercession of the faithful in behalf of his father, his benefactors, and himself. He had long before founded a chantry of five priests, to pray for the souls of his father and mother, in the priory of Southwyk; and made a perpetual endowment for one chaplain at Windsor, on condition that his obit should be annually celebrated, and his soul, and those of Edward the Third, of his own parents, and of his benefactors, daily remembered in their prayers.

He now resolved to establish a constant service of this kind in his own church, and was determined in his choice of the site by feelings which the purest of Protestants will not refuse to honour. He founded a chapel which was at once to serve for his sepulchre and his chantry, where an altar dedicated to the Virgin, with her image before it, had stood in his youth, and where a mass used to be celebrated every morning with so much unction that it drew crowds, and was distinguished among the people by the name of *Pekismasse*—from the name of the officiating monk. Wykeham had been in his early days a fervent hearer of this mass; he had chosen the Blessed Virgin as his patroness, and dedicated himself to her service, and he probably attributed to her favour his eminent success in all the business of his life. “This seems,” says Lowth, “to have been the reason of his dedicating to her his two colleges, and calling them by her name, over all the principal gates of which he has been careful to have himself represented as her votary.” He dedicated, accordingly, his funeral oratory to the same benignant patroness, and the old altar and image were to be the guardians of his tomb;—and so they continued for many years, till the torrent of the Reformation swept away both the altar and the image, and put an end for ever to the masses which the prelate had established for his own soul, the souls of his parents, and others whom he loved and ranked with the faithful. I am not ashamed to write of this destruction with something of sorrow.

Having made these pious arrangements, and moreover fixed the revenues which were necessary

to sustain the dignity of his colleges upon permanent foundations, he proceeded to the distribution of his remaining property; his bequests are curious—nay, instructive. To the poor in the prisons of London, Wolvesy, Winchester, Oxford, Berkshire, Guildford, and Old and New Sarum, he gave two hundred pounds; to the King he bequeathed two silver basons, besides acquitting him of a debt of five hundred pounds. To Thomas Arundel, Archbishop of Canterbury, and to his own successor in the Bishopric of Winchester, he gave jewels, plate, and books; to Robert Braybrooke, Bishop of London, his large silk bed and furniture in his palace at Winchester, with the whole suit of tapestry hangings in the same place; to the Prior of Winchester, plate worth twenty pounds; to every monk of the convent, being a priest, five marks, and to every one of them in lower orders forty shillings, to pray for his soul. On the church of Winchester he bestowed his new rich vestment of blue cloth embroidered with gold, with thirty capes of the same, with gold fringes: a pix of beryl for the host, and a cross of gold with reliques of the true cross: to his college in Oxford his mitre, crozier,* dalmatics and sandals: to his college at Winchester another mitre, the bible which he commonly used, and several other books: to fifteen of his kindred, from one hundred to twenty pounds a-piece—in the whole eight hundred, twenty-three pounds; six shillings and eight pence: and to his friends, officers, and servants, legacies, to the amount of one thousand

* The crozier is still preserved in the chapel of New College.

pounds. Nor did he forget the churches and hospitals in his diocese; abbots, priors, priests, and nuns—all had their share in his bounty. He was a noble-minded prelate, and a most benevolent man—from the hour that he was created Bishop of Winchester, he spread a table for not less than twenty-four indigent persons every day—frequently adding money to their food; he employed his friends and attendants to seek out proper objects of charity, that he might relieve them—to search after those whose modesty would not let them request relief, that he might aid them with his own hand. His hospitality was large, constant and universal—his house was open to all, and frequented by the rich and great in proportion as it was crowded by the poor and indigent. He made roads, constructed bridges, repaired many churches which were falling to decay, and furnished them with books, vestments and chalices.* After all these and other bequests, he ordered the residue of his property to be dedicated to religious purposes: and then prepared himself for that great change which awaits all. He was now full eighty years old; but, in possession of all the faculties of his mind, he still continued to direct the affairs of his household and his diocese. To the last, enduring no pain, but, sinking under an almost insensible decay, he admitted his friends freely, and conversed with them calmly in his chamber. He

* In this way he bestowed one hundred and thirteen silver chalices, and one hundred pair of vestments: the weight of the silver chalice which he presented to the cathedral of Lincoln was seventy-four ounces.

died at South Waltham, about eight o'clock in the morning, on Saturday, the 27th of September, 1404.

Wykeham was the Cardinal Wolsey of Edward the Third, with more than Wolsey's munificence, and nothing of his worldly ambition. He was a wise and sagacious minister to the state, and a watchful and faithful one to the Church, bringing to either service strong good sense—a wonderful aptitude for business—eloquence full of persuasion—a temper whose serenity nothing could disturb—a courage which no trials dismayed—and, last and best of all, a character of unsullied honesty. Though a rigid Romanist, he was merciful to the Wickliffites, when his brethren set an example of severity; he adorned and enriched the churches which others of the clergy desired to plunder; and he laid out his wealth on colleges and schools, that knowledge might increase in the land.

I regret that few particulars of Wykeham's domestic character have come down to our times. From the accusation of his being sordid, we may imagine that he was vigilant about his household expenses; and from the splendid dresses, silver cups, gorgeous mitres, and sculptured crosiers, which he possessed, we may conceive that he was somewhat vain and fond of outward show. The care which he took concerning his own soul, and the masses which he founded for those of his parents, argue less a sense of sin than the munificence of his spirit; and the introduction of his own statue into his colleges and schools, is a matter of humility as well as pride; he is represented in a

meek beseeching posture. His will lifts the veil from his character a little; he was so anxious to enjoy the fame of benevolence in this life, that he actually presented many of its bequests with his own hands. He loved the family name, and put Sir Thomas Wykeham, his heir, into possession of manors and estates to the value of six hundred marks a-year, and deposited with his college one hundred pounds to defend his title to those bequests. If we can put faith in contemporary sculpture, he was a man of commanding presence—serene but not severe—of the middle size, and inclining to be corpulent.

Of his skill and sagacity as a counsellor of state, his master's esteem is a certain proof. Edward, in the vigour of his manhood, made him Chancellor of England; and only withdrew his confidence when his own judgment declined and he had sunk into dotage. His speeches, as they are recorded in the Parliament rolls, are brief and business-like, and bear no resemblance to those of other ecclesiastical counsellors, who took a text of Scripture by way of thesis, and uttered a sermon instead of a statesman-like harangue. He spoke directly to the point in question, and gave a plain and distinct account of the posture of public affairs. In providing against the invasion threatened by the French in the latter days of Edward III., Wykeham, like the undaunted Deloraine—

• Nor sighed nor prayed,
Nor saint nor ladye called to aid;

but augmented the English fleet, set in order the men at arms, and mustered the archers.

His merits as an architect are of no questionable kind. The waste of time, internal peace, and new systems of fortification, have swept away his castles; but they were undoubtedly worthy of the martial magnificence of Edward and his nobles. Against a regular assault of our scientific warfare, the strongest of Wykeham's castles would make but a short resistance; the loftiest and firmest wall would sink beneath an incessant shower of twenty-four pounders, flying to the mark in dozens at once, and beating into dust the hardest materials. The warrior in the days when Wykeham was an engineer, either built his house, like an eagle, on some lofty and difficult cliff, or, with the prudence of the wild swan, sat down in the centre of a swamp, and, raising his fortalice on piles of wood, set all enemies, save those in alliance with frost and famine, at defiance. Those strongholds were not of a tempting aspect: walls twenty feet thick and sixty feet high, with rooms like cells, and windows through which nothing more dense than daylight could come; with an arched roof through which the fire of the assailant could not descend, and a causeway over which the well-barred and well-guarded gate could not be approached by more than three or four men abreast, looked less like a lady's bower, than the den of some wild beast; and the character of the martial inhabitant not seldom justified the comparison. Windsor and Queensborough presented, indeed, a more elegant exterior than these tremendous "keeps;" but Wykeham's chief excellence lay in buildings of a far different kind.

He was one of a band of consummate archi-

fects whose genius adorned our land with those cathedrals which are yet unrivalled for beauty and splendour in any country. His practice, indeed, in ecclesiastical structures, was confined a little too much to repairs and alterations, in which the character of the original work in a great measure directed him what to do : yet it is extraordinary how much peculiar beauty and stateliness he has engrafted and raised upon the common and the mean, and how he has got over the difficulties of working with the new in the spirit of the old. The Gothic, it is true, from its variety, and also from the facility with which it allows a departure in one part from the ruling style of another, is more ready to admit the inventions of a restorer than any other order of architecture ; and so it may be seen in the cathedral of Winchester, where the Saxon and the Gothic are blended in one pleasing harmony. " The stone of which it is built, though it has resisted the weather for so many ages, retains perfect sharpness, so that even the most minute ornaments seem as entire as when newly wrought. In some of the cloisters there are representations of flowers, fruits, and vegetables, carved in stone, with accuracy so delicate, that we almost distrust our senses when we consider the difficulty of subjecting so hard a substance to such intricate and exquisite modulations." These words, spoken by Sir Walter Scott, concerning Melrose, apply equally well to Winchester. It is truly wonderful to see with what taste and profusion Wykeham has scattered his ornaments over the nave, the cloisters, and the chantries of his church ; nor is the grave strength and

solid stateliness of the lofty structure impaired, but rather improved, by these embellishments. It is to be regretted that one who could so readily unite beauty and strength, and communicate so much becoming elegance to all the manifold combinations of the Gothic, had not been employed to build a new cathedral. His colleges are rather for worth than show: plain accommodation was all that was necessary; yet in the chapels, particularly in that of New College, there is no ordinary beauty.

From our old historians, our public records, and a few brief instructions, of the days of Wykeham, concerning the royal buildings, we gather some curious information about the mode of erecting cathedrals. The site of the church was selected, not in a barren spot, but in a pleasant place, where the soil was naturally fruitful, and lakes or streams containing fish were near. The foundations of the structure were marked out, and around this a camp of huts was established, to afford shelter to the workmen: a warden was appointed to every ten men, and over the whole a clerk of the works presided, whose duty was to see the building executed according to the plans of the chief architect. Those workmen, if the need of the church required great diligence, had many indulgences: and if they were refractory, there were modes of bringing them to reason, spiritual as well as temporal. The masonry was the work of Englishmen; and much of the carving, as our memorandums sufficiently show, was cut by native hands. The caprice or taste of the workmen seems sometimes to have directed the access-

social ornaments; for many of our cathedrals are deformed by figures of indecent demons, and other grotesque and impure representations, which mingle indifferently with things holy. To save the purse of the state, or the hoards of the clergy, the noble families of the district, from a love of religion, or as a commutation of penance, permitted their forests to be felled, their quarries to be wrought, their vassals to be pressed, and their horses too, in order to facilitate the good work. Wren, who was no admirer of their architecture, speaks with knowledge and with justice of their way of going to work. "Those who have seen the exact amounts in records," says he, "of the charge of the fabrics of some of our cathedrals, near four hundred years old, cannot but have a great esteem for their economy, and admire how soon they erected such lofty structures. Indeed, great height they thought the greatest magnificence. Few stones were used but what a man might carry up a ladder on his back from scaffold to scaffold, though they had pullies and spoked wheels upon occasion; but having rejected cornices, they had no need of great engines: stone upon stone was easily piled up to great heights; therefore the pride of their work was in pinnacles and steeples. In this they essentially differed from the Roman way, who laid all their mouldings horizontally, which made the best perspective: the Gothic way, on the contrary, carried all their mouldings perpendicular, so that the ground-work being settled, they had nothing else to do but to spire all up as they could. Thus they made their pillars of a bundle of little Toruses, which they

divided into more when they came to the roof; and these Toruses split into many small ones, and traversing one another, gave occasion to the tracery work of which the Freemasons were the inventors. They used the sharp-headed arch which would rise with little centreing, required lighter key-stones and less butment, and yet would bear another row of doubled arches rising from the key-stone, by the diversifying of which they erected eminent structures. It must be confessed that this was an ingenious compendium of work, suited to those northern climates; and I must also own, that works of the same height and magnificence, in the Roman way, would be much more expensive." The facility with which those edifices were reared was aided much by the command which a feudal prince had over his people; but more by the power of the Church over hordes of illiterate workmen, who had at once before their eyes the fear of hell, the hope of heaven, and the impulse of good wages.

The architecture in which Wykeham excelled, and the religion which he so ardently loved, were doomed to sink in this land together. Against the latter, knowledge and reason and Scripture were directed; against the former, classic caprice and the pedantry of learning preached a crusade; and where one only merited success, both succeeded. Our reliance on the taste of John Evelyn, of which we hear so much, is sorely shaken by reading his evidence concerning the Gothic. "The ancient Greek and Roman architecture," says he, "answers all the perfections required in a faultless and accomplished building; such as for

so many ages were so renowned and reputed by the universal suffrages of the civilized world, and would doubtless have still subsisted, and made good their claim, had not the Goths and Vandals subverted and demolished them, introducing in their stead a certain fantastical and licentious manner of building, which we have since called *Modern* or *Gothic*; congestions of heavy, dark, melancholy, and monkish piles, without any just proportion, use, or beauty." We look at the churches of York, Lincoln, Salisbury, or Winchester, and smile at the pedantry of the amiable Evelyn.

INIGO JONES.

“WERE a table to be formed,” exclaims Walpole, “for men of real and undisputed genius in every country, this name alone would save England from the reproach of not having her representative among the arts; she adopted Holbein and Vandyke; she borrowed Rubens; she produced Inigo Jones.”

He was born in 1572, in the neighbourhood of St. Paul's Cathedral, London. His mother's maiden name or country no one has mentioned; while of his father we are only told that his name was Ignatius, that he was a citizen of London, a cloth-worker by trade, a catholic in religion, and wealthy and reputable. I know not what credit to give to Pennant, who claims the architect for a Welchman, on account of his “violent passions;” though Gifford, in his notes to Ben Jonson, seems to follow him, drawing the same inference from the “untamed vehemence of his language.” “It is observable,” says his son-in-law Webb, “that his Christian name is in Spanish, and his father's in Latin; for which some have assigned this reason, that, as his father was a considerable dealer in the woollen manufactory, 'tis probable some Spanish merchant might have assisted at his baptism.” It is likely that Webb communicates to us the tradition of the family; yet personal regard, or

religious sympathy, must in such a case have prevailed against national hate, for during the whole reign of Elizabeth the Spaniards were often dreaded and always detested by the English. His Spanish name, however he came by it, was not forgotten when he became eminent. Ben Jonson, in his merciless "Expostulation," handles him in this fashion :—

"By all your titles and whole stile at once
Of tireman, mountebank, and Justice Jones,
I do salute you : are you fitted yet—
Will any of those express your place or wit ?
Or are you so ambitious 'bove your peers
You'd be an *Assinigo* by your ears ?"

The surly poet comes yet closer in his "Corollary," addressed to "Inigo Marquis Wouldbe."

"But cause thou hear'st the mighty king of Spain
Hath made his Inigo marquis, wouldst thou fain
Our Charles should make thee such ?"

Concerning his early years and education we have no information which can be relied on. Webb, his nephew and pupil, and the husband of his only daughter, says, "there is no certain account in what manner he was brought up, or who had the task of instructing him." That he had not the advantage of an university education was, of course, a necessary consequence of the family faith. Pope, who was born in something like the same circumstances, acquired his knowledge chiefly from private tutors of his own religion ; and Jones, we know, however he came by it, possessed as much as carried him creditably through the Latin-quoting court of King James. Indeed,

that learned prince set him the task of proving to the world that Stonehenge was a Roman temple; which, as he had to justify every position by quotations from the classics, could have been no business for an ignorant man. Even the embellishing of the learned masques of Jonson must have demanded considerable acquaintance with classic lore. Ben, indeed, in some of his verses, obliquely accuses him of being illiterate; but Ben was a profound scholar, and might sneer at very tolerable attainments in that line as worthless. The sarcasms in question, moreover, were penned, on the sick bed of the illustrious author, when he was borne down by penury, oppressed with years, neglected by the rich and the noble, and his proud spirit stung by the court-credit and affluence of his late compeer.

Those who seek to follow Jones from the school to the studio, will find they are still in the regions of conjecture. At that period there were no lecturers on art, or academies for students, and those only, whom nature intended for distinction, ventured to follow a profession where they had to think for themselves, and be their own instructors. We cannot therefore turn over the pages of the admission book, and see who studied in either painting, sculpture, or architecture. Webb, who knew more of his uncle's early studies than any other person, says, "there is no certain account how he passed his younger years. This, indeed, we know, that he was early distinguished by his inclination to drawing, or designing, and was particularly taken notice of, for his skill in the practice of landscape painting." Walpole found among the

gleanings of Vertue a story that Inigo was apprenticed to a joiner. If this be true, the father could hardly have been the rich merchant he is described; and, indeed, I cannot account for the reserve of Webb, except by suspecting that the great artist had followed in his youth some humble business, which his son-in-law felt reluctance to name; let us see what aid the satires of Jonson will lend us in finding a profession for him.

Though Ben, according to Dr. Fuller, wrought at the building of Lincoln's Inn, with a trowel in his hand, and a book in his pocket, he did not hesitate to satirize Jones himself for having touched the hand-saw and the plane. It may be urged, that he did this without malicious meaning, but Drummond, a candid man, says, "that Jonson was a great lover and praiser of himself, and a despiser, and contemner of others, given rather to lose a friend than a jest, and jealous of every word and action of those about him." It is true that the object of the dramatist was to give a living image of the looks and manners of the times in which he lived, and that such a character as a ready-witted joiner, was necessary in those days of dramas in barns, and masques in country places. But it is perfectly well known, that In-and-In Medley, the Joiner of Islington, was meant for Inigo Jones; that the ridicule which it threw on his name and history, caused him to complain—and that in consequence, the representation was forbidden. There are passages sufficiently personal :

"*Med.* Indeed there is a woundy luck in names, sirs,
And a vain mystery, an a man knew where
To find it. My godsire's name I tell you

Was In-and-in Shuttle, and a weaver he was,
And it did fit his craft; for so his shuttle
Went in-and-in still—this way and then that way.
And he named me In-and-in Medley, which serves
A joiner's craft, because that we do lay
Things in-and-in, in our work. But I am truly
Architectonicus Professor, rather;
That is, as one would say, an Architect."

In verses such as these, which Dryden calls "dotages," did the great author of those noble works, the *Alchymist*, and *Volpone*, when laid on a sick bed, vent fretful vexation. Gifford, indeed, says, that "Jonson is evidently at play through the whole of this light piece, which was written less perhaps with a view to fame, than to relieve the tedium and misery of a long disease." By a man more magnanimous than Inigo, such satire might have been forgiven; but he was as proud and vain and sensitive as Jonson himself. It must be borne in mind too, that in an earlier play, *The Bartholomew Fair*, the poet was more than suspected of having glanced at the successful court architect in the character of *Lantern Leatherhead*, the dealer in Hobby-horses. Gifford labours, with much ingenuity to prove that all this is idle and gratuitous aspersion; but Selden, the companion and assistant of Jonson, believed it; for in his *Table Talk*, in allusion to this play, he says, that the author intended satirically to express the vain disputes of the puritanical divines, by Inigo *Lantern's* disputing with a puppet in *Bartholomew Fair*. I have indeed heard it as a tradition, that Inigo Jones was originally a maker of hobby-horses and puppet show things; but then this may

have arisen from the satire of Jonson, who makes Lantern Leatherhead call out from his stall to the passing crowd. "What do you lack—what do you lack? Fine rattles, drums, horses, babies o' the best—fiddles o' the finest. What do you lack—what do you buy? A fine hobby-horse to make your son a tilter? A drum to make him a soldier? A fiddle to make him a reveller? Little dogs for your daughters or babies male and female?" All this jesting may have been levelled merely at Inigo's contrivances in getting up scenery and costumes for the court masques.

In another scene in the same play, Leatherhead is thus reproached for his vanity:

"*Whit*. What because of thy wrought night-cap and thy velvet jerkin, man? Why I have seen thee in thy leather jerkin ere now, Master of the Hobby-horses, as busy and stately as thou seemest to be.

"*Trash*. Why what an you have, Captain Whit? He has his choice of jerkins, you may see by that and his caps too, I assure you, when he chooses to be either ill or employed."

"There is undoubtedly some personal allusion," says Gifford, "in many parts of this description; Inigo Jones had studied in Italy, he was therefore something of a traveller, and he appears to have worn velvet; hence, perhaps, the frequent allusions to the finery of his dress." I have now exhausted all my sources of information serious and satirical, concerning the youth of Inigo Jones; it is painful to think that we know so little of the early days of a man so eminent.

However humble may have been the business

to which Inigo was bred, the brightness of his capacity soon burst through the obscurity of his condition. The general story is, that his talents for drawing, and particularly for landscape, attracted the notice of William Earl of Pembroke, and that this eminent patron of all liberal sciences sent him to complete his studies in Italy. Walpole divides the expense of his early Italian tour between the well known Earl of Arundel and the Earl of Pembroke. Webb, who must have known all concerning it, is silent, and Lloyd who might have known, mentions Pembroke alone. I am not sure, however, that the honour belongs to either of the two. Jones, it is well known, studied both in France and Italy during his first journey, and could not well have been less than four or five years abroad. He looked at the chief cities, took plans of the finest buildings, and, according to Webb, "resided at Venice alone many years." Now Leland in his *Collectanea* settles it to a certainty, that when King James visited Oxford in 1605, "one Mr. Jones, a great traveller," was there employed in the preparation of a royal masque with which the University desired to welcome his Majesty. But it was only in that very year that Lord Arundel came of age—Lord Pembroke was but little older—and as it is unlikely that either of them should have been efficient patrons five or six years earlier, in short when they were mere striplings, I am inclined to think that Jones must have been sent abroad and maintained there at the cost of his own family. No extravagant sum was required then more than now

to carry a frugal student through Europe : he was an only son, and had but one sister. But this is not all, many years afterwards when *Philip*, Earl of Pembroke, became the rancorous enemy of our architect, amid all the abuse which he lavishes upon him, he never alludes to the expenses of his studies having been defrayed by Earl William ; nor does Inigo himself, in the opening paragraph of *Stonehenge Restored*, where he has occasion to allude to his early travels, drop the least hint of his having performed them under any one's patronage. " Being naturally inclined," he observes, " in my younger years to study the arts of design, I passed into foreign parts to converse with the great masters thereof in Italy, where I applied myself to search out the ruins of those ancient buildings which, in despite of time itself and violence of barbarians, are yet remaining. Having satisfied myself in these, and returning to my native country, I applied my mind more particularly to the study of architecture." This can hardly be the language of a man who travelled upon the strength of a patron's purse, nor does it look much like that of one whose youth had been spent at the joiner's bench, or in the manufacture of hobby-horses.

It is not exactly known how long Inigo remained abroad. To search out and study the ruins of ancient buildings was a work of time ; they are numerous in Italy : nor was study alone all that was necessary, he had to make drawings, without which memory, which seldom deals in correct measurements, was useless. His attention too was for a time divided between painting and architec-

ture.* That he was longer in Italy than what is usual for students, seems indeed to be distinctly intimated by Webb, not only in a passage already cited, but in these words of his *Vindication*: "Jones was not only the Vitruvius of England, but likewise, in his age, of all Christendom, and it was *Vox Europæ* that named him so, being much more than at home famous in remote parts, where he lived many years, designed many works, and discovered many antiquities before unknown, with general applause." Walpole says, "How his abilities distinguished themselves in a spot where they certainly had no opportunity to act, we are not told, though it would not be the least curious part of his history." Men of genius seldom acquire a reputation without works; but, employed or not, Jones by his skilful examination of antiquities, his great knowledge in drawing, and, above all, by the splendour and purity of his conceptions, had certainly, at this early period, impressed a strong sense of his genius upon the Italians. It has been asserted that the grand piazza or square at Leghorn, which was begun and completed under the auspices of Ferdinand de Medicis, was from a design by Inigo. It has been maintained, on the

* That he had some talent for landscape painting, "appears," says Lord Orford, "by a small piece preserved at Chiswick; the colouring is very indifferent, but the trees freely and masterly imagined. He was no sooner in Rome than he found himself in his sphere. He felt that nature had not formed him to decorate cabinets but design palaces; he dropped the pencil and conceived Whitehall. In the state of Venice he saw the works of Palladio, and learned how beautifully taste may be exerted on a less theatre than the capital of an empire."

other hand, that his only connection with this piazza was copying it in the square of Covent Garden. Such loose assertions prove nothing : a man imitates himself frequently, and the architect might have been desirous of trying how one of his Italian inventions would look on English ground ; but I confess I do not think it likely that Inigo should have been preferred to all the Tuscan artists of the time, for so extensive a work as the Leghorn Piazza.

Such, however, was the reputation he had acquired in Italy, that on the strength of it alone, Christian IV. invited him to Denmark ; he sailed for that country from Venice—(the year is uncertain, but it could not be later than 1604,)—and was appointed architect to his majesty. Of all his numerous designs, for mansions, and churches, and palaces, none can be traced with certainty to Denmark. On the margins of many of his books he sketched elevations in small as they happened to rise in his fancy, while he read ; and it is more than probable that he expanded these into working dimensions, as leisure offered or inclination served, but the dates of most of these drawings are uncertain. “ Your great architect left nothing to my country,” said an intelligent Dane, “ but the fame of his presence.” “ He had been sometime possessed of this honourable post,” observes Chalmers, “ when Christian, whose sister Anne had married James the First, made a visit to England in 1606, and our architect, being desirous to return to his native country, took that opportunity of coming home in the train of his Danish Majesty.” There must be some little error as to

this date,* for we have already seen that Jones was at Oxford in 1605; but this much is certain, that on, or soon after, his arrival in England, he was appointed architect to Queen Anne and to Prince Henry, and ingratiated himself rapidly with James.

The times were ripe for the appearance of such a genius as Inigo. The stately Gothic architecture had fallen into discredit from the era of the Reformation; it was looked upon as a thing polluted by the superstitions of Rome—and was moreover too costly for a church which had been much impoverished as well as purified. The Tudor Architecture, (as it is usually called,) which had been gradually becoming predominant in England, has been regarded as the illegitimate offspring of the Grecian and Gothic, and it certainly has a little of either character; inferior in elegance to the one, and in magnificence to the other, but more than uniting the domestic accommodations of both. In truth, it had its rise in the increasing wants and daily demand for comforts which civilization made; it was admirably adapted for fire-side and festive enjoyments; and combined—for the times were yet unsettled—security with convenience.

* Walpole is still more incorrect—if we take his words in their direct meaning.. “James the First found him,” observes his lordship, “at Copenhagen, and Queen Anne took him in the quality of her architect to Scotland.” But the Solomon of Scotland never visited Denmark after he mounted the English throne; nor could the queen bring him in her train as her architect, seeing that she left her native land before Jones was invited from Venice by her brother; neither did she take him to Scotland till, after an absence of fourteen years, she paid a visit to her ancient kingdom, accompanied by her husband and a splendid train.

In the interior there was abundance of accommodation—splendid halls, tapestried chambers, armouries, refectories, kitchens made to the scale of roasting an ox with a pudding in his belly, concealed closets, and darker places of abode; and it must be confessed that, externally, the whole was imposing. No rule, indeed, was followed, no plan formally obeyed; each proprietor seemed to do in building what was right in his own eyes, and a baron's residence resembled some of those romances in which the episodes oppress the narrative—for the members were frequently too cumbersome for the body. But the general effect was highly picturesque, and amid all the wildness and oddity of the Tudor architecture, it was wonderfully well adapted to its purpose—with all its strangeness it was not strange. The baron's picturesque hall seemed the offspring of the soil, and in harmony with the accompaniments. The hill, the river, the groves, the rocks, and the residence seemed all to have risen into existence at once. Tower was heaped upon tower; there was a wildness of pinnacles and crow-stepped peaks—jealous windows barred and double barred with iron; passages which led to nothing—ridges of roofs as sharp as knives, on which no snow could lie—projection overlooking projection, to throw the rain from the face of the wall, and casements where ladies might air their charms, perched so high that birds only could approach them. Skelton, then, might well describe the magnates of the Tudor era as

“ Building royallie
Their mansions curiouslylie,

With turrets and with towres;
 With halls and with bowres,
 Stretching to the starres;
 With glass windowes and barres;
 Hanging about their walles
 Clothes of golde and palles,
 Arras of riche arraye,
 Fresh as flowres in Maye."*

The Tudors had just been succeeded by the Stuarts, and such was the general state of our

* The ruder mansions of our remoter ancestors are described by a pen at once graphic and accurate; they contained, it must be confessed, the germ of the more gorgeous architecture of the Tudors. "The lord's mansion," says Whitaker, "was constructed of wood on a foundation of stone—was one ground storey, and composed a large oblong and squarish court. A considerable portion of it was taken up by the apartments of such as were retained more immediately in the service of the seignior; and the rest, which was more particularly his own habitation, consisted of one great and several little rooms. In the great one was his armoury; the weapons of his fathers, the gifts of his friends, and spoils of his enemies, being disposed in order along the walls. And there he sat with his children and guests about him, listening to the song and the harp of his bards or daughters, and drinking from cups of shell."

Take from another hand an equally picturesque description of a mansion of the days of Henry the Eighth, built by Sir Anthony Brown, at Midhurst in Sussex, and compare the rudeness of the Saxon with the splendour of the English. "We enter," says Thomas Warton, "a spacious and lofty quadrangle of stone, through a stately Gothic tower, with four light angular turrets. The roof of the gateway is a fine piece of old fretwork. There is a venerable old hall, but the sides have been improperly painted, and are charged with other ornaments, too modern for its noble oak-raftered roof and a large high range of Gothic windows. Opposite the screen is the arched portal of the butlery. Adjoining to the hall is a dining room, with the walls painted all over, as was the mode soon after the reign of Edward the Sixth, chiefly with histories, out

national architecture—when the great establisher of the classic taste among us returned to England in 1605.

We must not, however, suppose that to him alone the honour is due of having at once introduced a love and knowledge of classic architecture in our island. From the time of the decline of the Gothic, our acquaintance had commenced with the pure models of Greece and Rome; the diffusion of learning, consequent on the discovery of printing; the visits which many of our noblemen and gentlemen paid to Italy—and the encouragement extended to Italian architects by Henry the Eighth,—all conduced to render classic designs popular. But the reformation only took place in part; like the dame in Pope, who was a sad good Christian at heart, though a heathen elsewhere—our sturdy English prejudices made us cling to our old style, and the innovators were glad to compound by mingling Grecian with Gothic, and both with the grotesque designs of the Tudors. Many men of eminence, like some of the first converts to Christianity who sacrificed to two faiths, were glad to meet the public taste in that old way; and,

of all perspective, of the times of Henry the Eighth. The roof is in flat compartments. A gallery, with window-recesses, or oriels, occupies one whole side of the quadrangular court. A gallery on the opposite side, of equal dimensions, has given way to modern convenience, and is converted into bed-chambers. In the centre of the court is a magnificent old fountain, with much imagery in brass, and a variety of devices for shooting water. On the top of the hall is an original louver, lantern or cupola, adorned with a profusion of vanes. The chapel, running at right angles with the hall, terminates in the garden with three Gothic windows."

amongst the rest, Holbein himself dealt in strange combinations. Court architecture began to resemble the pie-bald language spoken by Hudibras :

“ ’Twas English cut on Greek and Latin,
Like fustian heretofore on satin.”

Walpole, speaking of the Italian artists of Henry's court, says : “ They had seen Grecian architecture revived in their own country in all its purity ; but whether they were not perfectly masters of it, or that it was necessary to introduce the innovation by degrees, it certainly did not, at first, obtain full possession. It was plastered upon Gothic, and made a barbarous mixture. Regular columns, with ornaments neither Grecian nor Gothic, and half embroidered with foliage, were crammed over frontispieces, façades, and chimnies, and lost all grace by wanting simplicity. This mongrel species lasted till late in the reign of James the First. The beginning of reformation in building seems owing to Holbein. His porch at Wilton, though purer than the works of his successors, is of this bastard sort ; but the ornaments and proportions are graceful and well chosen. I have some of his drawings too in the same kind.”

Harrison, in his description of England, styles Henry the Eighth “ The onlie phoenix of his time for fine and curious masonrie ;” and his Majesty in some degree deserves the praise, for he approved of the Gothic architecture of Sir Richard Lea, the Tudor mansions of his barons, the classic innovations of Holbein and John of Padua, and was well pleased with all, and they were many, who

mingled those discordant styles together, and produced a picturesque medley. The designs of Holbein, in their effect at least, resembled painting; he introduced terra-cotta, or moulded brick-work, for enrichments, inlaid his friezes with coloured tiles, fixed bas-reliefs and medallions against plain parts of the walls; nay, sometimes he painted the cornices and breaks in various colours, laid glazed and party-coloured bricks in zig-zag, or diagonal lines, clustered his chimney-heads, like so many stunted columns or diminutive pedestals, and wrought into his most elaborate elevations the pedigree and cognizance of the happy founder. This was a style of architecture strangely compounded, and neither in the weak wildness of its combinations, nor in the flimsy variety of its materials, was it made to endure. Plaster, terra-cotta, paint, tiles, wood, iron, and brick, even when united with all the skill of the most exquisite art, cannot long resist the rapid wear and tear of such a humid climate as ours. Those unsubstantial structures, with all their dazzling incrustations, are passed or passing from the earth: nothing is lasting but hard massive stone, impenetrable cement, and scientific combinations.

With all the finest specimens of the Gothic and Tudor architecture, Jones was early acquainted: he had made the picturesque his special study, and his original leaning was towards them in preference to the classic creations of Greece and Rome. His visits to Italy shook his faith; the grandeur and the durability of the Roman Temples had their effect upon him as they have upon all; he examined, inquired, dug, measured, and drew; and

laying his palette and his brush aside, took to the pencil, the plummet, and the square, and resolved to do for his native country what the artists of Italy had done for theirs. — This, however, he found no easy task ; the love for sumptuous buildings had been nearly extinguished in the Church by the Reformation ; our cities were built of timber and tiles upon foundations of brick or stone—architectural beauty was disregarded, and the chief patrons of the art were the barons, who, desirous of escaping from the barbarism with which foreign nations reproached them, expended immense sums in the purchase of whatever was rare, or elegant, or costly. But they beheld with fear the designs of palaces and mansions after the pattern of Greece and Italy, which Inigo proposed to erect for them. To depart at a single stride from the prevailing style, into one altogether different in its nature, as well as in its looks, startled them not a little : they loved in their hearts the old baronial order of building, and honoured Holbein as a moderate reformer, who had only ventured as far as a sort of classic inoculation.

With this taste, then, Inigo compounded, and for some time persevered in what the wits of the succeeding age nicknamed “ King James’s Gothic.” “ Inigo’s designs of that period,” observes Walpole, “ are not Gothic, but have a littleness of parts and a weight of ornaments, with which the revival of the Grecian taste was incumbered, and which he shook off in his grander designs.” The north and south sides of the quadrangle of St. John’s College, Oxford, are examples of that peculiar style, in which heaviness of design is sought to


be lightened by excess of ornament. The busts between the arches, and the heavy foliages and wreaths under the alcoves have been condemned as unclassical, and he has been accused of copying the faults and neglecting the excellencies of his great forerunner Palladio. There is no doubt that in these and other buildings he wilfully departed from approved models of purity, in search of the original and picturesque. He desired to exhibit something striking and new; and it must be acknowledged by all who will look at some of those structures, dismissing all preconceived notions of architecture from their minds, that they are splendid and massive, and present an image of stability, which too few of our public edifices possess. We can observe a gradual advance from grotesque grandeur to simplicity and elegance—as the nation approved, he was emboldened to take another step, and thus feeling his way in public confidence, he ventured at last to produce those pure and classic designs in which none of the Gothic or Tudor alloy mingled. This, however, was the fruit of long and patient study; meantime he found other employments, which at that time had no small influence in ushering him to distinction.

We have related on the authority of Leland, that Inigo was employed by the University of Oxford in the preparation of a masque, with which that learned body desired, in 1605, to welcome King James. The author adds, that he promised better than he performed; but if he failed at Oxford, he succeeded in London, where he was ere long invited to aid Ben Jonson in planning and preparing those magnificent masques which were

introduced by Anne of Denmark, and gave such lustre to the court of James.* How far the genius of Jones was employed in those works has not been accurately settled. Such, no doubt, was the affluence of poetic talent in those days, that first-rate authors threw carelessly away works of surpassing beauty; and it has been asserted that he aided both Jonson and Davenant with verse as well as pageantry; but no one has yet been able to point out his contributions; and in the absence of all other proof, we must accept of the contradicted account of Jonson, which amounts to this, that Jones supplied the machinery,† the scenes, and the painted representations of gods and goddesses and such allegorical personages as were necessary to the character of the masque. The

* Walpole, an admirer of courts and a lover of splendour, says that poetry, painting, music, and architecture were called in to make the royal family rational amusements, and that he had no doubt the festivals of Louis the Fourteenth were copied from the shows of Whitehall, at that time the most polite court in Europe; there Jonson wrote, Jones invented, Laniere and Ferabasco composed, and the king, the queen, with the young nobility, danced in the interludes.

† "O shows, shows, mighty shows!
The eloquence of masques! what need of prose,
Or verse or prose, to express immortal you?
You are the spectacles of state 'tis true.
You ask no more than certain politic eyes,
Eyes that can pierce into the mysteries
Of many colours, read them and reveal
Mythology there painted on slit deal;
Or to make boards to speak! there is a task!
Painting and carpentry are the soul of masque.
Pack with your peddling poetry to the stage,
This is the money-got mechanic age."



vanity of which he is accused, and not unjustly, could not have maintained silence had he contributed to the poetic beauty of those performances; and I am afraid we must confine his claims in poetry to his burlesque rhymes attached to Coryate's *Crudities*.* If the serious verses of Inigo were not worthier than those, we have lost little pleasure in being deprived of them. I like, nevertheless, to show the breadth of character of our old artists: Wykeham, Jones, Wren, and Vanbrugh made their names eminent by other pursuits than that of architecture, and we should do them injustice by treating them as brethren of the line and level alone.

The first court pageant in which the talents of Jonson and Jones were united, is the *Masque of*

* These are, indeed, sufficiently humble:—

For France, alas! how soon, but that thou scorn'st;
 Couldst thou have starched thy beard, ruffled thy hose?
 Worn a foul shirt twelve weeks, and as thou journeyedst
 Sung *falaliros* through thy Persian nose?
 For faces, cringes, and a saltless jest,
 And been as scabbed a *Monsieur* as the best.

Next to the sober Dutch I turn my tale,
 Who do in earnest write thee Latin letters,
 And thou in good pot paper ne'er didst fail
 To answer them; so are you neither debtors,
 But sympathize in all, save when thou drinkest
 Thou makest a crab-tree face, shakest head, and winkest.

Last, to thy book, the cordial of sad minds,
 Or rather cullis of our *Od-comb-cock*,
 Sodden in travel, which the critic finds
 The best restorer next your Venice smocke.
 This book who scorns to buy or on it look,
 May he at sessions crave and want his book.

Explicit INIGO JONES.

Blackness, acted, or rather, as the poet himself says, personated before the Court at Whitehall, on Twelfth Night, 1605. For the character of the piece and the extent of the architect's labours, we must have recourse to the poet.—We are little changed—we are pleased with what pleased our ancestors—we love pomp and pageantry, and plays addressed to the eye rather than to the understanding.

“For the scene,” says Jonson, “was drawn, a landscape consisting of small woods, and here and there a void place filled with huntings; which falling, an artificial sea was seen to shoot forth as if it flowed to the land, raised with waves which seemed to move, and in some places the billows to break, as imitating that orderly disorder which is common in nature. In front of this sea were placed six Tritons, in moving and sprightly actions; their upper parts human save that their hairs were blue, as partaking of the sea colour—their desinent parts fish, mounted above their heads, and all varied in disposition. From their backs were borne out certain light pieces of taffata, as if carried by the wind, and their music made out of wreathed shells. Behind these a pair of sea-maids, for song, were as conspicuously seated; between which two great sea-horses as big as the life put forth themselves, the one mounting aloft and writhing his head from the other; upon their backs Oceanus and Niger were advanced. Oceanus presented in a human form, the colour of his flesh blue, and shadowed with a robe of sea-green; his head gray and horned, as he is represented by the ancients, his beard of the like mixed colour; he

was garlanded with sea-grass, and in his hand a trident. Niger in form and colour of an Ethiop; his hair and rare beard curled, shadowed with a blue and bright mantle; his front, neck, and wrists adorned with pearl, and crowned with an artificial wreath of cane and paper rush. These induced the masquers, which were twelve nymphs, Negroes and the daughters of Niger, attended by so many of the Oceaniæ, which were their light-bearers.

“ The masquers were placed in a great concave shell, like mother of pearl, curiously made to move on those waters, and rise with the billow; the top thereof was stuck with a cheveron of lights, which indented to the proportion of the shell, struck a glorious beam upon them as they were seated one above another, so that they were all seen, but in an extravagant order. On sides of the shell did swim six huge sea monsters, varied in their shapes and dispositions, bearing on their backs the twelve torch bearers who were planted there in several graces, so as the backs of some were seen, some in purple or side, others in face, and all having their lights burning out of whilks or murex shells. The attire of the masquers was alike in all; the colours, azure and silver, but returned on the top with a scroll and antique dressing of feathers and jewels, interlaced with ropes of pearl. And for the front, ear, neck, and wrists, the ornament was of the most choice and orient pearl, but setting off from the black. For the light-bearers, sea-green, waved about the skirts with gold and silver; their hair loose and flowing, garlanded with sea-grass, and that stuck with branches of coral. These thus presented; the scene behind seemed a vast

sea, and united with this that flowed forth, from the termination or horizon of which, (being the head of the state, which was placed in the upper end of the hall,) was drawn by the lines of perspective, the whole work shooting downwards from the eye, which decorum made it more conspicuous, and caught the eye afar off with a wondering beauty, to which was added an obscure and cloudy night-piece that made the whole set off. So much for the bodily part, which was of Master Inigo Jones's design and art."

On these scenes Jones employed his pencil as a painter, as well as exercised his fancy in embodying forth the maritime progeny described by the dramatist. Was it to these, or to his attempts in landscape, that Vandyke alluded, when he talked of the "boldness, softness, sweetness, and sureness of his touches?" the commendation cannot well be applied to architecture.

The Masque of Hymen, performed in 1606, was a celebration of "the auspicious marriage union between Robert, Earl of Essex, and Lady Frances, daughter of the most noble Earl of Suffolk." The marriage was splendid, but the ending was shame and guilt. Who has not heard or read of the lovely and worthless Countess of Essex, the guilty Earl of Somerset, and the atrocious murder of Sir Thomas Overbury? All the youth and beauty of the court mingled in the pageant of this famous masque. Jonson, who spoke with much freedom of these works, calls it an exquisite performance. "There was not wanting," he observes, "either in riches, or strangeness of the habits; delicacy of dances, magnificence of the scene, or divine rap-

ture of music. Only the envy was, that it lasted not still, or, now it is past, cannot by imagination, much less description, be recovered to a part of that spirit with which it glided by." The dresses of the young noblemen who performed were a glittering mixture of Greek and Asiatic, all cloth of silver, cloth of gold, with bushels of pearls and precious stones and Persian crowns on their heads. Our ladies love splendid dresses; but in their best attire they would look like shepherd-maidens compared with the magnificence of their great great grandmothers.

It was well, on the whole, for the fame of the architect, that he was companion to the poet: through the latter we are made acquainted with his merits in the invention of those courtly fancies; and learn, that he who designed Whitehall excelled in the dresses of dramatic divinities—clouds and sunshine—mountains and seas. We see also that he made temples worthy of his gods; and that the knights and noble ladies of the masques met and conversed under classic porticos. Those painted buildings prepared the minds of the princes and nobles for more substantial imitations of Grecian and Roman art; and Jones omitted no opportunity of introducing them into the scenery of his masques.

We know not what kind of wild architecture he used in the celebrated masque of Queens, in which the witches prepare their cauldron, and sing the infernal lyric, descriptive of the atrocious ingredients. The artist astonished the court by exhibiting a hall smoaking and flaming, "from whence," says Jonson, "these witches, with a kind of hollow and infernal music, came forth. The device of

their attire was Master Jones's, with the invention and architecture of the whole scene and machine; only I prescribed them their properties of vipers, snakes, bones, herbs, roots, and other ensigns of their magic."

Those pageants heightened and fixed the favour of the court, and contributed to obtain for Inigo extensive employment as an architect. It would be an idle, and perhaps a fruitless inquiry to seek out the dates of his numerous works. Most of the buildings on which he laid out his taste and genius have fallen to decay, have been replaced with others, or are concealed or encumbered with the additions of inferior artists. There is even much doubt about several of the works attributed to him: he had many imitators, and some pupils who wrought a little in his spirit, though they never equalled him in compact elegance and unity of design. "Pishiobury, in Hertfordshire," says Walpole, "is said to have been built by him for Sir Walter Mildmay. At Woburn is a grotto-chamber and some other small parts by him, as there is of his hand at Thorney Abbey, and a summer-house at Lord Barrington's, in Berkshire. Charlton-house, in Kent, is another of his supposed works; but some critics have thought that only the great gate at the entrance and the colonades may be of his hand. The cabinet at Whitehall for the king's pictures was built by him. At St. James's he designed the Queen's chapel. Ambresbury, in Wiltshire, was designed by him, but executed by his scholar Webb. Chevening is another house ascribed to him, but doubtful: Gunnersbury, near Brentford, was certainly his. The

portico is too large, and engrosses the whole front, except a single window at each end. The staircase and saloon are noble, but destroy the rest of the house; the other chambers are small and crowded by vast chimney pieces, placed with an Italian negligence in any corner of the room." The defects pointed out by Walpole were less injurious than a certain want of adaptation to the climate, visible in some of his undoubted works. It is not enough that the design and proportions of a Grecian temple are introduced; this is not the climate of Greece—snow, sleet, rain and smoke, so pernicious to pure stone, abound. An artist should fashion his projections to meet the rigours of our winters and springs. The Gothic architects, whom so many still call barbarians, had the sense to do this; while over the cornices of their classic successors the rain, blackened by coal smut, descends in inky streams, staining and wetting the walls from the top to the foundation.

Inigo perceived, when success widened his views, that he had not studied his art so as to master all its capabilities. Though architect to the Queen and to Prince Henry, and patronised by the nobles, he was not satisfied with his knowledge, and became desirous of an opportunity to go deeper into the mystery of those magnificent buildings erected by the Romans of old, many of which are still the wonder of Italy. When in that country before, landscape painting shared his studies with architecture; but now he resolved to give it his undivided attention.

With Prince Henry in 1612, died the situation of Prince's architect, and Inigo's income suffered.

He had, however, the king's promise of the office of surveyor of the government works; the incumbent was old, and Jones, says Webb, went abroad, where he remained till the situation became his own. The exact time of his second visit to Italy has not been satisfactorily settled. "In the winter of 1612," says Gifford, in his life of Jonson, "Jones left this country for Italy, where he resided several years." But on the 16th of February, 1613, a masque was performed at Whitehall on the nuptials of the Palsgrave and the Princess Elizabeth: "Invented and fashioned (as the title sets forth) by our kingdom's most artful and ingenious architect Inigo Jones, digested and written by the ingenious poet George Chapman." It is likely, therefore, that Inigo superintended in person the machinery of this masque. Moreover, in Jones's Palladio, bequeathed to Worcester College, Oxford, among many architectural elevations sketched on the margins with great delicacy in Indian ink, he has generally added the day of the month, and the year on which he drew them; the first date is "Vicenza, Thursdaie, 23 Sept. 1613." To his second residence in Italy, whenever it begun or ended, we must unquestionably refer the visible improvement in the elegance and unity of his buildings, and his rejection of the heavy, mixed and grotesque style. We may gather, also, from many allusions scattered over the pages of his *Stonehenge Restored*, and the defence of that work by Webb, that he searched curiously on this occasion into the manner of laying the foundations, uniting stones, and obtaining that compact and durable masonry which is observable in the struc-

tures of the ancients. Much of this, indeed, he might have seen in the old castles of his native land; in which, however, the art of laying the stones is less than the knowledge, which our old masons have not bequeathed to their descendants, of soldering the whole together with mortar of such strength, that, from turret to foundation, a tower seems as one stone.

On his return to London, he was made surveyor of his Majesty's works, in the room of Simon Basil: and as it was the fashion, in those days, for court painters and sculptors to wear liveries and badges, the architect had to put himself into the like costume. A manuscript, preserved in the British Museum, gives us some information concerning the dress of Inigo—it is no less than the royal order for his livery; and if this were his first suit, the date of his accession to office could be fixed. James, Lord Hay, master of the wardrobe, is commanded to give him “ five yards of broad cloth for a gown, at twenty-six shillings and eight-pence the yard;—one fur of budge, for the same gown, price four pounds: four yards and a half of baize to line the same, at five shillings the yard: for furring the same gown, ten shillings; and for making the same ten shillings. And further our pleasure and commandment is, that yearly, henceforth, at the feast of All Saints, ye deliver, or cause to be delivered unto the said Inigo Jones, the like parcels for his livery, with the furring and making of the same, as aforesaid, during his natural life. And these lines signed with our own hand, shall be your sufficient warrant dormant and discharge, given under our sig-

net, at the palace of Westminster, the sixteenth day of March, in the thirteenth year of our reign of England, France, and Ireland, and of Scotland, the nine-and-fortieth." (i. e. 1616.)

Webb declares that Jones was of another temper than to be transported by every airy bubble; that he was neither arrogant nor ambitious, nor exulted in his knowledge and his learning: on grounds which are at least equally sure, he claims for him a nature generous and noble: of this he gave a strong proof soon after his appointment. "The office of his Majesty's works," says his son-in-law, "of which he was supreme head, having through extraordinary occasions, in the time of his predecessor contracted a great debt, amounting to several thousand pounds, he was sent for to the lords of the Privy Council, to give them his opinion what course might be taken to ease his Majesty of it, the exchequer being empty, and the workmen clamorous. When he, of his own accord, voluntarily offered not to receive one penny of his own entertainment, in what kind soever due, until the debt was fully discharged: And this was not only performed by him, himself; but upon his persuasion the Comptroller and Paymaster did the like also, whereby the whole arrears were discharged." This Roman disinterestedness, as Walpole calls it, proves that the architect had other means of subsistence than his salary as surveyor; but he was never rich; and though he is upbraided by Philip, Lord Pembroke, with having sixteen thousand a-year for keeping the palaces in repair, there is no proof that the bargain was profitable, or that he gained more than the bare government pay of eight

shillings and four-pence per day, with an allowance of forty-six pounds a year for house rent, besides a clerk and incidental expenses. "What greater rewards he had are not upon record," observes Walpole: "considering the havoc made in offices and repositories during the great civil war, we are glad at recovering the most trivial notices." His savings could not be large from his salary, and he was too generous to profit by the liberal spirit of his master, who was the poorest king of the richest nation in Europe. Of his modesty respecting the perquisites of his place, there is a proof which no one will doubt: to wit, a written testimony by King James in the British Museum. "Whereas," says this document, "there is due unto Inigo Jones, esquire, surveyor of his Majesty's works, the sum of thirty-eight pounds seven shillings and sixpence, for three years arrears of his levy out of the Wardrobe, as appeareth by three several debentures; these are therefore to will and require you to make payment unto the said Inigo Jones, or his assignees: and for so doing this shall be your warrant." For three years the king was unable to pay the annual price of his surveyor's livery: and the latter had the modesty and the forbearance to wait till accident, or the tardy liberality of the Commons, replenished the exchequer with the sum of £38 : 7s. 6d.

This was the age of great designs on the part of the king, and of extreme parsimony on the part of Parliament. Elizabeth, a splendid queen and a sordid woman, had no family to aid in consuming her revenue; she neither encouraged painting, sculpture, nor architecture; but expended her

income in strengthening her fleets and in encouraging commerce. She taught the nation a secret since lost, of being powerful and respected at little cost. James came poor from Scotland, and his wealthy subjects of the south resolved to keep him so. Splendid palaces, grand galleries of paintings, noble libraries, and churches of surpassing beauty were ever present to his imagination; but in these views no one sympathized, save a few men of genius, and a herd of supple courtiers. Among those who participated in the sentiments of the king, the most distinguished was Jones. The introduction of gods and goddesses into masques, and of classic architecture into church and palace, was taking his majesty on the side where he was at once weak and strong; the architect rose daily into favour; and it was soon circulated that he had designed a palace for the king, capable of giving accommodation to a family equalling in number the progeny of the original Solomon, and more than rivalling in magnificence any royal dwelling in the world. How a pile so vast and gorgeous was to be built out of an empty exchequer, was, however, a consideration which sorely perplexed the monarch; at no period of our history have we been forward in laying out our wealth on royal palaces.

When Walpole said that Inigo "dropt the pencil and conceived Whitehall," he alluded to this palace, which to our shame and reproach exists only in those splendid volumes published by Kent, or rather by Lord Burlington, where the sketches of Jones are united into one structure, uniform and consistent in all its parts, with ground plans, sec-

tions and elevations. This palace was to have extended 874 feet along the side of the Thames, the same length along the foot of St. James's Park, presenting one front to Charing Cross of 1200 feet long, another, and the principal, of similar dimensions towards Westminster Abbey. The first story was of the Doric order, with arcades, arches, columns and pilasters; the second was Corinthian, which carried the main body of the palace to the height of the existing Banqueting-house; but in the centre of each of the four fronts rose four distinct structures, breaking before the body of the building and rising one story above, crowned with statues and cupolas, and corresponding with square towers of similar altitude on the angles. The corners stood out before the main line of wall—the central parts of the palace broke out further still; while between these breaks were formed pediments, each supported by eight columns. The front to the park had niches and statues, and the lower story only was rusticated; the front to the river was rusticated two stories high; the Charing Cross front is not shown in the drawings; that towards the Abbey is rusticated the whole extent of the first story, with the exception of the breaks which carry the cupolas. The numerous columns and pediments, the towers, windows and doors—the frequent breaks—the open arches, niches, and arcades below, and the successive ranges of cornices above, give great variety of light and shade; while the corner towers, the central parts of the palace, with their double cupolas, break the level uniformity which a long line of entablatures and balustrades would occa-

sion, and lend such effect to the horizontal profile of the palace, as peaks, pinnacles and towers give to a Gothic cathedral. Statues, singly or in pairs, are scattered by the score and the hundred along the pediments and the balustrades; niches are numerous, and figures occupy every niche.

The interior is more than worthy of the exterior. There are five-and-twenty inner fronts formed by seven courts, of which one in the centre is the principal. This immense court would have occupied to the extent of 740 feet of the present street before the Horse Guards, and 378 feet over; of which the Banqueting-house forms the first part on the left hand as we enter from Charing Cross. Four courts, each 274 feet long, and 185 feet wide, give light and air to the interior of the angles of the palace; while behind the centre of the river-front lies a court 224 feet square, and behind the centre of the park-front is a circular court of 210 feet diameter; thus forming the seven courts and twenty-five inner fronts alluded to. This circular court has been called the Persian-court, by way of distinction. It consists of an open arcade below: the figures of Persian warriors supplying the place of Doric columns, and supporting the massive entablatures which crown the first story. On the second story, with their feet on the heads of the men, stand a corresponding rank of Persian ladies, supporting a cornice of the Corinthian order, which completes with its circular balustrade the elevation of this singular court. Doric and Corinthian capitals on the heads of male and female statues look strange and unnatural. The license has however the sanction of classic times, and consequently the

approbation of the learned, and thus the reproach of "barbarous" is removed from those grotesque figures, which with back or front, and frequently with knees and elbows, form abutments to our Gothic arches. "The circular court is," says Walpole, "a picturesque thought, but without meaning or utility;" but of a different opinion is Sir William Chambers.—"There are few nobler thoughts," he observes, "in the remains of antiquity than Inigo Jones's Persian Court, the effect of which, if properly executed, would have been surprising and great in the highest degree."

The grand entrances to this magnificent structure were towards Westminster Abbey and Charing Cross; and these led off to such extensive suits of apartments, galleries for painting and sculpture, armories, libraries, rooms of state, privy chambers, audience chambers, banqueting-rooms, bed-rooms, closets, chapels, and halls, as no prince of this island ever enjoyed save in imagination. Nothing was wanting but money. James resolved to have a part at least, and so laid the first stone of the Banqueting-house in 1619; it took two years in building, and was then, as since, much admired for the elegance and propriety of the proportions. The king and Inigo both indulged in the hope of seeing the design perfected; but time rolled on, James died, the great civil war quenched for ever the elegant desires and designs which Charles inherited from his father, and of the palace of the poetic architect the whole is still in the portfolio—except that beautiful detached fragment, from whose middle window this unfortunate prince stepped out upon a scaffold.

The chief defect in this ideal palace seems to be

the absence of some central point, or crowning object of attraction, to connect and combine the whole. There are four fronts, each in itself complete, and squares, and towers, and domes; but as a whole it looks more like a city for merchants than a palace in which princes are to reside. If there is not too much uniformity in the elevations, there is certainly considerable uniformity in the mode of treating them. Rusticated walls, with rusticated columns and pilasters abound, giving a heavy look to the whole lower story, which the wonderful beauty and perfect symmetry of the second cannot lighten. Those rusticated courses of stone, frosted columns, and imitations of coral rocks, so frequent in our dwelling houses, are only fit for gathering filth, and should be reserved for bridges, piers and basins; nor am I sure that a good defence can be offered for placing two, nay, three rows of columns over one another as they appear in the Banqueting-house, and in the whole of the original design of the palace. To place the heavy bases of one order upon the slender capitals of another, seems questionable architectural heraldry. In an ancient temple the columns stand on the ground, and, supporting the roof of the structure all about, afford shelter, by their distance from the wall, to those who seek protection from a scorching sun. The Greeks and Goths always had a meaning in their works; the close cloisters of the one correspond with the open columns of the other; the Grecian shades from the heat, the Gothic from the cold, and both suit their climates; but of what use are the columns of Whitehall? Rank stands above rank—but they support no roof—they relieve not *by the depth of their shadow the weight of the*

impending walls, nor do they stand far enough from the body of the building to give shelter from either sunshine or rain. I admit the beauty of the structure, the true symmetry of the columns, and the picturesque effect of the whole, but I conceive it exhibits an unprofitable application of one of the most elegant inventions in architecture.

The statues and alto-reliefs which Inigo introduced to give effect to his elevations are beyond all example numerous—but except those in the Persian court, they are not defined enough to show the meaning of the artist. On the Westminster front alone there appear 176 statues, erect or recumbent; nor are they less plentiful on the other fronts. I observe on the towers none of those winged cherubim of which Walpole complains, but I see figures which, from look and posture, are doubtless intended for gods, others which may pass for kings and statesmen, priests not a few, and many warriors. They serve to interrupt and diversify the uniform line of the summit, and with their plinths and pedestals to conceal the roofs, which in an extent of 4000 feet in circuit too frequently intruded their ridges upon the sight. Such an extent of plain-ridged roof must have been offensive to an eye so tasteful as that of Jones, who could not but feel that though the balustrades concealed it from the spectator in the immediate neighbourhood, its barren uniformity must needs be visible in the distance. He might have studied the ancients, on this particular matter, to better advantage. “Few roofs,” says Payne Knight, “of ancient buildings remain; in them, however, a peculiar attention seems to have been *paid both to regularity of construction and to light.*”

and shadow. The Tower of the Winds at Athens is covered with slabs of marble, in each of which the horizontal edge projects so much as to give a strong shade, while the vertical joints are so elevated as to form high ribs which break the uniform surface in a very beautiful manner. The Lantern of Demosthenes is roofed in the form of laurel leaves, which in a different way have the same effect. The ancients seem to have had it in view to give both lightness and richness to their roofs, by a sort of lacing on the edges of them; the ridges, as well as the eaves, were decorated with a sort of open work of small knobs and projections; and the same kind of ornament still remains with peculiarly elegant effect in many of our old churches and houses." It must not, however, be disguised, that unless the roofs are very steep, these ornamental lacings, in a humid climate like ours, would lodge the sleet and the rain, and render the substructure damp; here they are always employed on roofs which rise considerably above the square. With many blemishes, but for every blemish a dozen beauties, the Westminster Palace, for grandeur of conception, and elegance of interior arrangement, was more than worthy of the age it was designed in, and exhibited, altogether, a solid magnificence which might be compared with any royal palace on earth.

Having built a fragment of this grand design, he made an attempt to penetrate into the mystery of Stonehenge. As Jones had mastered, in some degree, the secrets of ancient masonry, the king imagined that the same searching eye would discover the remains of a mighty temple in the rude and time-worn masses of Salisbury Plain; and was

not without a hope that it would turn out to be a classic structure built by the ancient conquerors of the island, Cæsar or Agricola. The opinion of the king and his architect have obtained little mercy from mankind; the latter, indeed, had the cunning, or the discretion, to keep his discoveries a secret from all save his master; nor was it publicly known till after his death that he had lent himself to such a curious and interesting investigation. The discretion which Jones had, his son-in-law, Webb, wanted; the counsels of antiquarian friends, and his own desire of notoriety, prevailed, and in 1655, three years after the decease of Inigo, he gave "Stonehenge Restored" to the world. The editor did not assign the whole merit of the work to his uncle; in his dedication, not to the Earl of Pembroke, as some writers have asserted, but "To the Favourers of Antiquity," he says, "this discourse of Stonehenge is moulded off and cast into a rude form from some few indigested notes of the late judicious architect—the Vitruvius of his age." Inigo, no doubt, illustrated the designs which he made of Stonehenge as it is, and Stonehenge as it appeared to his imagination, by copious notes, for the loss of which we must thank the civil war; and in their absence we must be content with what Webb has had the luck to preserve.

The account which Webb makes Inigo give of his inducement to make this inquiry is clear and uncontradicted. "Among the ancient monuments of architecture found here, I deemed none more worthy the searching after than this of Stonehenge; not only in regard of the founders thereof, the time when built, the work itself, but also for

the rarity of its invention, being different in form from all I had seen before; likewise of as beautiful proportions, as elegant in order, and as stately in aspect as any. King James, in his progress, the year 1620, being at Wilton, and discoursing of this antiquity, I was sent for by William, then Earl of Pembroke, and received there his Majesty's commands to produce out of mine own practice in architecture and experience in antiquities abroad, what possibly I could discover concerning this of Stone-Heng. And certainly in the intricate and obscure study of antiquity, it is far easier, as Camden well observes, to refute and contradict a false than set down a true and certain resolution."

Whatever poetic reveries Jones might have indulged in regarding Stone-Henge, he went a prosaic and prudent way to work to discover its origin. He pitched his tent on the spot, cleared the ground within and without the circle, dug about the standing stones, and examined those which were fallen; scrutinized them block by block, took their dimensions, calculated their weight, compared them with stone found in the neighbourhood; then laying the whole down to scale, both ground plan and elevation, proceeded to apply the principles of architecture to those colossal reliques. Compared to this geometrical examination the description given by Camden is mere groping; and when the two accounts came to be criticised for the sake of confounding Inigo, he was discovered to be the architect and the other the poet. His account is concise, and as accurate as observation and science can make it.

“ The whole work, in general, being of a circular form, is one hundred and ten feet in diameter, double winged about, without a roof, anciently environed with a deep trench, still appearing about thirty foot broad; so that, betwixt it and the work itself, a large and void space of ground being left, it had from the plain three open entrances, the most conspicuous thereof lying north-east: at each of which was raised, on the outside of the trench aforesaid, two huge stones, gatewise, parallel whereunto, on the other side, two other of less proportion. The inner part of the work, consisting of an hexagonal figure, was raised by due symmetry upon the bases of four equilateral triangles, (which formed the whole structure); this inner part, likewise, was double, having within it also another hexagon raised, and all that part within the trench sited upon a commanding ground, eminent and higher by much than any of the plain lying without, and in the midst thereof, upon a foundation of land-chalk, the work itself was placed; insomuch from what part soever they came unto it, they rose by an easy-ascending hill.”

On examining the outer stones, each seven feet broad, three feet and a half thick, and fifteen feet and a half high, he found they stood true and at equal distances, composing a continuous rank of square pilasters, with twin tenons on the head of each, to receive the corresponding mortices of the architrave stones, the joints of which were on the middle of the pilasters. These double tenons ascending into the mortices, connected the whole external range by means of the horizontal stones.

The square columns were sunk into the ground without bases, and had evidently been rough-hewn, for though much defaced by time, they generally corresponded in measurement. They originally amounted to thirty in number, and the spaces which separated them were not more than four feet. At the distance of thirteen feet from the external circle, stood a second ring of square pilasters, not rising more than six feet from the ground, with no marks of tenons on their tops, but evidently intended to carry a horizontal plate or friese; the height was that of a common door, and they corresponded exactly in position and in number with the pilasters of the outer circle. At the distance of twenty-four feet from the inner line of the first circle of stones, stood twelve vast coupled pilasters, on the bases of four equilateral triangles; they were seven feet and a half broad, three feet nine inches thick, and twenty feet high, rudely squared like their companions, and prepared for receiving lintels or frieses, but with this difference, there was but one tenon on the head of each, which proved that they were united at the top with one horizontal stone, but that the whole hexagon was not lintelled round, a thing which could not well be, for the pairs were separated from each other by a space measuring thirteen feet. An inner rank of stones, three to each coupled pilaster, rose eight feet high, and were pyramidal in form, like the stones of the second circle. The central space was in diameter thirty-six feet. The architrave lying on the external circle, mortised into the ends of the perpendicular stones, was three feet and a half broad,

and two feet and a half thick ; the architrave stones, laid on the great pillars of the hexagon and mortised, measured sixteen feet long, three feet nine inches broad, and three feet four inches high ; one horizontal stone occupied two pillars, and projected over them every way, leaving a space between the pairs uncovered for the free admission of air. When I add that these stones were jointed without mortar or cement—that several of the architraves lay in their places, and that the grain and character of the blocks corresponded with English stone, I have related what was visible to the eye of Inigo, and which he committed carefully to paper. His reasoning upon it, and his attempts at restoration, belong more to romance.

Having laid it down as a rule that neither the Britons, the Saxons, nor the Danes, wrought upon scientific principles—that they were unacquainted with the art necessary for constructing such a temple as Stonehenge—were ignorant of mechanical powers equal to move the enormous masses which compose its circles, and that neither their religion nor the barbarian condition of their kings required such a structure, Jones proceeds to inquire to what skilful hand we are indebted for this wonder. "It is remarkable," says Walpole, "that whoever has treated of that monument has bestowed it on whatever class of antiquity he was peculiarly fond of." One gave it to the Phœnicians because they traded to the land of tin—a second gave it to the Druids because it corresponded with the traditions concerning their worship in the open air—a third conceived that no

nation was so likely to erect it as the Saxons—a fourth believed it to be Danish—some gave ear to the monstrous tradition that it was transported from Ireland, and Inigo Jones, with a boldness which rivalled the most intrepid antiquarians, declared it to be a temple of the Tuscan order, raised by the Romans some time between Agricola and Constantine, and consecrated to the god *Cœlus*—the origin of all things! To support this theory he had learning at command, some skill in illustration, and, more than all, that scientific knowledge which commands respect in such an inquiry. It is wonderful with what plausibility he gradually smooths those rude and colossal masses of scabbed stone into a work of the Tuscan order. First, he alleges that no other people save the Romans were capable in those times of erecting such a work:—the magnificence of the conception—the order of which it was composed—the science displayed in its construction—the double portico in the greater circle of stones—a similar portico in the cell or hexagon—the manner and position of the columns, and the Roman reliques found in the neighbourhood, all pointed to that people. Secondly, he concludes it to be a temple, from the interval or spacious court round about—the cell and its porticoes—the altar and its position eastward—the aspect of the whole fabric, and the skulls of beasts found in the surrounding soil. And thirdly, he contends that the temple was dedicated to the god *Cœlus*, because of the situation, the decorum of the structure, the pyramidal figure of the stones and the nature of the sacrifices. The knowledge of architecture

which he squanders upon this subject is immense. It was evident that Stonehenge never had a roof—but then the Eleans had one temple, and the Thracians another, of open columns and without covering;—the architraves of Stonehenge were laid without cement—so were several structures of classic times;—the portico of Stonehenge is double—so was the temple of Jove, built by Augustus Cæsar, and so was the Pantheon at Athens;—the square and tapering columns of Stonehenge could be nothing save Tuscan, for any one might see they were neither Ionic nor Corinthian;—and then the Italians of old were the sole inventors of the Tuscan Order, and consequently the Romans could not well do otherwise than use it in a structure consecrated to the chief god. “Furthermore,” says Inigo, “if we cast an eye upon the Roman artifice and manner of workmanship; Stonehenge appears built directly agreeable to those rules which they observed in great works: for the Roman architects, in distinguishing the manner of their temples, always observed, as Vitruvius in his third book teaches us, the greater the columns were, the closer they set them together; so in this antiquity, the stones being great, the spaces between them are likewise narrow. I suppose I have now,” he continues, “proved from authentic authors, and the rules of art, Stonehenge anciently a temple dedicated to Cœlus, and built by the Romans, the magnificence of whose stately empire is this day clearly visible in nothing more than in the ruins of their temples, palaces, arches, triumphals, aqueducts, thermæ, theatres, amphitheatres, and cirques, and other secular and

sacred structures. As I have delivered my own judgment freely, all reason other men should enjoy theirs: but those who sail in the vast ocean of time, steering their course betwixt anciently approved customs and convincing arguments, guided by good authority and sound judgment, arrive much safer and with better repute in the secure haven of undoubted truth, than those who listen to traditions and fables, and take vulgar belief for certainty."

The masses of stone which compose Stonehenge have not been found in any quarry; they are peculiar to this country, and as peculiar in their formation—they belong to no bed of stone, but have been made by nature singly and alone, and are scattered over many counties. Bagshot Heath abounds with them—some are very large, some are very small—some lie on the sward, and others lie several feet under the surface, where they are probed for with long sharp instruments of iron, and dug up for buildings. They have no beds—have nothing of the slicy nature of other sandstone—are soft and easily bruised when in small, but in the mass are difficult to break, and very durable. They must, therefore, have been collected from many parts, unless some maritime convulsion had chanced to whirl hundreds of them into one valley, where they were found by the barbarous architects, who set them up on Salisbury Plain. Dr. Charlton, who attributes Stonehenge to the Danes, discovered in a valley near Rockly, in the vicinity of Marlborough, many great stones standing upright, but at random, as if left by some convulsion of nature, which "all perfectly," he says,

“resemble those of Stonehenge in colour, grain, hardness, and branching of veins, and many of them also in figure and proportion;” and from among these he imagines the Danish architect selected his materials.

That an architect of such natural genius and good sense as Jones should see in Stonehenge the visible remains of a magnificent Roman temple of the Tuscan order, seems almost incredible. But in his day we had had no opportunity to observe, as Hindostan has since enabled us to do, the processes whereby comparatively rude nations are able to heap up enormous structures, which modern eyes would at once pronounce to have demanded all the appliances of art; and this may account for the incapacity of such men even as Inigo, to recognize on Salisbury Plain the primeval efforts of some populous horde of barbarians—on whom the light of science was beginning to dawn, who were not without natural aspirations after grandeur, and the raw germ of whose rude structures and marauding ballads was predestined to find complete developement in the York Minsters and the Marmions of some distant age.

The palace of Whitehall had spread the love of classic architecture far and wide, and there was soon a growing demand for works which recalled Athens to the learned, and presented something new to the admiration of the vulgar. Quiet-tempered, and generous, Inigo was vain of his credit at court and of his importance in the world, and proud above all things of being considered an unrivalled architect. He could not well be blamed for saying that the art of design was but impet-

fectedly known in England till he appeared—still less for speaking with sarcastic contempt of those who, calling themselves gentlemen, scorned him as a mechanic. This was the summer of his reputation, in short; and he was now in extensive employment.

I find the name of Jones connected with two works of a very dissimilar nature, during the remainder of the reign of King James. In 1623, he was engaged at Somerset-house, in fitting up a chapel for the Infanta, the intended bride of the Prince; and few of the works of Jones exhibited more elegant simplicity. There was a rustic arcade of five arches; as many windows with alternate dressings between Corinthian pilasters, which were duplicated at either end. The whole was destroyed to make room for the enlarged design of Sir William Chambers. The other work was a scaffold, which the surveyor and officers of his Majesty's works were ordered by the Chancellor to erect against the arraignment of the contemptible Somerset, and his shameless countess—that lady, in honour of whose nuptials Inigo invented such splendid scenes and pageants.

King James died in 1625; and Charles, who esteemed Jones as a man and a genius, continued him in his posts—of surveyor to the king, and architect to the queen; but the golden days of his peace and happiness were drawing to a close. It is true that he made designs for Charles, and inventions for the masques of Henrietta—that he frequently appeared at court splendidly apparelled—not in the livery broad-cloth of his surveyorship, but in laced velvet of his own—that he was

the friend of Ben Jonson and of Vandyke, and lived in such splendour as became his genius and station, and also that all this continued for some years after the accession of Charles. He had, heretofore, indeed, experienced the uncertainty of earthly things—he had designed palaces which a British prince was too poor to build, and churches which a Protestant hierarchy deemed superfluous; but matters more hurtful to his peace now awaited him—his successful scenes and pageantry for the court masques, were to bring upon him the sarcastic ire of Ben Jonson; and his design for the complete restoration of St. Pauls, though approved of by the king, was to end in parliamentary wrath, prosecution, and fine.

There is an unprofitable controversy as to the exact date of his commission for the repairing of St. Paul's. It is sufficient for us that the work of restoration was active in 1633, and proceeded without interruption till the great civil war. All writers concur in admitting that restoration was necessary, though few allow that this was done in a way creditable to the genius of the architect. The Cathedral, according to the unimpeachable testimony of Wren, was in a sad state of delapidation and decay; indeed, it does not appear that any material addition, or even repair, had been made since the days of Henry III. The houses of London, chiefly in those days composed of wood, and built as suited the fancy or the purse of the proprietors, were huddled close and high; and the fresh air, the free sun, and, what was perhaps worse in the eyes of an architect, a complete view of the church, were little thought of. To give

scope for improvement, and secure a view of the cathedral to the citizens, the removal of a number of houses was recommended; and armed with power, Inigo cut a way to his new work with less ceremony than many thought decorous. Some were offended at having a fireside, where they and their ancestors had sat for generations, rudely shovelled away—others were enraged, because the shop in which they carried on a lucrative trade was pulled down, and “a compensation” awarded, which they regarded rather as a contemptuous acknowledgement, than even an imperfect repayment of the injury sustained; while a third class, and a much more numerous one, saw with no good will the re-edification of what all of them termed a steeple-house, and not a few the chief stronghold of Dagon. The demolition of these houses, and the restoration of the cathedral, were both bitterly remembered afterwards.

“In the restoration of St. Paul’s,” says Walpole, “Inigo made two capital faults. He first renewed the sides with very bad Gothic, and then added a Roman portico, magnificent and beautiful indeed, but which had no affinity with the ancient parts that remained, and made his own Gothic appear ten times heavier.” Of this splendid mistake—this Grecian portico to a Gothic structure, there is a ground plan and elevation to scale, in Kent’s Designs of Inigo. The entire west front measures one hundred and sixty-one feet long and one hundred and sixty two feet high from the ground to the top of the cross; a tower at each angle rises one hundred and forty-feet, while over *these* ascends the central peak, ornamented with

pinnacles, terminating in a cross, and forming a screen to the end of the main roof of the building. The whole of this front is of the Corinthian order rusticated, and may be described as cumbrous in form, but picturesque in its effect. It is far otherwise with that noble portico to which the work I have described serves at once as a back ground and a contrast. This reaches in length one hundred and twenty feet over the bases of the columns, and rises sixty-six feet, measuring from the first step—of which there are five—to the summit of the balustrade. There is no pediment, inasmuch as the picturesque rusticated peak performs, in some degree, the part of a pediment: nor is the effect, though startling at first, at all unpleasing, though it rises nearly one hundred feet above the balustrade. There are in all, fourteen fluted columns; of which eight stand in front, and three on either side: nor are these last crowded, for the projection measures forty-two feet. At each angle there is a square pilaster, proportioned and diminished like its circular companions, with half pilasters to correspond, where the portico unites with the wall. On the front line, and on the return of these pilasters, a column stands so close, that the capitals and bases are all but touching: in the centre of the portico, the space between the columns measures eleven feet, while that which separates the others is only nine; thus giving air and access to the principal door. The columns, including capitals and bases, measure forty-six feet high: on the parapet corresponding with each column a pedestal is inserted, breaking forward, and rising nine inches above the cornice, serving at once as a

blocking to the balusters and a support to a statue, of which the architect had designed ten, all princes and benefactors of the church. I have seen nothing in this country so nobly proportioned, and so simply splendid as this portico. The pilasters, coupled to columns at each corner, are, I conceive, a great beauty—varying the sameness of the design, and preserving the perpendicular profile of the angles, which the square projections above and below seem to require, and which circular columns sacrifice.

Such are the dimensions of this far-famed portico: they differ materially from the measurements given in Walpole. "The great repair, or restoration of St. Paul's, by Jones," I quote a note in Dallaway's edition, "presented a pile of massive ugliness, which neither before nor since has been imagined or executed, resembling the Egyptian pyramids in style, much more than any ecclesiastical building in Europe. Perhaps he might intend that such heavy plainness should contrast more strongly with the portico, which was the redeeming feature of the whole design, and which for grandeur and extent must be considered as an admirable example of his talent. This portico, according to the scale of Harris's plan, was two hundred feet in length, fifty in depth, and forty at the least in height to the top of the balustrade and parapet—there was no pediment." A pair of compasses and a little consideration might have shown that a portico of these proportions would be much more squat than stately; that though the extent was great, the grandeur could be but little, and that in fact the elevation, according to the

number of columns, was not likely to be attempted in this or any other country. The columns, with their capitals and bases, according to this distribution, would be about twenty-five feet high instead of forty-six, and the spaces between them twenty feet instead of nine, supposing the corner pilaster and the companion column to be coupled as the design evidently requires. Had this portico exhibited such squat columns and extensive openings, it would have little merited the praise of Dugdale, who says,—“ This most magnificent and stately portico the king erected at his own charge at the west, and here he placed the statues of his father and himself for a lasting memorial of this their advancement of so glorious a work; which portico was intended to be as an ambulatory for such as usually walk in the body of the church and disturb the solemn service of the choir.”

The columns of the Temple of Diana at Ephesus weighed 110 ton each, and the central stone of the vast entablature, covering an opening of twenty-two feet, was not less than 150 ton; the setting of which in its place the wondering architect imputed to the goddess herself, for he declared it surpassed human skill. Now the central opening of the St. Paul's portico, according to Walpole's scale, could not be less than that of Ephesus; but we have a sure authority for saying that the stone which lintelled it did not weigh twenty tons. Webb, speaking of this very architrave-stone, says, “ It is much less in bulk than any of those which at Stone-Henge lie over the pilasters of the greater hexagon, and was two years at least before it could be come at, and drawn forth of the

vast quarries of Portland, notwithstanding that they were bared and wrought in many years before. And after that it was drawn forth and landed at Paul's Wharf, more than a fortnight's time was spent ere it came into the churchyard, though as many men were employed about the same as the greatness of the weight required, and might reasonably be set on work." Now the architrave-stones of the greater hexagon of Stonehenge weigh something under sixteen ton each, for they contain no more than about 200 cubic feet—it is needless to enter farther into the refutation of this portico of the imagination.

It is likely that the Puritans, who saw with no friendly eyes the church of St. Paul rising under the superintendence of Jones in more than its original beauty, thought him as devoutly employed in creating classic gods of earth, air, and sea, for the masques of the court. A spirit was waxing strong which set its strength against pomp of all kinds—proposed a crusade against church and state, and resolved to reform the land from the hut to the palace. All elegant pursuits—the poet's song, the painter's picture, the sculptor's group, the inventions of the architect, and the living mimicry of the stage, were considered as superfluous and profane, and he who committed the triple sin of devising scenes and machinery for stage-masques, of aiding hierarchy by raising splendid churches, and of adding attractions to royalty by lodging it in sumptuous palaces, was regarded doubtless with much aversion. Jones took an effectual way of making the whole of such enormities public. He was widely known as an

architect civil and ecclesiastical; but for a space of twenty-five years, from 1605 to 1630, his name was not connected with the court masques, save casually in the descriptions. Indeed Jonson's own name was not mentioned; and though in Pan's Anniversary, Inigo and Ben are on the title-page, yet it is worthy of remark that this masque, the last that was witnessed by James, "the most indulgent of masters," says Gifford, "and the most benevolent of sovereigns," was not printed till after the death of the poet. It was otherwise with the Masque of Chloridia. The king desired Jonson, then oppressed with the two-fold misery of want and sickness, to prepare the usual entertainments for the new year, in conjunction with Inigo — the masque was made, presented and printed, and bore on the title-page, "Inventors, Ben Jonson and Inigo Jones."*

It certainly must have been anything but flat-

* One Pory, in January, 1632, writing to Sir Thomas Pickering, says, "The inventor or poet of this masque was Aurelian Townsend, sometime steward to the Lord Treasurer Salisbury; Ben Jonson being for this time discarded by reason of the predominant power of his antagonist, Inigo Jones, who this time twelvemonth was angry with him for putting his own name before his in the title-page, which Ben Jonson had made the subject of a bitter satire or two against Inigo." That Townsend, a nameless man, should be preferred to Ben Jonson, seems more the fault of the king than of Inigo; Charles was a lover of painting and architecture and whatsoever was pleasing to the sight; but not having the deep feeling for poetry which distinguished his father, he neglected its professors. He probably only felt the beauty of what addressed the eye in these masques, and thought, when the scenes were splendid and the pageant pompous, that genius had done enough.

tering to the proud and sensitive Jonson to be obliged to share the honour of the whole invention with the scenemaker and preparer of the pageant: he could not but feel that he had been condescending enough, and was not prepared to hear with patience that Inigo was not satisfied to be second, but was angry that he was not first. This charge against the vanity of the architect, however, is but too well supported by the title-page of Pan's Anniversary, printed after Jonson's death, wherein his name takes precedence of the poet's.

"Whoever was the aggressor," says Walpole, "the turbulence and brutality of Jonson were sure to place him most in the wrong;" but this surely is a sentiment in which few will concur: whoever was the aggressor was most in the wrong: he who resents insult or retaliates an injury may carry his indignation too far, but cannot well be *most* in the wrong. It is indeed inexpressibly mournful to think on the last days of the illustrious Jonson—a manly character, and in dramatic excellence second only to Shakespeare—neglected by the great—imprisoned in a miserable abode in an alley, by want and a fatal malady—the honours of his muse usurped by a manufacturer of pageants, and his place as poet supplied by Aurelian Townsend! No wonder that he went down in sorrow to the grave. I may agree with Gifford that the magnanimity of Jones is as disputable as his humanity in this unhappy quarrel; but I can find no warrant for believing that "he persecuted the poet for the remainder of his melancholy existence with implacable malice."

This feud amused the Puritans. That two of the chief pillars in the palace of Dagon should jostle one another out of the perpendicular was much to their comfort. That such personages should quarrel about their share in the honour of a thing so vain and frivolous as a masque, was, in the eyes of those religionists, a stroke of that over-ruling Providence which is said to take away men's senses sometimes before it utterly destroys them. They shook their heads, and thought, as they looked on the masque of Chloridia, and the rising columns of St. Paul's, that he who made gilt gods and artificial thunder for a luxurious court was working in the same spirit when he reared the towers and pillars of Laud's idolatrous temple. The masque cost the court three thousand pounds, robbed Jonson of his peace of mind, and was the first of that dark file of calamities which now began to thicken on Inigo himself. The splendour of Jones's mechanical accessories may have eclipsed the poetry in the eyes of the court-ladies; but it would be unjust, perhaps, to the character of a man of genius to presume that such a matter gave him serious offence. Quarrels arise from causes which cannot well be named—vanity is easily hurt, and pride is very sensitive; but neither on wounded vanity, nor offended pride, will a man publicly ground his offence; he knows that the laws which regulate hostility require injurious acts or expressions before a man can take the field with either satire or sword.

Jonson, though on a sick bed and in poverty, was no safe person to be insulted—whatever was

the true origin of the grudge between him and Inigo, he avenged himself in his own way.

“ O wise surveyor, wiser architect,
But wisest Inigo, who can reflect
On the new priming of thy old sign-posts,
Reviving with fresh colours the pale ghosts
Of thy dead standards; or with marvel, see
Thy twice-conceived, thrice paid-for imagery,
And not fall down before it, and confess
Almighty Architecture, who no less
A goddess is than painted cloth, deal board,
Vermilion, lake, or crimson can afford
Expression for.”

“ What makes your wretchedness to brag so loud
In town and court? Are you grown rich and proud,
Your trappings will not change you—change your
mind!

No velvet suit you wear will alter kind.
What is the cause you pomp it so, I ask?
And all men echo you have made a masque.
I chime that, too, and I have met with those
That do cry up the machine and the shows:
The majesty of Juno in the clouds,
And peering forth of Iris in the shrouds:
The ascent of Lady Fame, which none could spy,
Not they that sided her, Dame Poetry,
Dame History, Dame Architecture, too,
And Goody Sculpture brought with much ado
To hold her up. O shows, shows—mighty shows,
The eloquence of masques!”

But this off-hand satire was not enough. The indignant poet introduced Inigo as one of the characters of his “ Tale of a Tub.” In-and-in Medley is something dull himself, and there is little wit and humour amongst his companions; he *desires to present a masque to some of the district*

authorities—chooses his subject from a domestic incident which occurred beside him—and in the formation of his plans and the contrivance of his puppets, affects the language of his majesty's architect, talks incessantly of his own qualities, and refuses aid from either poet or painter. The conception was perhaps worthy of Jonson; but the execution was inferior: the rustic manners which it exhibited were too coarse to please the stately Charles; and the broad personation of himself offended Jones so deeply, that he complained to the king, and the representation of the drama was forbidden. Sir Henry Herbert says briefly, "The play was not likte." It was performed at court on the 16th of January, 1634, and never again. This double attack seems to have offended the king. Howel, in one of his letters to Jonson, says, "I heard you censured lately at court, that you have lighted too foul upon Sir Inigo, and that you write with a porcupine's quill dipt in too much gall; excuse me that I am so free with you, it is because I am in no common way of friendship yours." This letter having failed of effect, Howel wrote again. "If your spirit will not let you retract, yet you shall do well to repress any more copies of the satire on the royal architect; for, to deal plainly with you, you have lost some ground at court by it: and as I hear, from a good hand, the king, who hath so great a judgment in poetry as in all other things else, is not well pleased therewith. Dispense with this." In consequence, probably, of Howel's remonstrance, or from a feeling that the vanity of his friend scarcely merited such chastisement, Jonson recalled and destroyed,

as he imagined, every copy ; for at his death, which happened soon after, not a line was found amongst his papers. One, however, escaped, or was concealed ; Vertue gave it to Whalley, who sent it to the press, and so the evidence of a squabble which raised neither the character of the poet nor the architect, has reached posterity.

During the progress of this personal bickering, and the restoration of St. Paul's Cathedral, Jones seems to have been largely employed in several parts of the kingdom. He built the church of Covent Garden in 1631, a work of extreme simplicity, but no magnificence: there is a naked accuracy of proportion—a just combination of parts: but the coarse and savage Tuscan requires colossal dimensions to rise into grandeur: yet we cannot blame Jones; he made as noble a church as the money permitted. Onslow, the speaker, related, that when the Earl of Bedford sent for Inigo, he told him he wanted a chapel for the people of Covent Garden, “but,” added he, “I shall not go to much expense—in short, I would not have it much better than a barn.” “Well, then,” replied the architect, “you shall have the handsomest barn in the kingdom.” The arcade of Covent Garden has its admirers as well as the church: it is difficult to judge the merits of a fragment—the north and eastern sides of the square alone were completed; a part of this was destroyed by fire, and rebuilt in a dissimilar style. The air of the whole is sufficiently homely; but be it remembered that usefulness was the object, and that tradesmen may as well as an Earl of Bedford desire to have houses cheap and plain. :

Surgeons' Hall is considered one of his best works ; it has elegance in the exterior, and in the interior great simplicity and fitness of purpose. It was repaired by Lord Burlington—himself an eminent architect—"a compliment," says Ralph, "not greater than is due to Inigo Jones, but the greatest any modern can receive or bestow." He planned the square of Lincoln's Inn Fields ; but the house only of the Earl of Lindsay was completed. That mansion was much admired for its diminishing pilasters : Jones was the first in this country who wrought pilasters on the same principles as columns ; but this specimen of his abilities has undergone material changes. The elevations of the intended buildings in Covent Garden and Lincoln's Inn Fields were in the hands of Lord Arundel, and are now preserved at Walton.

"Coleshill in Berkshire," says Walpole," and Cobham Hall in Kent, were Inigo's. He was employed to rebuild Castle Ashby, and finished one front, but the civil war interrupted his progress there, and at Stoke Park in Northamptonshire. Shaftesbury House and the London Lying-inn Hospital, on the east side of Aldersgate Street, is a beautiful front ; at Wing, seven miles from his present seat at Ethorp in Buckinghamshire, Sir William Stanhope pulled down a house built by Inigo. The front to the garden of Hinton St. George in Somersetshire, the seat of Lord Poulet, and the front of Bryampton, formerly the mansion of Sir Philip Sydenham, were from the designs of Jones ; as Chilham Castle near Canterbury, and the tower of the church at Staines, where Inigo sometime lived, are said to be. At

Oatlands remains a gate of the old palace, but removed to a little distance, and repaired with the addition of an inscription by the Earl of Lincoln. The Grange, the seat of Lord Chancellor Henley, in Hampshire, is entirely of this master. It is not a large house, but by far one of the best proofs of his taste. The hall, which opens to a small vestibule with a cupola, and the staircase adjoining, are beautiful models of the purest and most classic antiquity. The gate of Beaufort Garden at Chelsea, designed by Jones, was purchased by Lord Burlington and transported to Chiswick, where in a temple are some wooden seats, with lions and other animals for arms, not of his most delicate imagination. He drew a plan for a palace at Newmarket—but not that wretched hovel that stands there at present. The last and one of the most beautiful of his works which I shall mention, is the Queen's House at Greenwich. The first idea of the Hospital is said to have been taken by Webb from his papers." More buildings in England might be added, but some are doubtful, some have disappeared, and others merit no particular notice.

One or two buildings in Scotland, constructed on such sound principles, and raised with such solid materials as promise long existence, must not be passed over—I allude to Heriot's Hospital at Edinburgh, a work of great extent, utility, and magnificence; and Drumlanrig House in Nithsdale, once the princely residence of the Douglasses and now of the Scotts. It is true that the cautious legends of the north only say that these structures are commonly ascribed to Inigo; and it is likewise

true that they are not included in the collection of designs published by Kent; but those who look at them with an artist's eye will observe that in the domes, windows, clustered chimnies, and general proportions, there are many marks of his masterly hand; and moreover, it must be borne in mind that they are picturesque specimens of what the world called King James's Gothic, which the classic Kent refused to admit amongst the Grecian and Roman designs contained exclusively in his book. For my own part, I see no reason to suspect the accuracy of the tradition as far, at least, as regards Heriot's Hospital. That building consists of a quadrangle three stories in height, with massy towers at each corner rising one story above the main body of the structure, and a tower and dome in the middle of the principal front, forming a central object of attraction, and giving that balance of parts required by geometrical unity. "There is a tradition," says one of my principal authorities, "that the original plan was considerably altered to suit the taste of Dr. Walter Balcanqual, who appears to have been one of the most active of the executors under Heriot's will, and to whose wisdom he entrusted the care of drawing up articles or statutes for the regulation of the hospital. It is said that he insisted that the architraves and ornaments of each particular window should differ in something or other from those of all the rest; but such was the skill and management of the architect, that though these distinctions can be observed on close examination, the front, viewed as a whole, presents the appearance of perfect uniformity." The northern doctor

must, however, be relieved from the blame of presuming to dictate in architecture to Inigo. Such variations are frequent even in his classic productions: his Westminster Palace abounds with them: and if they appear with propriety in an edifice purely Roman, they are not only becoming, but necessary to a work in the style of the picturesque. The deep projections at the angles and the central breaks—the tall coupled or clustered chimnies—the windows all various, yet uniform—together with the numerous towers and the fine castellated summit, unite in rendering “Heriot’s Work,” as it is popularly and not improperly called, one of the noblest old buildings in all the north country.

Of the character of George Heriot, who founded this charitable establishment for the education and maintenance of the poor and fatherless sons of the freemen of Edinburgh, more can be learned from a work of fiction than from either history or biography. In the *Fortunes of Nigel* the neat and methodical habits—the hospitality—the love of a little citizen-like show—the remembrance of early friends, and the general benevolence of this good man, are exhibited in a way so simple and so masterly, as give to a work of imagination the hues of perfect truth, and leave little to be related farther, save that he commenced the world with two hundred pounds—was the king’s goldsmith, first in Edinburgh and then in London—was married twice without issue—had two natural daughters—lived on terms of friendship with the chief men of his times, and dying in 1624, one year before his royal master, left about £24,000 to the magistrates of Edinburgh, who, complying with the terms of the

bequest, reared this splendid work, and gave it the benefactor's name. It was begun in 1628, carried in with some interruptions during the great civil war, and in 1650 was ready to be appropriated to its original purpose. Cromwell, however, filled it with his sick and wounded soon after the battle of Dunbar, and retained it as a military hospital till 1658, when it was surrendered by Monk into the hands of the citizens of Edinburgh. It is generally allowed that the internal accommodation of "Heriot's Work" reflects as much honour on the architect as the external elevations.

Notwithstanding his feud with Jonson, and the satiric strictures of the latter on the architecture and scenic tricks of the masques, Inigo continued to supply the court with these inventions, and with undiminished acceptance, down to 1640; and it must be unnecessary to add, that he seems to have been proud of such inventions—those pageants of the hour which so soon fade away from the remembrance of those whom they amuse. He preserved all the designs of the masques in a folio volume, which, after various vicissitudes, came into the keeping of Lord Burlington. He drew with uncommon neatness and delicacy—his hand obeyed his eye and his taste, and impressed on all he touched the character of elegance. In the Lansdowne Manuscripts are preserved "original ground plots and profiles of scenes erected at the New Masquing House, being eight in number, by Inigo Jones." A sterner pageant, and by ruder hands, was now preparing for Charles and his courtiers, in which Jones bore no pleasant share—the hour, however, had not yet come.

The patronage of the court, the love of the nobility for magnificence, and the taste and genius of the artist, united to place him in affluence: and he lived in a style worthy of a mind which expanded with its fortune. Early in life he had become a husband; but his wife's maiden name and the date of his marriage are alike unknown: nor has any one mentioned other children than a daughter, Anne Jones, who married her cousin Webb the architect, her father's pupil. Walpole, who tells so much, though often incorrectly, speaks evidently in ignorance of the near relationship of Webb, and from him we hear nothing of the marriage of Inigo or of his children. From accidental notices we gather that he had a house at Staines—another at Cherrygarden Farm, Charlton, Kent, and that his town residence was in St. Martin's Lane. With most men of genius of his day he was familiar; Chapman was his personal friend—so was Davenant, and with Carew he lived on those terms of sociality which their labours in the Court Masques required. Vandyke loved him much, and painted him often; and Jonson, though he heaped reproaches upon him in his latter days, it must be remembered was long his friend. The nobles respected him for his genius, and since they no longer laid out their riches on mobs of retainers, they had the more to spare for their tables, for their dresses, and for their mansions. Architecture and painting profited by the change; and Jones and Vandyke figured as the head professors. A respect was paid to them such as had never been paid to genius in England before; the greatest of all this world's poets had indeed been

the guest but never the friend of the Dudleys and the Devereuxes—who thought their humility great in encouraging with a kind word one who, compared to the noblest of them all, was as a god. But Jones was the companion of princes—his works rising in elegance to all men's eyes, were not shut up between the boards of a book—all who looked could comprehend the cause of his popularity; and our learned men were loud in the praise of one who imported the classic elegance of Greece and Rome to the banks of the Thames. Those, and they might not be few, who were insensible to his high merit, could not fail to understand and respect his opulence.

The restoration of St. Paul's went rapidly on, and though Jones was now advanced in years his personal attendance was punctual; he looked upon the splendid western portico as the great monument of his fame; and classed Whitehall as second in beauty. The king, too, went often to see the progress of the workmen; and had his own statue and that of his father carved and placed, as they well deserved to be, on the centre of the portico. An artist, however, seldom lives in perfect sympathy with the world around him. Jones had removed the Church of St. Gregory, because it injured the effect of St. Paul's Cathedral; and this gave great offence to the citizens. To pull down a church might have been a merit in the eyes of the Tribulations and God-be-heres of those righteous times; but then to pull it down to the end that a cathedral restored, at the request of Laud, by the hands of a popish architect, might appear more imposing and magnificent, was a thing not to

be borne—and a formal complaint from the citizens brought Inigo, in 1640, before the Long Parliament. He represented that, in removing the Church of St. Gregory, he had added to the beauty of the city; that the Cathedral of St. Paul's had been injured in effect by an unsightly and tottering structure; and finally, that he had but obeyed regular orders-in-council. But he soon found that the king's word, omnipotent so long, was growing light in the balance; and being roughly handled by those stern parliamentarians, his temper gave way, and he replied with some asperity—answering scorn with scorn. They had the address, however, to question him so, that in a fit of offended pride he took upon himself the whole responsibility; and this it seems, he did in very lofty terms; for the Commons carried up this complaint to the Lords, that “The said Inigo Jones would not undertake the work of re-edifying St. Paul's Church, unless he might be, as he termed it, ‘sole monarch, or might have the principality thereof.’” The artful member who had the address to make Jones use or adopt these expressions, seems to have been acquainted with the satire of Jonson.

“He now is come
To be the music master; tabler too;
He is or would be the main Dominus-do-
-All of the work, and so shall still for Ben.
Be Inigo the whistle and his men.”

If we can rely upon the accuracy of verse, the Commons questioned him upon the cause of the decay of the old Cathedral, and he imputed it

partly to the influence of the coal smoke on the surface of the stone—an opinion formed on experience and observation, the truth of which cannot be sneered away by Sir Francis Kinaston's epigram.

“Meantime imagine that Newcastle coles,
Which as Sir Inigo saith hath perish't Poules,
And by the skill of Marquis-would-be Jones,
’Tis found that smoke’s salt did corrupt the stones.”

Success at that time, and for long after, was with the parliament, whether right or wrong; Inigo was obliged to make restitution—and his expense in this vexatious prosecution was very large. But worse followed—the king and the parliament quarrelled; the great civil war commenced; Inigo's situation of surveyor ceased; and he was, moreover, constrained to pay £545 by way of composition for his estate as a malignant. He was now seventy years old and upwards, a time of life when peace and repose were needed; but these were denied him; his expensive habits and generous nature had prevented him from amassing wealth; and the little that he had remaining seemed so insecure in those rapacious times, that it is said he went with his friend Stone, the builder, to Scotland Yard, where they buried their joint stock of ready money in a private place. The parliament published an order encouraging servants to inform of such concealments, and as four of the workmen were privy to this conjunct deposit, Jones and his friend removed it privately, and with their own hands buried it in Lambeth Marsh.

These were not all his afflictions; the chief of

the works on which he had depended for fame was stopt by parliament far short of completion, and the whole structure treated with such contumely that its destruction was dreaded. Tradition says, that the sorrowing old man was sometimes to be seen wandering in the vicinity of Whitehall and St. Paul's Cathedral looking at those splendid but incomplete works. From one of the windows of the former the royal master, for whom he had made so many masques and planned so many mansions, was conducted to an undeserved fate; and he could see with his own eyes the degradation of St. Paul's. "During the usurpation," says Dugdale, "the stately portico with the beautiful Corinthian pillars being converted into shops for seamstresses and other trades with lofts and stairs ascending thereto—the statues had been despitefully thrown down and broken in pieces." Of this he was witness; but he did not live to see the unfinished cathedral with its magnificent portico wrapt in those flames which consumed so much of London. "Inigo," says Walpole, "tasted early of the misfortunes of his master. He was not only a favourite but a Roman Catholic. Grief, misfortunes and age terminated his life. He died at Somerset House, and was buried in the Church of St. Bennet's, Paul's Wharf, where a monument erected to his memory was destroyed in the fire of London." Walpole adds some erroneous dates. We know that Jones was eighty years old when he died in June, 1653.

Neither friends nor foes have preserved enough to satisfy us as to the domestic manners and personal character of this distinguished man. Of his

looks we may judge by his portraits, which are amongst the finest that Vandyke painted; of his fortitude we have a specimen in his manly conduct before that fierce house of commons which trampled upon the court and crown; of the generosity of his nature the country had the benefit when he resigned his salary to pay the debts of his predecessor; and, of his sumptuous spirit, let a princely income, spent in maintaining a state worthy of his talents, and in entertaining the learned, the gifted, and the noble, be the proof. He was fond of distinction—vain of the countenance of the court and the notice of the great; and by a certain stateliness of manners, splendour of dress, and free and generous mode of life, supported the station to which his genius had raised him. His doublet of velvet and his embroidered cap became him well; neither do we see much to censure in the airs which he affected in the management of the masques so well described by Jonson.

“ He has

His whistle of command, seat of authority,
And virge to interpret tipt with silver.”

The malicious dramatist helps us to some of Inigo's favourite phrases. Thus, during the planning of the masque in the Tale of a Tub, Scriben says :—

“ He'll do't alone, sir, In-and-in

Draws with no other in's project; he will tell you
It cannot else be *feasible* or *conduce*—
Those are his ruling words.”

And In-and-in Medley himself, describing his method of forming a pageant, says :—

“ If I might see the place, and had surveyed it,

I could say more; for all invention, sir,
Comes by degrees and on the view of nature;
A world of things concur in the design
Which makes it *feasible* if art *conduce*."

In these lines Jones speaks like an artist, and wisely—to examine the localities, and then imagine such a structure as should be in harmony with them, is to do as an architect what Jonson did as a dramatist, when he considered his characters, settled the mode of their employment, and formed a work in strict keeping with his materials and his scene. The satire lies in the mimicry. It seems that Inigo was fearful that Jonson would commemorate their feud:—

"In some sharp verse
Able to eat into his bones, and pierce
The marrow."

Upon which the poet indignantly exclaims:

"Wretch! I quit thee of thy pain,
Thou'rt too ambitious and dost fear in vain;
The Lybian lion hunts no butterflies."

But if we admit the dramatist as a witness to the peculiarities which detract from the dignity of the architect, we cannot deny Inigo the right of calling him to speak to his merits. This the poet, as we have seen, has often done willingly and with a friendly feeling—and he also sometimes unconsciously commends him in the midst of his satire. In the character of In-and-in Medley, he allows him to speak modestly of his abilities, and when he had finished the masque, and Squire Tub exclaims:—

"Good i'faith,
You have shown reading and antiquity here, sir."

Medley only replies,

“ I have a little knowledge in design.”

In knowledge of design he had merit of a high order. There is a singular strength and elegance of combination in his structures—an unity and harmony of parts such as no English architect has ever surpassed. He was often massive but seldom heavy; and where his plans were not modified by mingling with other works, he has shown an accuracy of eye, and a happy propriety of taste which Wren alone approaches. In criticising his numerous works, we must reflect, that, in common with all architects, he had to soothe and manage perverse and parsimonious employers, who thought of barns when he dreamed of palaces, and that he had often to yield his own judgement to the influence of opposing taste and the obstinacy of established opinion. The king, courtiers, and learned men, formed a sort of inspecting committee, who, amid much good sense and skill, indulged, nevertheless, in a sort of theoretical pedantry which perplexed the more, because it was backed by much Latin and no little Greek, and which the compasses and rule of the experienced architect sought in vain to confute or convince. In addition to this, the hands of both James and Charles were tied by poverty. The parliament were already in heart and spirit disposed to discountenance the monarchy and the hierarchy, and to show the strength and spirit of the nation in other things than churches and palaces. The public works of Inigo were thus “ cur-

tailed of their fair proportion"—and he never had a fair field for exhibiting his genius save on paper.

He had other difficulties to encounter; he was a reformer in architecture—he desired to remove the Gothic and establish the Grecian, and though the reformation in religion and the increasing love of classic lore prepared the way a little, he found prejudices in his way which seemed almost insurmountable. This induced him to attempt a sort of compromise between those adverse styles: the result we have already described, and those who desire a more vivid example than words can furnish, may look at the towers of Westminster Abbey, where Grecian and Gothic in the hands of Wren mingle as gracefully as fire with water—as the religion of Jupiter with that of Jesus. In supplanting the ancient architecture—endeared to us by the memory of a thousand years—and to which the stigma of superstition could not with any pretence to reasoning be attached—he had to contend with custom and use, and with the lingering affection of his nation. He, by slow degrees, succeeded; and in so doing, we cannot but think brought on a revolution fatal to the unity of our national works. We were admirable Goths, and we have never become good Grecians. Our land is shared, say scholars, between the beautiful and the barbarous—our original spirit, say the lovers of the Gothic, is insulted by the introduction of the creations of another country and another era—the classic architecture can never do for us what it did for Greece: while those, and they are many, who, without being bigots to any system, desire to

see this country as eminent in architecture as in poetry, are at a loss to conceive how this is to be accomplished by rebuilding in coarse stone the marble temples of Athens or Rome.

The genius of Inigo, however, loved less the simple majesty of the Grecian school than the picturesque splendours of Palladio: and it must be confessed, that for domestic purposes, at least, the varied combinations which the revival of architecture in Italy permitted, are far more suitable to us than the severer simplicity of Athens. The columns, rank over rank, the recesses, the arcades, the multiplied entablatures, the balustrades, and tower above tower, of the modern architecture, must not be looked upon as the innovations of men who went a devious way without a purpose: these changes were in truth conceded in obedience to the calls of climate, of customs, of religion and of society, and were Pericles raised from the dead, he could not but acknowledge that windows are useful for light, and chimneys necessary for heat in Britain, though he might demur to the domes, and towers, and balustrades of our mansions and palaces. The scrupulously classical men, who look to the exact shape rather than to the true spirit of ancient architecture, pronounce all to be barbarous or impure, for which they can find no antique sanction: but this is a poor pedantry. Lord Aberdeen well observes: "These models should be imitated—not, however, with the timid and servile hand of a copyist: their beauties should be transferred to our soil, preserving, at the same time, a due regard to the changes of customs and manners, to the difference of our

is of the Doric order, ornamented with a score of columns; and on these are placed the Corinthian columns of the second story, the whole crowned with a far projecting entablature and balustrade, the blanks of which, to the number of twenty, form pedestals for the reception of statues. The elevation is simple yet splendid, and exhibits that agreeable diversity of light and shade, of which so few, save the architects, of antiquity seem to have had any conception. In the design for Temple-bar, there is the same solid durability of look, which distinguishes his other works. The order is Corinthian, the height sixty feet, the width fifty-two, the carriage opening fifteen feet wide and twice that in height, while the passages, corresponding with the pavement, are ten feet high and six feet wide. On the summit is an equestrian statue of King Charles, supported by the figures of Neptune and Thames—the horse and rider are fourteen feet high, and seem too small for the situation.

It is impossible to make syllables perform the work of lines, and show the varied beauty of the profiles, vertical and horizontal—the skilful detail of the interior accommodation and the magnificence of the elevations of his works cannot be conveyed in words. There is no complete collection of the designs of this eminent architect; but this is a reproach which it is in vain to reiterate. Such an undertaking would ruin a private individual; and a country which has a spirit for so many things, has as yet shown little for the preservation of its architecture, either Grecian or Gothic.



SIR PETER LELY

W.C. EDWARDS.

Sir, Wren

THE ORIGINAL IN THE POSSESSION OF SIR JAMES WHISTLER, BART.

As sketched by John Henry, A. S. 1840

SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN.

THE family of the Wrens, according to tradition of Danish origin, had been long and honourably distinguished in England, before it produced this great architect. "The ancestors of our family," says Wren, dean of Windsor, "over the paternal coat of arms, had for the crest a WREN, proper, holding in his foot a trefoil, with this motto. '*Turbinebus superest, cœlo duce præscius.*' This emblem, together with the motto and coat, stood in the south window of that lodging which stands at the northwest corner of the inner cloyster of Windsor College, in the year 1643, having stood there from April, 1527, when Geoffry Wren died, after he had been canon of the said chapel twelve years, founder of the seventh stall: privy councillor to the two kings Henry the Seventh and Eighth." "Another of the same family, having gained," as my authority says, "much honour and estate," by his valour against the Scots, wrote under his coat of arms, "*Ducente deo fortuna secuta est.*" The dean himself, a man of learning and peace, took the words "*Si recte intus ne labora;*" and the last and most illustrious of all their line chose with mathematical tact, "*Numero, pondere, et mensura.*"

At their earliest appearance we find the Wrens seated at Binchester, on the banks of the Were, and afterwards at Billy-hall, and Sherborne-house, all in the county of Durham; but the branch from which our artist sprung had settled in Warwickshire* before the end of the fifteenth century. His grandfather was a younger son of the Warwickshire house, Francis Wren, citizen and mercer of London in the time of James I. This mercer's two sons distinguished themselves very considerably during the stormy days of the civil war, and the commonwealth. The elder, Matthew, Lord Bishop of Ely, incurring the hatred of the triumphant parliament, suffered imprisonment during a period of twenty years, perhaps with more obstinacy than right courage; the younger, Christopher, chaplain in ordinary to Charles the First, dean of Windsor, registrar of the Order of the Garter, and Rector of Knoyle, in Wiltshire, married Mary Coxe, heiress of Fonthill; and she bore to him the illustrious architect of whose life and works I am now to write.

I cannot reconcile the conflicting statements I find as to the date of his birth. It appears to have taken place in October, either of 1631 or 1632; and we have it recorded by all his biographers that

* "In the chancel of the church of Withibrook," says Dugdale, "in the county of Warwick, lieth a fair marble, with plates of brass upon it, representing a gentleman of this family and his wife, with this inscription: 'Of your charity, pray for the souls of Christopher Wren, gentleman, and Christian his wife: the which Christopher deceside the 25th day of November, 1543; on whose souls, and all christian souls, *Jesus have mercy—Amen.*'"

he was a small and a weakly child, who required much maternal care to rear him. "His first education in classic learning," says his son, "was by reason of his tender health, committed to the care of a domestic tutor, the Rev. William Shepherd, M.A; but, for some short time before his admission in the university, he was placed under Dr. Busby, in Westminster School. In the principles of mathematics, upon the early appearance of an uncommon genius, he was initiated by Dr. William Holder, sometime sub-dean of the royal chapel—a great virtuoso and a person of many accomplishments." His mind rose early into maturity and strength. He loved classic lore; but mathematics and astronomy were from the first his favourite pursuits. At the age of thirteen he invented an astronomical instrument, which he dedicated to his father in Latin rhyme, also a pneumatic engine, and a peculiar instrument," says the author of *Parentalia*, "of use in Gnomonics, which he explained in a treatise, entitled, *Scistericon Catholicum*: the use, and purpose, and end of which, was the solution of this problem, viz.—On a known plane, in a known elevation, to describe such lines with the expedite turning of rundles to certain divisions, as by shadow of the style may show the equal hours of the day." He likewise invented a planting instrument, which, being drawn, says his own description, over a land ready plowed and harrowed, shall plant corn equally, without want and without waste. I know not how much, or if any thing of this last invention exists, at present, in our turnip drill. In such pursuits as these, it is not unlikely that he

was aided by the counsels of his father—a very learned and ingenious man—a skilful mathematician, and an architect, with talent sufficient to attract the notice of Charles the First—no mean judge in all matters of taste and elegance.

In his fourteenth year Christopher was admitted as a gentleman commoner, at Wadham College, Oxford. These were tender years for acquiring any sort of notice in a learned university; and still more so for gaining the friendship of such men as John Wilkins, warden of Wadham, and Seth Ward, Savilian professor of astronomy, two of the most distinguished mathematicians of their day; yet nothing is more certain than that he obtained both. His talents, if their fame had not gone before him, were soon discovered at Oxford; the fame of his father and uncle, no doubt, had a favourable influence in introducing him to notice; but the rest he had to do for himself, and he was not long about it. He loved—what was fashionable in those days—to write Latin descriptions of his studies and designs, in verse as well as prose. I am not qualified to judge of the talent or the skill displayed in such compositions—which, probably, at the best, exhibited a barren elegance. Of his English exercises the merit could not have been any thing very extraordinary, if we are to judge from the epistle which he addressed, when at Oxford, to Charles, Elector Palatine. Wren, having met the Prince at his father's deanery-house, was again introduced to him by Dr. Wilkins at the university; and, never seemingly over-diffident about his own merit, the youth took the opportunity of presenting *some of his inventions* to the Palsgrave, who was

a lover of mathematics, and an encourager of useful experiments. These were followed by this piece of puerile pedantry, in which Elmes, his biographer, discovers "all the freshness of youthful enthusiasm :"—

"*Most illustrious Prince*,—When of old a votive-table was hung up to some deity or hero, a few small characters, modestly obscuring themselves in some shady corner of the piece, were never prohibited from revealing the poor artist, and rendering him somewhat a sharer in the devotion—indeed, I was almost prompted to such a presumption out of my own zeal to a prince so much *mercualium custos virorum*, but the learned votary who consecrates these tables to your highness civilly obstetricated my affection to your highness, by adding his commands to me to tender this oblation; and had not my too indulgent patron, by undeservedly thinking them not unfit for his own presenting, though exceeding beneath your highness's acceptance, robbed me of my humility, and taken away the extreme low thoughts I should otherwise have had of them, I must needs have called the first device but a rustic thing concerning agriculture only, and, therefore, an illiberal art, tending only to the saving of corn, improper in that glorious prodigal soil of yours, where every shower of hail must necessarily press from the hills even torrents of wine. The other concept I must needs have deplored as a tardy invention, impertinently now coming into the world after the divine German art of printing. Of the third paper I cannot say any thing too little; 'tis extenuation enough to say that they are two mites—

two living nothings—nay, but painted nothings, the shadow of nothing; and this shadow rarified too, even to forty thousand times its former extension: if it presents you with any thing in nature, 'tis but with a pair of atoms. Now, if it be possible for your highness to force yourself to accept such extreme littlenesses as these, you will therefore imitate the Divinity, which shows itself *maxime in minimis*, and preserve that devotion towards your highness which I conceived while yet a child, when you was pleased to honour my father's house by your presence for some weeks, who, therefore, must eternally retain a sense of being your highness's most humble and most devoted servant.

CHRISTOPHER WREN.'

If the language in which he described his inventions was stilted and pedantic, there was abundance of simplicity and usefulness in the inventions themselves. The cloudy phraseology of the college gradually cleared away from his discoveries, and he learned, though not till much older, to use the natural language of everyday life. He had indeed few examples of this kind around him at his first appearance, and youth is often dazzled by splendid words; but he might have learned from the prose of Cowley a more artless beauty of composition, and afterwards from the prefaces of Dryden the way to mingle freedom and strength. But the pedantry runs only skin-deep, it infects none of his ideas—certainly not his inventions. His mind was an extraordinary mixture of the speculative and the practical; and it is truly wonderful with what enthusiasm he pursued, and with *what calmness* he discussed, when a youth of six-

teen, questions deeply founded in geometry, astronomy, and pure mathematics. There is nothing better established in the history of human nature than the early eminence of Wren. One of those inventions, imagined and perfected in his fifteenth year, was a Diplographic instrument for writing with two pens; to this he alludes in his letter to the Elector, and calls it a tardy invention, coming into the world after the divine German art of printing. He describes elsewhere its useful qualities, and no longer writing to princes, but to the world at large, does so in a natural manner. "By the help of this instrument only (he says) every ordinary penman may at all times be suddenly fitted to write two several copies of any deeds or evidences, from the shortest to the longest length of lines, in the very same compass of time, and with as much ease and beauty, without any dividing or ruling, as without the help of the instrument he could have despatched but one. There will also be in both copies thus drawn such an exact likeness in the same number and order of lines, and even of words, letters, and stops, in all places of both copies, that being once severed there shall hardly be discerned any difference between them, except such as is merely casual—as spots and marks in the parchment."

He was not allowed to enjoy the merit of the invention undisturbed. Sir William Petty, ancestor of the noble family of Lansdowne, brought the same year a similar instrument from France, the property of which he secured to himself by a patent. Wren, indeed, had taken a like precaution, and one would almost imagine had written the descriptions which in the patents set forth the qualities of

the parallel inventions, they are so much alike. And what was worse, the merit of imagining his instrument was assumed by some bold person in London. Forestalled abroad, he was in danger of being robbed at home; thus roused, he vindicated his claim to the invention of the double pen with sufficient clearness and complacency. In a letter addressed, it is believed, to John Wilkins, he reminds him that his pen, now claimed by a London pretender, was exhibited to himself and other ingenious judges some years previous, when, "accidentally, it was commended to the view of the *then great—now greatest person in the nation*. Though I care not for having a successor in my invention, yet it behoves me to vindicate myself from the aspersion of having a predecessor."

It is impossible now, perhaps, to decide between these conflicting claims; but I incline to believe the statement of Wren; a life spent blamelessly, and in the practice of many virtues, entitles him to our confidence. His allusion to Oliver Cromwell—"the then great—now greatest person in the nation," is sufficiently cautious. It is certain, that most of the learned men of that day disliked the bold usurper; but Wren had special reasons for doing so. The parliament had persecuted the stubborn bishop of Ely with unrelenting severity, and Cromwell, who usurped their power, though he inherited not the whole of their rancour, continued to keep the prelate confined. Of his firmness in adversity, the following anecdote of him, and his illustrious nephew, is a lively proof: it is related in *Parentalia*.

"Sometime before the decease of Oliver Crom-

well, Mr. Christopher Wren, the bishop's nephew, afterwards Sir Christopher, became acquainted with Mr. Claypole, who married Oliver's favourite daughter. Claypole, being a lover of the mathematics, had conceived a great esteem for young Wren, and took all occasions to cultivate his friendship, and to court his conversation, particularly by frequent invitations to his house and table. It happened in one of those conversations that Cromwell came into the room as they sat at dinner, and without any ceremony, as was his usual way in his own family, he took his place. After a little time, fixing his eyes on Mr. Wren, he said, "Your uncle has been long confined in the Tower." "He has so, sir," replied Wren, "but he bears his afflictions with great patience and resignation." Cromwell. "He may come out if he will." Wren. "Will your highness permit me to tell him so?" Cromwell. "Yes—you may." As soon as Wren could retire with propriety, he hastened with no little joy to the Tower, and informed his uncle of all the particulars of his interview with Cromwell. After which, the bishop replied, with warm indignation, "that it was not the first time he had received the like intimation from that miscreant, but he disdained the terms proposed for his enlargement, which were a mean acknowledgement of his favour, and an abject submission to his detestable tyranny: that he was determined to tarry the Lord's leisure, and owe his deliverance to him only." This expected deliverance was not distant; he was released, from confinement, by the restoration—and from all other troubles, by death, in 1667; when he was eighty one years old.

At the period of which we write, a strong spirit for all manner of scientific speculations was at work in the land. The professorship which Savile founded in Oxford, and the discoveries in astronomy and navigation made by other nations, influenced not a little the taste of our adventurers in knowledge; and this is very evident in the early designs and studies of Wren. He designed a reflecting dial for the ceiling of a room, curiously emblazoned with figures of astronomy and geometry, and, more curious still, by some singular verses, expressing in language, little removed from punning, that it was made in the year 1648, in the sixteenth year of his age. He produced, besides, a weather clock, an instrument to write in the dark, and "a treatise on Spherical Trigonometry in a new method." He likewise assisted Dr. Scarborough in anatomical experiments, and explained, by models made of pasteboard, the "anatomical administration of all the muscles of an human body, as they naturally rise in dissection." These models, it is said, were destroyed, in the great fire of London: and through them, the author of *Parentalia* claims for Wren, what cannot well be disproved, the first introduction of geometrical and mechanical speculations into anatomy.

In his eighteenth year he took his degree of Bachelor of Arts, and, with the ingenious Robert Hooke, employed himself in drawing enlarged views of subjects as seen through a microscope. Hooke, who studied under Lely, the painter, and was a fine draughtsman, published an account of their joint discoveries under the name of *Micrographia*; and it was in allusion to these, that

Harrington, stung by the strictures of Wren's cousin on his *Oceana*, described him as one of those virtuosi, "who had talents for magnifying a louse, and diminishing a commonwealth!" If it was then the fashion for the youth of our universities to engage in scientific researches and discussions, it was also the practice of others, as well as Harrington, to ridicule such pursuits as unnecessary or frivolous. But sarcasm and satire had little effect in turning away the minds of eager and discerning men from pursuits which have been deemed honourable and useful in all ages.

A young gentleman thus remarkable for talents and diligence, was a welcome addition to that little band of scientific scholars, who, says Sprat, resorted, "soon after the conclusion of the Civil Wars, to the chamber of Dr. Wilkins, and laid the foundation of the Royal Society for improving of natural knowledge;" and of whom the most distinguished were Dr. Seth Ward, Mr. Boyle, Dr. Wilkins, Dr. Willis, Sir William Petty, Dr. Godard, Dr. Bathurst, Mr. Hooke, and Mr. Matthew Wren, son of the Bishop of Ely. Amid the unsettled days of the Commonwealth, these scholars pursued their inquiries with all the zeal which genius brings to the aid of speculation; drew up descriptions, and made models and drawings of their inventions and discoveries, formed connections with learned societies and individuals abroad, and looking forward to more settled or fortunate times, prepared a draught of the present charter of the Royal Society.

From the first, Wren's success was great in impressing a sense of his talents upon all men he

met with. Oughtred, a learned and eminent mathematician, speaks of him with no common approbation in his tract on Geometrical Dialling, but the youth may be suspected of having purchased this compliment by translating his work into Latin. He early attracted the notice of that excellent judge of all manner of merit, John Evelyn. On his visit to Oxford in July, 1654, Evelyn went to All Souls, he says, where he heard music, voices and theorbos performed by some ingenious scholars, and after dinner visited "that miracle of a youth, Mr. Christopher Wren, nephew to the Bishop of Ely:" in another of his works, the history of Chalcography, he speaks of him as "a rare and early prodigy of universal science." Wren, the year before the visit of Evelyn, had been made Master of Arts and elected into a Fellowship of All Souls. Nor amid all his scientific pursuits had romance refused to do her part to put his name before the world. In Aubrey's account of "divine dreams of some that he had the honour to be intimately acquainted with, persons worthy of belief," he relates the following singular legend, had, he says, from the lips of Wren himself. "Sir Christopher, then a young Oxford scholar, being at his father's house at Knoyle, in Wiltshire, in the year 1651, dreamed that he saw a fight in a great market-place, which he knew not, where some were flying and others pursuing; and among those who fled he saw a kinsman of his who went into Scotland with the king's army. They heard in the country that the king was come into England, but whereabouts he was they could not tell. The next

night his kinsman came to his father's house at Knoyle, and was the first who brought the news of Charles the Second's defeat at Worcester."

In his twenty-fourth year his name had gone over Europe, and he was considered as one of that band of eminent men whose discoveries were raising the fame of English science. He assisted in perfecting, if he did not invent, the barometer; Derham, who gives an account of the philosophical experiments of Hooke the controversial contemporary of Newton, says, that the barometer was invented by Torricelli, the pupil of Galileo, in 1643; yet the real use of it, he observes, and the fact that it was the gravitation of the atmosphere which raised up the quicksilver, which Torricelli and the learned abroad had only before suspected, were first proved by Boyle through a course of experiments suggested by Wren.* The author of *Parentalia* accuses Oldenburg, a scientific Saxon of respectable family, and secretary to "The Club," of having "sent to foreign parts divers of the inventions and original experiments of Wren, which were afterwards unfairly claimed by others as the inventors, and published under their

* The share which Wren had in the discovery, is briefly stated in the Register Books of the Royal Society; some one having queried "how this experiment of the different pressure of the atmosphere came first to be thought of, it was related that it was first propounded by Sir Christopher Wren, in order to examine Mous. Des Cartes's hypothesis, whether the passing by of the body of the moon presses upon the air and, consequently, also upon the body of the water; and that the first trial thereof was made at Mr. Boyle's chamber in Oxford."

names;" and he probably expresses in these words the belief or suspicion of his father.

The industry and talent of Wren were rewarded, on the retirement of Hooke, with the Professorship of Astronomy in Gresham College, August 7, 1657. For this station he was doubtless well prepared by a long course of education and experiments, and that no allurements might be wanting, he prepared inaugural orations in English and Latin, and spared neither learning nor study to render them worthy of his high name. Of the excellence of his Latin let the learned speak—of his English version, preserved in Parentalia, I shall transcribe enough to show that at five-and-twenty he was beset by much the same sins of composition as at fifteen—"Looking with respectful awe," says the Professor, "on this great and eminent auditory, while here I spy some of the politer genii of our age, here some of our patricians, there many choicely learned in the mathematical sciences, and every where those that are more judges than auditors, I cannot but with juvenile blushes betray that which I must apologise for. And indeed I must seriously fear lest I should appear immaturely covetous of reputation in daring to ascend the chair of astronomy, and to usurp that big word of demonstration, *dico*, with which, while the humble orator insinuates only, the imperious mathematician commands assent; when it would better have suited the bashfulness of my years to have worn out more lustra in a Pythagorean silence."

He is a little more natural when he proceeds to unfold his subject; but indeed his matter is always excellent; his manner alone can ever

be described as affected and stately. He has a sufficient sense of the importance of astronomy. "It were frivolous to tell you, how much astronomy elevates herself, inasmuch as her subject—the beauteous heavens—infinite in extension, pure and subtle and sempiternal in matter; glorious in their starry ornaments, of which every one affords various cause of admiration, most rapid yet most regular—most harmonious in their motions; in every thing to a wise counsellor dreadful and majestic—doth precede either the low or the uncertain subjects of other sciences. It were pedantic to tell you of the affinity of our souls to heaven—of our erected countenances given us on purpose for astronomical speculations; or to acquaint you that Plato commended it in his commonwealths. I might be too verbose should I instance this particularly in showing how much the mathematical wits of this age have excelled the ancients (who pierced but to the bark and outside of things) in handling particular disquisitions of nature, in clearing up history, and fixing chronology. For mathematical demonstrations, being built upon the impregnable foundations of geometry and arithmetic, are the only truths that can sink into the mind of man void of all uncertainty; and all other discourses participate more or less of truth, according as their subjects are more or less capable of mathematical demonstration."

The oration concludes with the following singular flight in praise of London. "I must needs celebrate it as a city particularly favoured by the celestial influences, a Pandora on which each planet hath contributed something; Saturn hath given it divinity,

and to reckon an earlier era, *ab urbe condita*, than Rome itself. Jupiter hath made it the perpetual seat of kings and of courts of justice, and filled it with unexhausted wealth. Mars has armed it with power. The sun looks most benignly on it, for what city in the world, so vastly populous, doth yet enjoy so healthy an air, so fertile a soil? Venus hath given it a pleasant situation, watered by the most amene river in Europe; and beautified with the external splendour of myriads of fine buildings. Mercury hath nourished it in mechanical arts and trade to be equal with any city in the world; nor hath forgotten to furnish it abundantly with liberal sciences, amongst which I must congratulate this city that I find in it so general a relish of mathematics and the libera philosophia in such a measure as is hardly to be found in the academies themselves. Lastly, the Moon, the lady of the waters, seems amorously to court this place. For to what city doth she invite the ocean so far inland as here?—communicating by the Thames whatever the banks of Maragnon or Indus can produce; and at the reflux warming the frigid zones with our cloth; and sometimes carrying and returning safe those carines that have encompassed the whole globe. And now since navigation brings with it both wealth, splendour, politeness and learning, what greater happiness can I wish the Londoners than that they may continually deserve to be deemed, as formerly, the great navigators of the world; that they always may be what the Tyrians first, and then the Rhodians, were called, “the Masters of the Sea,” and that London may be an *Alexandria*, the established residence of mathematical arts.”

One phrase in this inaugural discourse is quite at variance, I fear, with the assigned date of its composition—there is a touch of the Restoration in it. It would have required more nerve than Wren ever possessed to describe London in 1657, during the rigid rule of the Protector, as “the perpetual seat of kings.” While Cromwell lived, he extended protection to learned and ingenious men; and “The Club,” as the scientific society of Wadham College was now called, pursued their speculations in security, and Wren delivered his weekly lecture on astronomy, without fear of interruption. The death of Oliver scattered dismay and disunion through all ranks. “The Club,” says Sprat, “was dispersed by the public distractions of the year 1658, and the place of their meetings became a quarter for soldiers.” The same reverend prelate gives a lugubrious enough account, in a letter to Wren, of the defilements which his College suffered from the Parliamentary troopers; it was written immediately after the death of the Protector. “This day I went to visit Gresham College, but found the place in such a nasty condition, so defiled, and the smells so infernal, that if you should now come to make use of your tube, it would be like Dives looking out of hell into heaven. Dr. Goddard, of all your colleagues, keeps possession, which he could never be able to do, had he not before prepared his nose for camp perfumes by his voyage into Scotland, and had he not such excellent restoratives in his cellars. The soldiers, by their violence which they put on the Muses’ seats, have made themselves odious to all the ingenious world, and, if we pass by their having undone the nation,

this crime we shall never be able to forgive them; and as for what concerns you, they have now proved that their pretensions to religion were all feigned, since by hindering your lectures they have committed so manifest a mischief against heaven."

Less stormy times, however, were at hand. Richard Cromwell was deposed, and Charles Stuart restored; the troopers withdrew from cathedrals and colleges, learning and science lifted their heads anew, and the Royal Society was established. On the 28th of November, 1660, Wren, after having delivered a lecture in Gresham College, retired with Lord Brouncker, the Hon. Robert Boyle, Sir Robert Moray, Sir Paul Neile, Dr. Wilkins, Dr. Goddard, Dr. Petty, Mr. Rooke, and Mr. Hill, into the professor's apartment, where they discussed the proposed foundation of a college or society for the promotion of physico-mathematical and experimental learning. Some of those gentlemen, Moray in particular, had been companions of the king's exile; others, as our readers will observe, were original associates of Wren at Wadham College, and mostly his seniors. Charles, himself not an unskilful geometrician, warmly supported the formation of a scientific society; and Wren was desired by his brethren to prepare the draught of the preamble.

The exordium

" In loftiness of sound is rich,"

and it is easy to fancy how the royal profligate must have smiled, as he uttered the pious language which his learned subjects put into his mouth. "Whereas,

amongst our royal hereditary titles, to which, by Divine Providence and the loyalty of our good subjects, we are now happily restored, nothing appears to us more august or more suitable to our pious disposition than that of father of our country, a name of indulgence as well as dominion; wherein we would imitate the benignity of heaven, which in the same shower yields thunder and violets, and no sooner shakes the cedars, but dissolving the clouds drops fatness:—We, therefore, out of paternal care of our people, resolve, together with those laws which tend to the well administration of government and the people's allegiance to us, inseparably to join the supreme law of Salus Populi, that obedience may be manifestly not only the public but private felicity of every subject, and the great concern of his satisfactions and enjoyments in this life. The way to so happy a government, we are sensible, is in no manner more facilitated than by promoting of useful arts and sciences, which, upon mature inspection, are found to be the basis of civil communities and free governments, and which gather multitudes by an Orphean charm into cities, and connect them in companies; that so, by laying in a stock as it were of several arts and methods of industry, the whole body may be supplied by a mutual commerce of each other's peculiar faculties, and, consequently, that the various miseries and toils of this frail life may be by as many various expedients ready at hand be remedied or alleviated, and wealth and plenty diffused in just proportion to every one's industry, that is to every one's deserts. And whereas we are well informed that a

competent number of persons of eminent learning, ingenuity, and honour, concurring in their inclinations and studies towards this employment, have for some time accustomed themselves to meet weekly, and orderly to confer about the hidden causes of things, with a design to establish certain, and correct uncertain theories in philosophy; and by their labours in the disquisition of nature to prove themselves real benefactors to mankind; and that they have already made a considerable progress by divers useful and remarkable discoveries, inventions, and experiments in the improvement of mathematics, mechanics, astronomy, navigation, physic, and chemistry, we have determined to grant our royal favour, patronage, and all due encouragement to this illustrious assembly, and so beneficial and laudable an enterprize."

A Royal Society, which undertook to perform so much, thought it necessary to attempt something, and accordingly Wren was desired to make his preparations ready for the experiments upon pendulums, and also, at the king's request, to consider with Dr. Petty the philosophy of shipping, and submit their conclusions to the Society. Up to this period, the new theories, inventions, experiments, and mechanic improvements exhibited by Wren at Wadham College and elsewhere, amounted in all to fifty-three. The names of some of these will show the grasp of his mind and the wide range of his studies: 1. Hypothesis of the moon's libration in solid. 2. A new projection goniscope. 3. To find whether the earth moves. 4. The weather-wheel. 5. The weather-clock. 6. Perpetual motion, or weather-wheel and weather-clock com-

pounded. 7. Balance to weigh without weights. 8. To write in the dark. 9. To write double by an instrument. 10. A scenographical instrument to survey at one station. 11. Several new ways of graving and etching. 12. To weave many ribbons at once with only turning a wheel. 13. Divers new engines for raising of water. 14. A pavement, harder, fairer, and cheaper than marble. 15. A way of embroidery for beds cheap and fair. 16. New ways of printing. 17. Pneumatic engines, 18. New designs tending to strength, convenience, and beauty in building. 19. Divers new musical instruments. 20. New ways of sailing. 21. The best ways for reckoning time, way, and longitude at sea. 22. Probable ways for making fresh water at sea. 23. Fabric for a vessel of war. 24. To build forts and moles in the sea. 25. Inventions for making and fortifying havens, clearing sands, and to sound at sea. 26. Ways of submarine navigation. 27. New offensive and defensive weapons. 28. Easier ways of whale fishing. 29. Secure and speedier ways of attacking forts than by approaches and galleries. 30. Some inventions in fortification. 31. To pierce a rock in mining. 32. To alter the mass of living matter by injection into the blood. 33. To measure the basis and height of a mountain only by journeying over it. 34. To measure the straight distance by travelling the winding way. 35. A compass to play in a coach or the hand of the rider.

I can offer no conjecture how many of Wren's fifty-three discoveries and inventions are at present in use amongst mankind. The wonderful improvement in the rapidity of printing, and the

invention of copying instruments, have made his double pen unnecessary ; the discoveries of Arkwright have superseded his ribbon machine ; the steam-engine of James Watt will pump more water in five minutes than Wren's best engine would in an hour ; a steam-packet will outstrip all his new ways of sailing ; a line-of-battle ship of the days of William the Fourth would blow a dozen of the first-rates of Charles the Second's time to the moon ; the harbour of Ramsgate and the break-water of Plymouth, conquered from the deep sea by the genius and skill of Rennie, are infinitely more laborious and magnificent than anything the first founders of the Royal Society contemplated ; their " easier way of whale fishing " would have small chance beside the gun-harpoon ; the speediest ways " of attacking and carrying forts " of the year 1660, would never have sufficed for the investing, battering, breaching, and storming of Badajos in a dozen days. No conveyances of the days of the Stuarts could have had any chance of overtaking a telegraphic despatch ; nor would the swiftest coaches that ever traversed the brain of the Royal Society have been formidable rivals to the twelve mile an hour mails of his Majesty's government—to say nothing of the steam coaches of the Liverpool Rail-way. Yet we must not think, inasmuch as we have few or none of his inventions at work with us now, that consequently his labours were vain or unnecessary. Invention yields to invention, and man improves on man, in all things which lie within the dominion of ingenuity and labour. It is otherwise in the realm of imagination : English poetry has not risen since *Shakespeare and Milton*.

Were we to estimate the labours of the Royal Society by the language of some of the finest wits of their own times, we should rank them low enough; but if the Society suffered from the malice of such onlookers, they made reparation to their own wounded feelings by having a very excellent opinion of themselves. Sprat, the eloquent Bishop of Sarum, who, it is said, wrote the life of Cowley to show how many fine things one man of genius could say of another, seems to have written his history of the Royal Society on the same principle. Having lavished his praise in general terms upon the labours of the collective body, he grows weary of indiscriminate approbation, and singles out Wren for the purpose of making experiments in eulogium. "I do it," said the Bishop, "on the mere consideration of justice; for in turning over the registers of the Society, I perceived that many excellent things, whose first invention ought to be ascribed to him, were casually omitted. The first instance I shall mention to which he may lay peculiar claim is the doctrine of Motion, which is the most considerable of all others for establishing the first principles of philosophy by geometrical demonstration. This Des Cartes had before begun, having taken up some experiments of this kind upon conjecture and made them the first foundation of his whole system of nature. But some of his conclusions seeming very questionable, because they were only derived from the gross trials of balls meeting one another at tennis and billiards, Dr. Wren produced before the Society an instrument to represent the effects of all sorts of impulses, made

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between two hand globous bodies, either of equal or of different bigness and swiftness, following or meeting each other, or the one moving, the other at rest. The second work which he has advanced is the History of the Seasons, to comprehend a diary of wind, weather, and other conditions of the air, as to heat, cold, and weight; and also a general description of the year, whether contagious or healthful to men or beasts; with an account of epidemical diseases, of blasts, mildews and other accidents belonging to grain, cattle, fish, fowl, and insects. He has stated the theory of the moon's libration—he has composed a lunar globe representing not only the spots and various degrees of whiteness upon the surface, but the hills, eminences and cavities, moulded in solid work. The globe thus fashioned into a true model of the moon, as you turn it to the light, represents all the menstrual phases, with the variety of appearances that happen from the shadow of the mountains and vallies."

Upon this Lunar Globe fell Monsieur de Sobriere with more venom than wit, and, if we may believe Voltaire, with little knowledge—"he stayed," says the author of *Candide*, "three months in England, and, equally ignorant of its manners and its language, thought fit to publish a relation, which proved but a dull scurrilous satire upon a nation of which he understood nothing."

Wren appears to have suffered many injuries by the appropriation of his inventions both at home and abroad. Dr. Wallis, a member of the Royal Society, a philosopher, mathematician, and divine, lay in wait for the scientific crumbs which

fell from the full tables of his brethren. "Tis certain," says Aubrey, writing in his lifetime, "that Dr. Wallis is a person of real worth, and may stand with much glory on his own basis, and need not be beholden to any man for his fame, of which he is so extremely greedy, that he steals feathers from others to adorn his own cap. He lies at watch for Sir Christopher Wren's discourse, Mr. Robert Hooke, Dr. William Holder, and puts down their notions in his note-book, and then prints it without owning the authors. But though he does an injury to the inventers, he does good to learning in publishing such curious notions, which the author, especially Sir Christopher Wren, might never have leisure to write himself."

Wren was now twenty-eight years old—admired at home and respected abroad, he possessed more than perhaps any other man of his time that conciliating way which smooths the path of genius and renders its ascent in the approbation of mankind easy. His eminence was undisputed amongst the wise and the scientific; and what the learned gave from knowledge, the illiterate bestowed on trust. It appears, however, that amid all his studies, that of architecture, on his proficiency in which his fame with posterity will chiefly rest, had up to this period attracted little general notice. He mentions, indeed, the name of Vitruvius as an authority in Eastern dialling; he speaks of pavement harder and fairer than marble—he numbers amongst his studies inventions in fortification, and new designs tending to strength, convenience, and beauty, in building; but these things had been considered as indicating the casual sports of a dis-

cursive mind, rather than the main-bent of his genius. He had been elected, in 1659, Savilian Professor of Astronomy at Oxford; the king had commanded him to pursue his lunar discoveries, and even exhibited his model of the moon to the courtiers and courtezans in his royal chamber; and he seemed to be in a fair way to fortune as well as fame—before the great source of his permanent reputation had even been surmised.

That he had silently acquired great skill in architecture, and that he had not concealed his acquirements from the king, was now, however, to be made manifest to all. In the year 1661 he was summoned from Oxford to Whitehall to assist Sir John Denham, the poet, in the public works contemplated by his majesty. The talents of Denham lay more in conversation and verse, than in the less imaginative combinations which architecture requires; he had made himself agreeable to the king by a long train of faithful services; nor had it been forgotten that he was appointed to succeed Inigo Jones by Charles the First himself. The new king's mind teemed with magnificent undertakings: the completion of St. Paul's Cathedral—the re-embellishment of Windsor Castle—a new palace at Greenwich, and other works yet in the dawn, demanded the best skill in the kingdom, and after a conversation or two, Wren received his appointment as Denham's coadjutor. For full two years, however, he remained unemployed; it is vain to enquire the reasons of this delay; but intrigue, the curse of courts, had no doubt been busy, for we find that Charles proposed to rid himself of his presence by a most ingenious expedient. The

town of Tangier having been ceded as the marriage portion of the Infanta of Portugal, a commission was offered to Wren to survey and direct the defences of the harbour and citadel, with an ample salary, a dispensation from the duties of his professorship, and a reversionary grant of the post of surveyor general. He declined, however, to deport himself to that deadly place, and thus eluding obscure and useless labours and an untimely grave, he returned to his studies in astronomy and mathematics, and distinguished himself in the Royal Society by experiments on the air pump, in engraving, and, more than all, by publishing his *Prælectiones Astronomicae*.

"But drawing lines in Sir Henry Savile's school," as Sprat observes, in one of his amusing letters, "was not altogether of so great a concernment for the benefit of Christendom as the building of St. Paul's." That ancient church, though partly restored by Inigo Jones, and adorned by his splendid Corinthian portico, still showed such symptoms of decay as alarmed the dean and chapter, and on their intercession, Wren at length received a commission under the great seal to survey the whole fabric, and make and submit plans for its complete restoration. In the prosecution of this survey, he was surprised at the carelessness of the original architects of the edifice; the arches and intercolumniations varied considerably in size, and from the sinking as he imagined of the foundations, the summits of the columns and walls were not uniform or level. The building too had been partly constructed of old materials, which William the Conqueror had given out of the ruins of the Palatine tower, and though

they were soldered together by means of a cement rivalling Kentish-rag in hardness, the more modern parts of the superstructure, reared by hands less skilful than those of the Normans, had yielded to time and were hastening to decay. The whole had suffered seriously during the days of the Commonwealth; the restorations of Inigo had been suspended by order of parliament; the scaffolds taken down, and the materials disposed of by auction. "The body of the church," says Dugdale, "was converted to a horse quarter for soldiers; the beautiful pillars of Inigo Jones's portico were shamefully hewed and defaced for support of the timber work of shops, for seamstresses and other trades; for which sordid uses that stately colonnade was wholly taken up and defiled. Upon taking away the inner scaffolds which supported the arched vaults in order to their late intended repair, the whole roof of the south cross tumbled down, and the rest in several places of the church did after fall, so that the structure continued a woeful spectacle of ruin till the happy restoration."

The commission which authorized the completion of St. Paul's was signed in 1663, and Wren immediately proceeded to clear away the shops and sheds which were attached to the church and filled the portico; he moved off all the rubbish, searched into the various decays, made all his designs to scale, and proceeded to look around him for sufficient quantities of stone and timber that the work might go on without interruption. All this, however, was not to be done without numerous consultations and perplexing delays. His ideas were at first too magnificent and ex-

pensive to meet the desires of the clergy, or even of the king ; and he had to cut his plans down, and take what he called the middle way “ neglecting nothing that may conduce to a decent uniform beauty, or durable firmness in the fabric, or suitableness to the expense already laid out on the outside.” The clergy desired only to patch, but Wren, who wished to restore, showed, in an elaborate account which he prepared of the state of the church, that with many places patching would not do. The roof was too heavy, and by a continual pressure against the abutments had pushed the chief pillars; though eleven foot diameter, six inches out of the perpendicular ; it therefore required removal. The tower from summit to foundation was a continued cluster of deformities which no partial changes could alter into elegance ; and little seemed sound and good and worthy, save the Corinthian portico built by Inigo Jones, “ which being,” says Wren, “ an entire and excellent piece, gave great reputation to the work in the first repairs, and occasioned fair contributions.” He therefore counselled that the restoration should commence by converting the tower into a dome, of which he had prepared the plans. “ This will be an absolute piece,” he continues, “ of itself—will make by far the most splendid appearance ; may be of present use for the auditory—make all the external repairs perfect, and become an ornament to his majesty’s most excellent reign, to the Church of England, and to this great city, which it is a pity in the opinions of our neighbours should longer continue the most undorned of her bigness in the world.” Some of the clerical commissioners, however, refused their

sanction to the removal of the Gothic tower as well as to the change of the roof, and the architect, in order to increase his own knowledge in art, and give those authorities leisure to grow unanimous, passed into France. This was in the year 1665.

“ He visited France,” says Walpole, “ and unfortunately went no farther. The great number of drawings he made there from their buildings had but too visible influence on some of his own ; but it was so far lucky for Sir Christopher, that Louis XIV. had erected palaces only, no churches ; —St. Paul’s escaped, but Hampton Court was sacrificed to the god of false taste.” Much of this is erroneous. The Dutch taste of King William dictated Hampton Court ; another design, of a better order, though supported by all the influence of Queen Mary, was laid aside : Walpole knew this, for he relates it himself ; and he might also have known that Wren, when abroad, saw some of the works, both civil and ecclesiastical, of the best architects in France. He thus writes to a friend : “ I have busied myself in surveying the most esteemed fabrics in Paris and the country round. The Louvre for awhile was my daily object, where no less than a thousand hands are constantly employed in the works ; some laying mighty foundations, some in raising the stones, columns, entablements, with vast stones by great and useful engines ; others in carving, inlaying of marbles, plastering, painting, gilding : which, altogether, make a school of architecture, the best, probably, at this day, in Europe. The College of the Four Nations is usually admired ; but the artist hath purposely set it ill-favouredly, that he might show his wit in struggling

with an inconvenient situation. Mons. Abbé Charles introduced me to the acquaintance of Bernini, who showed me his designs of the Louvre and of the king's statue. The king's houses I could not miss; Fontainebleau has a stately wildness and vastness, suitable to the desert it stands in; the antique mass of the castle of St. Germain's and the Hanging Gardens are delightfully surprising (I mean to any man of judgment,) for the pleasures below vanish away in the breath that is spent in ascending. The Palace, or, if you please, the Cabinet of Versailles called me twice to view it: the mixtures of brick, stone, blue tile and gold, make it look like a rich livery; not an inch within but is crowded with little curiosities of ornaments; the women, as they make here the language and fashions, and meddle with politics and philosophy, so they sway also in architecture; works of filgrand and little knacks are in great vogue, but building certainly ought to have the attribute of eternal, and therefore the only thing incapable of new fashions. After the incomparable villas of Vaux and Maisons, I shall but name Ruel, Courances, Chilly, Essoane, St. Maur, St. Mande, Issy, Meudon, Rincy, Chantilly, Verneul, Lioncour; all which, and I might add many others, I have surveyed, and that I might not lose the impressions of them, I shall bring you almost all France on paper. Bernini's design of the Louvre I would have given my skin for, but the old reserved Italian gave me but a few minutes view; it was five little designs in paper, for which he hath received as many thousand pistoles: I had only time to copy it in my fancy and

memory." At this time the façade of the church of St. Roche, by Mercier, the façade and cupola of the chapel of the College of the Four Nations, by Le Veau, were finished, and the chapel and cupola of the Invalides, by Mansart, were nearly complete; and the prince who had erected those splendid ecclesiastical structures cannot, surely, be reproached with having thought of palaces only.

On Wren's return to England, with "all France on paper," and his own notions in architecture strengthened and confirmed, he wished to proceed with the restoration of St. Paul's cathedral. His absence had not, however, brought unanimity or decision to the counsels of his brother commissioners; on the contrary, Chichely and Pratt still opposed with the most obstinate perseverance the mode of restoration proposed by Wren. They were of opinion, that the pillars, which the roof had thrust six inches out of the perpendicular, had been built so by the original architect *for effect in the perspective*, and that the restoration so much desired was, therefore, uncalled for. Some of the biographers have told us that the calm reasoning of the architect at length triumphed over all opposition; but this was not so. A sterner arbiter than reason, the Great Fire of London, interposed in the controversy, and closed it. "I have named St. Paul's," says John Evelyn, "and truly not without admiration as oft as I recal to mind, as frequently I do, the sad and deplorable condition it was in; when, after it had been made a stable of horses and a den of thieves, you, with other gentlemen and myself, were by King Charles named commissioners to survey the dilapidations, in order to a speedy re-

paration. You will not, I am sure, forget the *struggle* we had with some who were for patching it up any how, so that the steeple might stand, instead of new building, which it altogether needed; when, to put an end to the contest, five days after, that dreadful conflagration happened, out of whose ashes this phoenix, new St. Paul's, is risen, and was by Providence designed for you."

On Sunday night, the 2d of September, 1666, this memorable fire commenced on Fish-street-hill, and the east wind, blowing dry and strong, swept the flames onward like a deluge. The busiest, fairest, and thickest part of the city emitted so bright a flame, that no candles were needed at midnight for ten miles round. "There was nothing heard or seen," says Evelyn, who was present, "but crying-out and lamentation, running about like distracted creatures, without at all attempting to save even their goods, such a strange consternation there was upon them; so, as it burned both in breadth and length, the churches, public halls, exchanges, hospitals, monuments and ornaments—leaping, after a prodigious manner, from house to house, and from street to street, at great distances one from the other; for the heat, with a long set of fair and warm weather, had even ignited the air and prepared the materials to conceive the fire, which devoured, after an incredible manner, houses, furniture, and every thing. All the sky was of a fiery aspect, like the top of a burning oven, and the light seen above forty miles for many nights." Having consumed the connecting streets, the fire, aided by the scaffolding, seized on St. Paul's Cathedral, and soon its lofty tower

and long-extending roofs threw up a flame bright and high above the surrounding conflagration. The massy stones bursting in pieces with intense heat, scattered the fragments in all directions ;—the melted lead poured down on the pavement in streams ; and the very streets glowed so fiery that men were unable to walk with safety upon them. “The pavement was so hot,” says Evelyn, “that it burnt the soles off my shoes.”

When the fire was extinguished, and order restored, the commissioners for the re-edification of the Cathedral renewed their labours and their bickerings. Whilst the embers of the church were scarcely cool, they proceeded with their examination—the tower, the subject formerly fertile in controversies, was now visibly tottering : even the Corinthian portico of Inigo Jones was shattered to pieces ; for the vast blocks which composed the columns and frieze were split in every direction ; the vaulted roof in falling had forced its way through the arches of the church of St. Faith, where books, scarce and old, to the value of an hundred and fifty thousand pounds, were destroyed ; the whole walls were shaken to the foundations ; immense masses of stone seemed to have been half melted with the heat ; all the ornaments, columns, capitals, friezes, and sculptured projections were entirely destroyed, and the lead that had covered by measurement an extent of six acres was to be sought for in the ruins and in the streets. Wren saw at once that to repair was impracticable, and immediately conceived in his mind the rudiments of that majestic structure which is still to this day the chief ornament of the country ; but sundry

of his brother commissioners still hankered after repatching the old, and succeeded so far that they prevailed on Wren to waive his own views, though he did so with great reluctance, and not without warning them of evil consequences. Plans were accordingly made out; but with so little spirit did the architect proceed that two whole years were spent in clearing away the rubbish, taking down some parts of the shattered walls, assorting the stones, and repairing the Convocation House, that divine service might not be interrupted. Having accomplished these preliminary matters, they began to case with new stone those immense pillars which Wren had pronounced to be out of the perpendicular, and which now, weakened by fire, were doubly dangerous. But before the third great pillar was cased the masons were interrupted in their work by an event which Dr. Sancroft, Dean of St. Paul's, (afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury,) communicated to the architect, in these words, dated 25 April, 1668 :

“As they said of old *prudencia est quædam divinationis*, so science, at the height you are master of it, is prophetic too. What you whispered in my ear at your last coming hither is now come to pass. Our work at the west end of St. Paul's is fallen about our ears. Your quick eye discerned the walls and pillars gone off from their perpendiculars, and I believe other defects too, which are now exposed to every common observer. About a week since we being at work about the third pillar from the west end, on the south side, which we had new cased with stone where it was most defective, almost up to the chapitre, a great weight falling from

the high wall so disabled the vaulting of the side aisle that it threatened a sudden ruin, so visibly that the workmen presently removed, and the next night the whole pillar fell, and carried scaffolds and all to the very ground. This breach has discovered two great defects in Inigo Jones's work; one, that his new case of stone in the upper walls, massy as it is, was not set upon the upright of the pillars, but upon the core of the groins of the vaulting; the other, that there were no key stones at all to tie it to the old work; and all this being very heavy with the Roman ornaments on the top of it, and being already so far gone outward, cannot possibly stand long. In fine, it is the opinion of all men that we can proceed no further at the west end. What we are to do next is the present deliberation, in which you are so absolutely and indispensably necessary to us that we can do nothing—resolve on nothing without you. 'Tis therefore that in my Lord of Canterbury's name, and by his order, we most earnestly desire your presence and assistance with all possible speed. You will think fit I know to bring with you those excellent draughts and designs you formerly favoured us with, and in the mean time consider what to advise that may be for the satisfaction of his majesty and the whole nation."

Wren received this at Oxford; he wrote immediately, recommending the total removal of the reliques of the old fabric, and the erection of a cathedral of a classic character, worthy of the taste and dignity of the country. It will scarcely be credited, that, the piecing and patching system was continued notwithstanding at the manifest hazard

of many lives, and was not relinquished till the crumbling walls again admonished them of their danger and their folly. At last, on the 2d July, 1668, Sancroft informed Wren that his letter was successful, and that the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishops of London and Oxford had resolved to have a design handsome and noble, worthy of the reputation of the city and the nation, to the furtherance of which they would gladly contribute.

The science of Wren and his minute scrutiny of the old Cathedral had united in preparing him for this result, and he was far sooner ready to propose than the king and commissioners were to determine. To convince the country that to raze the ruined fabric to the foundation was the only resource left, he drew up a clear and unanswerable account of the damage which the fire had done, and, to show that a remedy was at hand, made several designs and models of a magnificent church, surpassing in classic grandeur all other structures in the kingdom, and rivalling all temples ancient and modern. This document represented that the Cathedral, from the first, was ill shaped and disproportioned, and consequently weak; that the main pillars, massive as they seemed, had never been equal to the burden of the arches; and that in the masonry of the walls no through-band stones, or headers, had been employed to unite the outer and inner courses together. The stone with which Inigo Jones had cased the mouldering walls, though built upright, had swerved from the perpendicular through the impulse of the fire; and even his grand Corinthian portico was "nearly deprived of

its beauty and strength, which time and weather could no more have overthrown than the natural rocks, so great and good were the materials, and so skilfully were they laid, after a true Roman manner." The designs and the report were laid before the authorities, and, without deciding upon the former, the king and council, on the 20th of July, issued orders to "take down the walls and clear the ground to the foundation in such manner as shall be judged sufficient to make room for a new choir, of a fair and decent fabric, near or upon the old foundations." It was likewise resolved, that a tax should be imposed upon all coal coming into the port of London, the produce to be applied to the raising of the new structure. The restorations of Inigo Jones had been carried on by voluntary contributions, the king himself bearing all the charge of the grand portico. The wits of the time said, that as coal-smoke had formerly corroded the walls, and coal-fire had lately destroyed them, it was no more than just that coals should restore them again—while some of the citizens, who had not the sense to be satisfied with the logic of an epigram, murmured not a little—and the remnant of Independents, like the troopers of Wallenstein, thought it hard to have

"Churches to guard which they longed to burn."

The removal of the ruins of St. Paul's forms an instructive chapter in architecture. The walls, eighty feet perpendicular, and five feet thick, and the tower, at least two hundred feet high, though cracked and swayed and tottering, stuck obstinately together, and their removal, stone by

stone, was found tedious and dangerous. At first, men with picks and levers loosened the stones above, then canted them over, and labourers moved them away below, and piled them into heaps. The want of room (for between the walls of the church and those of the houses there lay a street only some thirty feet wide) made this way slow and unsafe ; several men lost their lives, and the piles of stone grew steep and large. " Thus, however, Wren proceeded," says his son, " gaining every day more room, till he came to the middle tower, that bore the steeple, the remains of the tower being near two hundred feet high, the labourers were afraid to work above, thereupon he concluded to facilitate this work by the use of gunpowder. He dug a hole down by the side of the north-west pillar of the tower, the four pillars of which were each about fourteen feet diameter ; when he had dug to the foundation, he then, with crows and tools made on purpose, wrought a hole two feet square hard into the centre of the pillar ; there he placed a little deal box containing eighteen pounds of powder and no more ; a cane was fixed to the box with a quick match, as gunners call it, within the cane, which reached from the box to the ground above, and along the ground was laid the train of powder with a match ; after the mine was carefully closed up again with stone and mortar to the top of the ground, he then observed the effect of the blow. This little quantity of powder not only lifted up the whole angle of the tower, with two great arches which rested upon it, but also two adjoining arches of the aisles and all above them ; and this it seemed to do somewhat leisurely, cracking the

walls to the top, lifting visibly the whole weight above nine inches, which suddenly jumping down made a great heap of ruins in the place without scattering; it was half a minute before the heap opened in two or three places and emitted some smoke. By this description may be observed the incredible force of powder; eighteen pounds of which lifted up three thousand tons, and saved the work of a thousand labourers. The fall of so great a weight from an height of two hundred feet gave a concussion to the ground that the inhabitants around took for an earthquake." During Wren's absence, his superintendent made a larger hole, put in a greater charge of gunpowder, and, neglecting to fortify the mouth of the mine, applied the match. The explosion accomplished the object; but one stone was displaced with such violence, that it flew to the opposite side of the church-yard, smashed in a window where some women were sitting, and alarmed the whole neighbourhood so much, that they united in petitioning that no more powder should be used.

Wren yielded to their solicitations, and resolved to try the effect of that ancient and formidable engine the battering ram. "He took a strong mast," says his son, "of about forty feet long, arming the bigger end with a great spike of iron fortified with bars along the mast and ferrels; this mast in two places was hung up by one ring with strong tackle, and so suspended level to a triangle-prop, such as they weigh great guns with; thirty men, fifteen on a side, vibrated this machine to and again, and beat in one place against the wall the whole day; they believed it was to little pur-

pose, not discerning any immediate effect ; he bid them not despair, but proceed another day : on the second day, the wall was perceived to tremble at the top, and in a few hours it fell."

Amidst all this confusion of masses of old stone, and hills of rubbish, the architect had to clear the way for the foundations of the future cathedral. This he ingeniously accomplished by means of smooth and level scaffolds, extending over the piles of old materials ; on those he drew his ground plan, and then by means of plummets lined out exactly the position of the walls below.

To prepare the foundations for a building as massive as St. Paul's required judgment and sagacity. The old walls being completely rooted out, the ground was found to be hard and dry, and all was expected to be sure and solid. At the north-east corner, however, of the dome, he came upon a pit, out of which the potters of old had dug their loam ; it had been loosely filled up with broken urns and fragments of pottery, and was found to be of considerable depth. After penetrating through this layer of potters' loam, Wren discovered there was no other good solid ground to be got till he came to the low-water mark of the Thames, at least forty feet deeper. His assistants proposed to pile, which he refused, saying, " Piles may last for ever when always in water ; but if they are driven into sand, and kept between wet and dry, they will rot. I desire to build for eternity." He caused his workmen to sink a pit eighteen feet square till they reached the sand and shells of low-water mark, where they found what he called " a firm sea-beach," confirming his opinion, that the sea had

formerly flowed uninterrupted between Camberwell on one side, and the hills of Essex on the other. He bored through this beach till he came to the original clay, raised on that a pier of solid masonry, within fifteen feet of the present surface, and then, turning a short arch from the pier to the line of foundation, rendered all level and sure. He next bethought himself of the proper kind of stone for such a structure. The best quality and the greatest dimensions required to be combined, and inquiries were made at the chief quarries in England, particularly those of Portland and Roach Abbey. If the materials led our ancestors into the invention of the Gothic, there can be no doubt that the same thing ruled the proportions of many classic structures. Bramante knew that the quarries of Tivoli would yield blocks sufficiently large for his columns at St. Peter's of nine feet diameter, but could not supply masses broad enough for his projecting cornices, he was obliged, therefore, to diminish the proper proportions of the members. Inigo Jones, in his portico of St. Paul's, had proportioned the whole to the dimensions of the stone which Portland quarry could produce; and it was with such examples before him that Wren proceeded in his examination. Portland, he found, produced the largest blocks, and orders were issued by government, to whom the isle belongs, commanding proper stones to be quarried. Portland stone was in those days hard and solid, and, what was as valuable, very equal in texture; the Roach Abbey rock surpasses in durability all other stone save granite, and retains its surface and sharpness of angle to the last; but it lay too distant.

The removal of the old walls and the sinking of the new foundations proceeded slowly. Men were not obliged to toil so hard in those days for their bread as they are now : their periods of rest were longer, their holidays more frequent ; yet if Wren and his men wrought slow, the king and the clergy seemed resolved to rival them : the fire of London happened in 1666, and it was not till 1675, full nine years after, that the approved plan was returned to the hands of the patient architect, with the long expected authority to proceed with the cathedral. It is likely that the tardiness with which the coal duty at first came in had its share in this tedious delay.

Fortune has been called the mother of Fame ; and, no question, the fire of London, by sweeping away such a city with all its civil and ecclesiastical buildings, prepared for Wren's genius a nobler field than he could otherwise have hoped for ; his fame otherwise might have had to rest on some petty patch-work to the Cathedral, or a new wing to Whitehall : but the carelessness of a citizen enabled him to build the noblest church in Europe save one, and to plan a more splendid city than the modern world at least has ever seen.

The King desired Wren, in addition to his designs for St. Paul's, to make an accurate survey and drawing of the whole area and confines of the waste metropolis ; and day succeeding day, amidst ashes and ruins, did this indefatigable man labour to fulfil his task. Having made his measurement and surveyed the inequalities of the ground, laid down carefully the sinuous lines of the river, and considered what the capital of such an empire as Britain ought to

ling those of Greece or Rome, and dwelling-houses with fronts like palaces, proposed by the architect. What was lovely to look on was expensive to build—dissensions concerning the merits of the plan arose among them. Many liked narrow streets, some crooked lanes, others blind courts; and numbers thought a crowded city was in itself beautiful—wide streets, they said, wasted ground, banished the busy and enlivening appearance of trade, and would make London look like a city of lords rather than of merchants. “The chief difficulty,” says the son of Wren, “arose from the obstinate perverseness of great part of the citizens to alter their old properties, and recede from building their houses again on the old ground and foundations; as also the distrust in many and unwillingness to give up their properties, though for a time only, into the hands of public trustees or commissioners till they might be dispensed to them again with more advantage to themselves than could otherwise have been effected. By these means the opportunity, in a great degree, was lost of making the new city the most magnificent as well as commodious for health and trade of any upon earth; and the surveyor being thus confined and cramped in his designs, it required no small labour and skill to mould the city in the manner it has since appeared.” King Charles presented this new plan to the council, and said it had his approbation; but that monarch was never obstinate in any thing for his country’s good; opposition started up on all sides—petty interests prevailed against public welfare, and the plan, chopped and changed and re-modelled till hardly one vestige of the original

outline remained, received the sanction of all concerned save of the architect, who was, however, obliged to concur, and see in silence the new city rising up with streets confined and narrow, and house huddled upon house, mean or plain or neat, according to the pleasure or purse of the proprietor.

The Monument, once the object of general praise from its loftiness and beauty, and till now the subject of censure, even among Protestants, from that inscription of which the Papists always complained, was the offspring of this period, and realized one of those decorations which Wren had lavished upon his air-drawn Babylon. This lofty column was ordered by the Commons in commemoration of the extinction of the great fire and the rebuilding of the city; it stands on the site of the old church of Saint Margaret, and within an hundred feet of the spot where the conflagration began. It is of the Doric order, and rises from the pavement to the height of two hundred and two feet, containing within its shaft a spiral stair of black marble of 345 steps. The plinth is twenty-one feet square, and ornamented with sculpture by Cibber, representing the flames subsiding on the appearance of King Charles; beneath his horse's feet a figure, meant to personify religious malice, crawls out vomiting fire, and above is that unjustifiable legend which called forth the indignant lines of Pope:—

“Where London's column pointing to the skies,
Like a tall bully, lifts its head and lies.”*

* The original inscription, ascribing to the Roman Catholics the fire which consumed the city, obliterated during the

The shaft, deeply-fluted, measures fifteen feet diameter at the base, and diminishing according to the proportion of its order, terminates in a capital, crowned with a balcony, from the centre of which rises a circular pedestal, bearing a flaming urn of gilt bronze. The various notions of the architect concerning a suitable termination, are worth relating. "I cannot," said he, "but commend a large statue as carrying much dignity with it, and that which would be more valuable in the eyes of foreigners and strangers. It hath been proposed to cast such a one in brass of twelve feet high for a thousand pounds. I hope we may find those who will cast a figure for that money of fifteen feet high, which will suit the greatness of the pillar, and is, as I take it, the largest at this day extant. And this would undoubtedly be the noblest finishing that can be found answerable to so goodly a work in all men's judgments." The King preferred a large ball of metal gilt. A phoenix was introduced in the wooden model of the pillar, but afterwards rejected by the architect himself, "because it would be costly, not easily understood at that heighth, and worse understood at a distance; and, lastly, dangerous by reason of the sail the spread wings would carry in the wind." A statue of Charles, fifteen feet high, on a pedestal of two hundred, would have looked small and mean; the King resisted the compliment. This work, begun in 1671, was not completed till 1677; stone was scarce, and the restoration of London

reign of James the Second, and restored with much pomp on the coming of King William, is now ordered, I hear, to be *erased* by the Common Council. Fiction is truth and truth *is* fiction as party prevails!

and its Cathedral swallowed up the produce of the quarries. "It was at first used," says Elmes, "by the members of the Royal Society for astronomical experiments, but was abandoned on account of its vibrations being too great for the nicety required in their observations. This occasioned a report that it was unsafe; but its scientific construction may bid defiance to the attacks of all but earthquakes for centuries."

Of many works, conceived and carried on about the same time, it is not easy to settle the exact precedence. The restoration of St. Paul's is the first great undertaking to which we have the name of Wren publicly attached; but there can be little doubt that he was employed at least as early on the Theatre at Oxford. This, at all events, was the first of his designs which he saw realized; for it was opened on the 9th of July, 1669, with great solemnity, and followed, says the author of *Parentalia*, "by a most splendid act, such as had not been equalled in the memory of man. The munificent founder (Gilbert Sheldon, Archbishop of Canterbury) honoured the architect on this first essay of his skill with the present of a golden cup, and by his statutes appointed him, jointly with the Vice-Chancellor, perpetual curator of the fabric." The finished work, splendid as it is, cannot, however, be compared to the original design. Wren planned a structure bearing no small resemblance to the Theatre of Marcellus, yet exceedingly bold and original nevertheless; "but he was obliged," says his son, "to put a stop to the bolder strokes of his pencil, and confine the expense within the limits of a private purse." This building is fa-

mous for a roof, constructed out of small pieces of timber on the truest geometrical principles. The space which this celebrated piece of workmanship covers, without the aid of columns, is eighty feet long and seventy broad, and as beams could not be obtained sufficiently long to go the whole extent, the horizontal portion is composed of two tier of pieces, four above and three below, curiously dovetailed into each other, and then strapped close with bolts and bands of iron into the perpendicular posts which rise up, three in number, to join the sloping timber of the roof. The level line of wood below, which forms the flat ceiling, is supported by the construction of the diagonal spars, which have all the effect of an arch. Fifty years after its erection, a great weight of books having been injudiciously attached to this singular ceiling, some of the timbers yielded, and the rumour ran that it was falling: but experienced men were employed to examine it, and they pronounced it sound and good, though it had sunk down in the middle eleven inches.

We have related the difficulties which Wren encountered in commencing the restoration of St. Paul's, and how his plans for rebuilding London were changed by the caprice of the citizens from beauty to deformity: it would appear from a letter to Dr. Bathurst, the President, dated 22d of June, 1665, that his works at Trinity College, Oxford, were not completed without much of the same sort of controversy. "I am convinced," says he, "with Machiavel, or some unlucky fellow—'tis no matter whether I quote true—that the world is generally governed by words. I perceive the name of a

quadrangle will carry it with those who you say may possibly be your benefactors, though it be much the worse situation for the chambers, and the beauty of the college, and of the particular pile of building. If I had skill in enchantment to represent the pile first in one view, then in another, that the difference might be evidently seen, I should certainly make them of my opinion. But to be sober; if any body, as you say, will pay for a quadrangle, there is no dispute to be made; let them have a quadrangle, though a lame one, somewhat like a three-legged table." One of the chief miseries of an architect's life springs out of the changes, which presumption more frequently than knowledge compels him to make in his designs. Ordinary eyes cannot see the derangement of true harmonious proportion which trivial alterations cause in architectural plans; they are incapable of perceiving that symmetry in a work of art, as in the human frame, may be utterly ruined by adding or withdrawing even a very little.

The patience and fortitude of Wren sometimes triumphed over opposition; and he had the address frequently to elude or avert the *improvements* which the self-sufficient aspired to introduce into his designs. He was the better enabled to do this from the great insight he had acquired in the practical departments of architecture—he could discourse like any working-mason or carpenter on the art of cutting stone, rearing walls, and constructing roofs; and this could only be gained by studying at the *banker* and at the *bench*—no reading can supply such intelligence. That he had acquired all this his writings sufficiently prove; and here is another

instance of the extraordinary sagacity of the architect—he saw, amid all his theoretical speculations, the necessity of practical knowledge; and forsaking astronomy for a time, and his labours in the Royal Society, he in a manner apprenticed himself out to the mason and carpenter,—mastering, with the alacrity of genius, the detail of practice in an incredible short space of time. To prove these assertions, I transcribe a few passages from a paper in All Souls' College, Oxford, which explains the design for the beautiful Western Quadrangle of Trinity College, Cambridge, commonly called from its founder Neville's Court. There is no date; the paper was addressed, it is supposed, to the Master of the College, and was accompanied by the plans.

“A building,” says Wren, “of that consideration you go about deserves good care in the design, and able workmen to perform it; and that he who takes the general management upon him may have a prospect of the whole, and make all parts, inside and outside, correspond well together. Fig. 1 shows half the ground-plot of the substruction cloister, and the first flights of the staircases. I have chosen middle pillars and a double portico, and lights outward rather than a middle wall, as being the same expense, more graceful, and according to the manner of the ancients, who made double walls with three rows of pillars, or two rows and a wall, about the forum. Fig. 2 shows half the ground-plot of the upper floor, the entrances from the staircases, and the disposition of the shelves both along the walls and breaking out from the walls, which must needs prove very

convenient and graceful. Fig. 3 shows the face of the building next the court, with the pavilions for the staircases. I chose a double order rather than a single, because a single order must either have been mutilated in its members, or have been very expensive; and if performed, would not have agreed with the lowness of the porches, which would have been too dark, and the solids too gross for the openings. I have given the appearance of arches in the order required, fair and lofty; but I have laid the floor of the library upon the imposts, and have filled the arches with relievos of stone, of which I have seen the effect abroad in good buildings; nor need the mason fear the performance, because the arch discharges the weight, and I shall show him a firm manner of executing the design. Fig. 4 shows half the outside of the building next the river, which I design after a plainer manner, to be performed mostly with ashlar. Fig. 5 shows half the section the longest way, and discovers the inside of the staircase, the portico below the library, the side door from the old building, the division of the ceiling and the roof. The stairs are so carried, and are made of marble or hard stone, with iron rails; and if the middle alley of the library were paved with small marbles, you would much consult the quiet of the place; and for the cleanness of the books from dust, the cells may be floored with wainscot. I have added thin pilasters to the walls, which are easily performed in rendering upon brick work. The cornices divide the ceiling into three rows of large square panels, answering the pilasters, which will prove the least fret, because in a long room it gives the most agreeable

perspective. Fig. 6 gives the transverse section through the middle arch with the thicknesses of the walls, the manner of the roof and their sides to be compared with the other designs. I have given the ancient form of the roof, which the experience of all ages has found the purest—no other is to be trusted without doubling the thickness of the walls. The statues will be a noble ornament; they are composed of plaster, and there are Flemish artists who will do them cheap. I suppose you have good masons; however, I would willingly take further pains to give all the mouldings in great (full size); we are scrupulous in small matters; and you must pardon us; architects are as great pedants as critics or heralds. Let the mason take his measures and transmit the drawings to me again, and I shall copy out parts of them at large more proper for the use of workmen, and give you a careful estimate of the charges, and return you again the original designs, for in the hands of the workmen they will soon be defaced."

It is evident from these minute explanations, that Wren had mastered the practical difficulties of his art, and that, with other architects of his own days, he regarded sculpture as merely ornamental. To him a statue was as a column forming part of the structure, with which sentiment had nothing to do, and the picturesque every thing. This notion he borrowed from the Gothic, where foliage, fruit, processions of saints, miracles, and Madonnas, including the devil playing on the bagpipes, and imps tumbling with angels in bands and cornices, mingle with the architecture, and blend into one harmonious whole. In the hands of ar-

chitects, sculpture lost all nature and dignity ; and by expressing nothing, remained subordinate to the building which contained it. In the hands of sculptors, statues and groups have asserted a distinct title to notice—but with this serious drawback. Recesses are used as packing boxes to contain whatever marble memorials the rich can pay for : figures six inches high mingle with figures six feet ; groups one inch in relief stand beside those in alto, or in full relief : plain slabs occupy the same line of wall with the richest productions of sculpture ; and all kinds of architecture, from the classic to the Chinese, are scattered about. This entirely confounds the beauty of the building, and converts a church into a cabinet of curiosities.

Though much of the time of Wren was necessarily given to his profession, he still found means to continue his experiments and studies in the Royal Society. Having resigned, in 1673, his Savilian professorship, he had more leisure to direct the views of the Society to matters of science and national concern, to subjects, as he said, of “ some pomp ; ” and he repeatedly counselled his brethren to avoid wasting their thoughts on curious trifles and things fit only to raise wonder. “ Sciographical knacks,” he observes, “ of which yet a hundred varieties may be given, are so easy in the execution, that now they are cheap. Experiments for the establishment of natural philosophy are seldom pompous ; ’tis upon billiards and tennis balls—upon the purling of sticks and tops—upon a vial of water, or a wedge of glass, that the great Des Cartes hath built the most refined and accu-

rate theories that human wit ever reached to. Designs of engines for ease of labour, or promoting any thing in agriculture or the trades, I have occasionally thought upon divers, but they are not intelligible without letters and references, and often not without something of demonstration. Designs in architecture, and the few chemical experiments I have been acquainted with will be too tedious for an entertainment. If an artificial eye were truly and dioptrically made, it would represent the picture as nature makes it. The cornea and crystalline must be glass, the other humour water." But even in the Royal Society of those days, it was found difficult to tie down the vain and the volatile to severe inquiries; some of the members forgot, or disregarded, the admonitions of the wise and the inventive, and by the frivolity of their inquiries and experiments, attracted the regard of that great poet whose burning satire had already fallen on the Puritans and Independents.

That Butler desired to ridicule the President, his lampoon intimates; that he included Evelyn among the frivolous speculators is equally certain; and though it has never been said, there can be as little doubt, that he glances chiefly at Wren. In one satire he introduces the President and his brethren as surveying the moon through a telescope, in which a mouse had concealed itself; they mistake the little animal for an elephant, and enter into very learned calculations as to the speed with which it traverses the distant planet. The original object of their discussion was, he says, serious.

Which way the dreadful comet went
In sixty-four, and what it meant.

What nations yet are to bewail
 The operations of its tail ;
 Or whether France or Holland yet,
 Or Germany be in its debt.

They then proceed with other speculations.

To measure wind and weigh the air,
 And turn a circle to a square,
 And in the braying of an ass
 Find out the treble and the bass,
 If mares neigh alto, and a cow
 A double diapason lowe.

The moment the President fixes his telescope
 on the moon, the poet grows personal. Wren had
 drawn the attention of the Society to his lunar
 observations, and to the construction of an artificial
 eye ; accordingly the second person who

Applied one eye and half a nose
 Unto the optic engine close,
 Was one who lately undertook
 To prove and publish in a book,
 That men, whose natural eyes are out,
 May by more powerful art be brought
 To see with the empty holes as plain
 As if their eyes were in again.

We might notice other allusions to Wren ; but
 this is enough.

The attack of Butler has been ascribed to the
 wantonness of malice, but the extreme pains which
 he took in composing this satire in short and
 likewise in long measure may be taken as a proof
 that he deliberately classed the members of the
 Royal Society with those

—— Who greedily pursue
 Things wonderful instead of true,

That in their speculations choose
To make discoveries strange news,
And natural history a gazette
Of tales stupendous and far-fet;
Hold no truth worthy to be known
That is not huge and overgrown.

The palace of Charles the Second at Greenwich, the Royal Exchange of London, and Temple Bar, were among the earliest finished works of Wren. The Exchange is but a heavy performance; Temple Bar, as we see it, cannot for a moment be compared with the design of Inigo Jones, and the palace of Greenwich was eclipsed by after-works; yet the merits of the whole are such as would bring fame to an ordinary architect. The king was well pleased, and out of compliment to the house of Wren, and respect to the growing fame of the artist, he conferred upon him the honour of knighthood. The manuscript list of the pedigrees of knights in the British Museum, says that Wren was dubbed at Whitehall, 12th November, 1673; and though family vanity has in general a fine memory, this documentary evidence must prevail against a statement, which would make the date later, in "Parentalia." It is more to be wondered at that the author of that tract has omitted wholly to mention Sir Christopher's marriage with Faith Coghill. I can imagine no other reason for the omission than the probable belief of the author, that such domestic incidents were below the severe dignity of a biography so scientific as his, for the lady was his own mother, and of a good family, the daughter of Sir John Coghill, of Blechington, in Oxfordshire. When this marriage took place, Wren was forty-

two years old; the calm sobriety of his nature had kept him long out of the pleasing captivity of love: a man of his habits of mind would as soon have thought of raising St. Paul's upon a quicksand, as of wedding any one's daughter before he had acquired wealth, and set his house in order.

From his studies in the Royal Society, and from domestic pleasures, which had just been increased by the birth of a son, he was, on the 14th of May, 1675, called to his magnificent task, the Cathedral of St. Paul's. On that day King Charles issued his warrant under the privy seal, commanding the work to be commenced. "Among divers designs," says this royal document, "presented to us, we have particularly pitched upon one, as well because we found it very artificial, proper and useful, as because it was so ordered that it might be built and finished by parts." Wren had had the sagacity to make various designs, for there were many judges—he desired to show that he was alike prepared for all tastes, from the simple to the magnificent. The form of the classic temple, he imagined, suited the reformed worship best, being compact and simple, without long aisles, our religion not using processions like that of Rome; he accordingly planned a church of moderate size, of good proportion; a convenient choir with a vestibule and porticos, and a dome conspicuous above the houses. "This design," says his son, "was applauded by persons of good understanding as containing all that was necessary for the church of the metropolis, of a beautiful figure, and of an expense that reasonably might have been compassed: but being contrived in the Roman

style, was not so well understood and relished by others ; some thought it not stately enough, and contended that, for the honour of the nation and city of London, it ought not to be exceeded in magnificence by any church in Europe." Much as this plan was approved, it was nevertheless one of those which he sketched "merely," as he said, "for discourse sake;" he had bestowed his study upon two designs, both of which he liked ; though one of them he preferred, and justly, above the other. The ground plans of both were in the form of the cross ; that which pleased Charles, the Duke of York, and the courtiers, retained the primitive figure with all its sharp advancing and receding angles : the one after Wren's own heart substituted curves for these deep indentations, by which one unbroken and beautiful winding line was obtained for the exterior, while the interior accommodation which it afforded, and the elegance which it introduced, were such as must have struck every beholder. But if we may credit Spence, taste had no share in deciding the choice of the design. He says, on the authority of Harding, that the Duke of York and his party influenced all ; the future king even then contemplated the revival of the popish service, and desired to have a cathedral with long side aisles for the sake of its processions. This not only caused the rejection of Wren's favourite design, but materially affected the other, which was approved. The side oratories were proposed by the duke, and though this narrowed the building and broke much in upon the breadth and harmony of the interior elevation, and though it was resisted by Wren, even to tears, all was in

vain—the architect was obliged to comply. He made the proposed changes with a heavy heart and an unwilling hand—he knew that he was injuring the unity of the structure; that he was sacrificing for the sake of the unnecessary oratories much that conduced to the beauty and lucid arrangement of the parts; he felt that his fame would suffer, and as he was a sincere and pious man, he might mourn for the land which he suspected was, at no distant day, to experience the revival of religious strife.

As soon as the king had approved of the plan, Wren resolved to make no more models, nor publicly expose his drawings, which experience taught him occasioned much loss of time and much idle controversy with incompetent judges. His favourite model was now laid aside—that on which he had expended so much thought and time; it was made to scale with great accuracy, and carved with all its proper ornaments, and consisting of one order only, the Corinthian, exhibited a structure at once classic and picturesque. This beautiful and costly work, when St. Paul's was finished, found sanctuary along with a fine model (likewise rejected) for the high altar, over the morning prayer chapel, and there they still remain, not a little injured and neglected; the original drawings are preserved, with much care, in the library of All Souls', Oxford.

The approved design has been called a free imitation of St. Peter's at Rome, avoiding the defects of that structure, and including more than its beauties. Wren took the Gothic form of building, and sought, as he informed his son, to reconcile *

to a better manner of architecture, with a cupola, and above that, instead of a lantern, a lofty spire, and large porticos. Those who estimate the genius displayed in this splendid work have to consider, first, the injurious change in the original plan occasioned by the interference of the Duke of York—and, secondly, the nature of the materials with which Wren had to rear his structure. The former has robbed the exterior of much of its elegance and simplicity; and the latter has compelled the architect to sacrifice breadth and majesty for littleness of parts and neatness of combination. It is the nature of classic architecture that no lofty work can be built without such immense masses of stone as British quarries cannot at all times, for a continuance, yield: the Parthenon may be attempted in freestone, but where would we find materials for such a temple as that of Diana, at Ephesus? Now the loftiness which St. Paul's required compelled the architect to imitate the Italian style of building in preference to the ancient Grecian; by successive stories of columns and courses of pilasters, he gained that altitude which could not have been attained by the small stones of our quarries, had the more simple style of antiquity been adopted.

Wren, after fifteen years of sketching and controversy, having seen all obstacles removed, commenced building with great spirit and under favourable auspices. "In the beginning of the new works of St. Paul's," says his son, "an accident was taken notice of by some people as a memorable omen. When the surveyor in person had set out upon the place the dimensions of the great dome, and fixed upon the centre, a common la-

bourer was desired to bring a flat stone from the heaps of rubbish, such as should first come to hand, to be laid for a mark and direction to the masons; the stone, which was immediately brought and laid down for that purpose, happened to be a piece of a grave stone, with nothing remaining of the inscription but this single word, in large capitals, RESURGAM." This omen has the look of premeditation.

The church of St. Peter's, at Rome, had twelve architects, and took one hundred and forty-five years to build; that of St. Paul's was built in thirty-five years, and had but one architect. There are other differences still. On the artists who conceived and raised the Roman fabric, nineteen successive popes showered honours, wealth, and indulgencies; on the architect of St. Paul's, the king bestowed £200 a year; his brother injured the unity of the design out of love for oratories; the clerical and lay commissioners harassed him with captious and ignorant criticisms; and, before the last stone was laid, persecuted him with ridiculous and groundless charges.

From one of the Harleian manuscripts in the British Museum, we learn something of the way in which this great undertaking was carried on. "Sir C. Wren draws," says the document, "all the designs of the building, hath the universal care thereof, gives all directions to workmen and other officers, examines all accounts, and agrees for the prices of workmanship and materials. John Oliver, assistant surveyor, is constantly attending the work and giving directions to the workmen. He measures all the masons' work,

buys all the materials that are to be had without travelling into the country, keeps an account of what stores are delivered to the store-keeper, and also an account of what stones are brought into the church. He assists in making contracts and examines all accounts. His salary is £100 per annum. Lawrence Spencer, clerk of the works, and paymaster, attends the service of the work, to take care that carpenters, labourers, &c., who work by the day, be employed on such business as the surveyor hath directed to be done; takes an account, together with the assistant surveyor, of what stones are brought into the work; he receives and pays all the money for workmanship and materials; he keeps and makes up all accounts, is chargeable with all the stores and inspects the delivery thereof to the workmen; he is also clerk to the commissioners, and enters all orders and contracts. His salary is £100 per annum. Thomas Russel, clerk of the check, he calls over all the labourers, carpenters and bricklayers who work day work, three times a day, viz. at six in the morning, one in the afternoon, and at six at night. He is constantly going from place to place in the work, to keep those men to their business; he keeps, likewise, an account of the materials brought into the work; so that both the surveyor and he are checks upon the clerk of the works in his accounts. His salary is £50 per annum." There was much wisdom in these arrangements. Amongst a great multitude of workmen, there were probably many with clear heads and honest hearts, who did their duty at all times; but there were doubtless not a few inclined to tittle, to loiter,

and to skulk, over whom the hand of strict discipline required to be held: it is not the least of the marvels of a mighty fabric, that it is reared by the united labours of masons, carvers, carpenters, joiners, glaziers, blacksmiths, and painters, who come like the Weird ladies in Macbeth, each contributing their part to the charm which is to raise the whole into usefulness and beauty. Such was the excellence of Wren's regulations, such the supply of stone from the quarries, and such the activity of his workmen, that in ten years the walls of the choir and side aisles were finished, with the north and south circular porticoes, and the great pillars of the dome brought to the same height. He earned his paltry £200 a year abundantly—he attended in person frequently, and watched over the rise of the Cathedral with unremitting solicitude.

Though the city of London was re-built as the court and the citizens pleased, the churches were admitted to require something more than the capacities of common men, and the architect of St. Paul's was deferred to. Of these edifices he planned and built no less than fifty. Ten of them are distinguished for no peculiarity farther than the solidity of the workmanship; ten show the dawnings of those elegant combinations which marked his best performances; ten are chiefly dexterous restorations of the churches consumed; ten are equal in skill of combination and fine balance of parts to any churches of classic character in the island; and ten, for the splendour of their elevations, the tapering elegance and geometrical beauty of their towers and steeples, and the simple and compact neatness of their interior arrangement.

surpass all other buildings. With the whole external and internal economy of a church Wren was intimately acquainted, and he was ever ready to let the world have the advantage of his knowledge. "I conceive," he observed, writing long afterwards on the subject, "that churches should be built, not where ground is cheapest, but where dwellings are thickest, for the sake of general convenience. I could wish that all burials in churches were disallowed: it continually disturbs the pavement, and is besides unwholesome. I could also desire to see the burial ground at a distance from the church; cemeteries might be formed in the outskirts of London of two acres extent, enclosed with a lofty wall, having one walk all round and two cross walks, planted with yew trees. These four divisions would serve four parishes. There beautiful monuments might be erected, but the dimensions should all be determined, else the rich with their large marble tombs would shoulder out the poor. The churches should be erected in the most spacious streets, not in the obscure lanes, nor where coaches will be much obstructed in the passage. The fronts most in view should be adorned with porticos both for beauty and convenience, which, together with lanterns or spires rising above the neighbouring houses, would form an ornament to the town; the side walls might be plain; and when a parish is divided, the mother church may have a lofty tower for a good ring of bells, and the others small towers for two or three bells, because great towers and lofty steeples and ornamented walls, are sometimes more than half the charge of the church. The materials used in building should

be of the best quality ; good bricks are not easily got ; the demand is so great, that the earth is hastily prepared and the bricks indifferently burnt, though the earth about London will, when rightly managed, make bricks rivalling the Roman, such as I have found in the ruins of the city. The best stone is Portland or Roach Abbey—England, Scotland and Ireland afford marble of beautiful colours, but that would prove much too costly for our purpose. Chalk lime is often used for mortar, but stone lime is the best—the sand should be well beaten up with it—the more beating the better the mortar. As to roofs, good oak is certainly the best, because it will bear some negligence. Our tiles are ill made and our slate not good ; lead is the best and lightest covering.”

Of the capacity and dimensions of churches he next speaks. “ The Romanists built large churches—it was enough if they heard the murmur of the mass and saw the elevation of the host—but ours are to be fitted for auditories. I can hardly think it practicable to make a single room so capacious, with pews and galleries, as to hold above two thousand persons, and all to hear the service and see the preacher. The position of the pulpit requires consideration ; a moderate voice may be heard fifty feet distant before the preacher, thirty feet on each side, and twenty behind ; and not this, unless the pronunciation be distinct and equal, without dropping the voice at the last member of the sentence. A Frenchman is heard farther than an English preacher, because he raises his voice at the last words of the sentence, like the Roman orators. A church should therefore be ninety feet

long and sixty broad, besides a chancel at one end and a belfry and portico at the other. It should not be filled with pews, for the poor should have room to stand or sit in the alleys, for to them equally is the Gospel preached. It were to be wished there were no pews but benches, but there is no stemming the tide of profit and the advantage of pew-keepers." These remarks, at once scientific, considerate and pious, were not indeed acted upon, as we may see from our thick piled burial grounds in the middle of London, the loathsome nuisance of vaults and bone houses, and the obstruction which the obstinacy or parsimony of individuals offered to the complete fulfilment of his propositions; but they have had and will have their influence.

To describe all the churches of Sir Christopher would require volumes at least, and these embellished with ground plans, sections, and elevations; at least a pen like mine could never hope to make the geometrical unities of architecture plain and intelligible to ordinary readers. The church of St. Mary-le-Bow, in Cheapside, has been praised in, I believe, most European languages, for the incomparable beauty of its spire, which, for scientific skill of construction, and elegance of elevation, excels, undoubtedly, all other steeples of London. It rises to the height of 225 feet from the ground. The lower portion, which is attached to the church, is of the Doric and Ionic orders; the upper part, conspicuous all over the city and far into the country, is of the Corinthian and Composite; yet the combinations are of an original kind, such as can arise from no fixed rule—no settled law of ar-

chitectural beauty. "It is beyond question," says an old writer, "as perfect as human imagination can contrive or execute, and till we see it outdone we shall hardly think it to be equalled." The roof of the church is arched, and supported at the abutments with ten Corinthian columns. Eighteen feet below the level of the chancel floor lies the old Roman causeway—so much have fire, war, and time raised, since the days of Severus, the streets of the city of London.

The church of St. Stephen's, Walbrook, is reckoned by all in the parish, and many out of it, the masterpiece of the architect. It is seventy-five feet long, fifty-six feet wide, thirty-four feet high, and to the top of the tower seventy feet, yet within these small dimensions there is more beauty, not crowded, but distributed with all the delicacy of taste and the accuracy of science, than will be readily found in works thrice the size. "Walbrook church, so little known among us, is famous all over Europe, and is justly reputed the architect's masterpiece. Perhaps Italy itself can produce no modern building that can vie with this in taste and proportion; there is not a beauty which the plan would admit of that is not to be found here in the greatest perfection." So far goes a critic of the year 1734; a biographer of the year 1823 goes furtherstill. "The beauty of the interior of the church," says Elmes, "arises from its lightness and elegance. On entering from the street, by about a dozen or more of steps, through a vestibule of dubious obscurity, on opening the handsome folding wainscot doors a halo of dazzling light flashes at once upon the eye, and a lovely band of Corinthian columns,

of beauteous proportions, appear in magic images before you. The expansive cupola and supporting arches expand their airy shapes like gossamer, and the sweetly proportioned embellished architrave cornice of original lightness and application completes the charm. On a second look, the columns slide into complete order like a band of young and elegant dancers at the close of a quadrille." Such is the effect which this fine structure has upon the mind of an architect; it exalts him at once into trope and metaphor, his language becomes lofty and rich, and St. Stephen's is indistinctly seen amid the splendour of his epithets.

The church of St. Magnus, known to all who have passed London Bridge, is another work remembered, to the honour of the architect, less from his having foreseen that the arches below would require to be opened, to give a footpath to passengers, when the street on some future day might be widened, than from the simplicity and beauty of the building itself. The view of this church from Fish-street-hill, with the Fire Monument in the foreground, and terminating in the bridge, is fine and picturesque. In the church of St. Lawrence Jewry, Wren yielded so far to traditional dictation, as to form the ground plan in the shape of a gridiron, at the hazard of sacrificing elegance and accommodation. His skill and ingenuity had nearly triumphed over this ridiculous obstacle: he succeeded better than he deserved: it is a handsome structure of the Corinthian order, and in the rich decorations of the interior the gridiron is nearly forgotten.

The church of St. Bride, Fleet Street, is worthy

of being named after that of St. Stephen's, Walbrook. It was long hid in the masses of surrounding buildings; a fire, which the lovers of architectural beauty called lucky, lately opened it to public view, and a subscription preserved the advantage which accident gave. "This church," says Elmes, "is of great strength and beauty, its interior is at once spacious, commodious and elegant. It is one hundred and eleven feet in length, fifty-seven feet in breadth, and forty-one in height, composed of a lofty nave, covered with an arched ceiling, and two aisles, separated below by solid pedestals, supporting coupled Doric columns, which support the aisles of the nave and galleries. The peculiar ornament of this church is its beautiful tower and well proportioned spire, second only to that of Bow in beauty, and fully its equal in scientific construction. The entire height of this fine piece of architecture, before it was lowered a few feet by the late Sir William Staines, is two hundred and thirty-four feet." There are many more of the city churches which merit the examination of architects, and to be visited by all who desire to understand the extent of Sir Christopher's talents. Sometimes there is no little outlay of thought in the ground plans, by which the whole exterior economy of the church is regulated; sometimes the church is inclosed by lofty houses on all sides but one, on which, as a remedy, he throws the beauty all into the front, without reflecting that those dwellings may decay, and never be rebuilt, and expose the edifice to the reproach of looking plain and mean; and sometimes, feeling that the neighbourhood is unworthy of any thing outwardly

magnificent, he conscientiously lays out the public money and his own genius in adorning the interior. His steeples are universally admired, and deserve to be studied by mathematicians, as well as by architects—they surpass all others in geometrical beauty.

The author of *Parentalia* having avoided speaking of his own mother, it was not likely that he would write of her successor, the second wife of Sir Christopher Wren. The wives of men of genius, in our earlier biographies, are treated with a sort of masculine indifference; but a gentler and juster feeling has of late shown itself. The man of genius and sensibility is pretty sure to have his moments of doubt and fear, when his noblest works seem weak or absurd;—nay, even his days of despondency, when exhausted by mental exertions he can no longer think with clearness, and believes that his powers are forsaking him; and he is not unlikely, moreover, to be acquainted with those worldly miseries, sad enough to all hearts, but doubly so to his, whom a wise one of the tribe pronounces to be

“ A thing unteachable in worldly skill.”

It is during such moments that the help-meet comes forth in all her charms; soothes down distressing moods of mind, and by smiles and gentleness restores peace and confidence. Well, therefore, are such wives entitled to distinction in their husband's biography, nor can we imagine it complete unless we see the man at his fireside with his family around him. I could therefore have forgiven the author of *Parentalia* for the omission

of half-a-dozen ordinary churches, and a whole budget of small inventions in the Royal Society, if he had filled the space with accounts of his mother and mother-in-law.

The little that I know I shall relate. The eldest son of Sir Christopher was born a month or so before the commencement of St. Paul's, in May, 1675: he was named Christopher, and lived to collect the materials for *Parentalia*, which his son Stephen published. By John Evelyn we are told that, on the 17th of June, 1678, he stood godfather to a second son, who was baptized William; and from a monument in St. Paul's Cathedral we learn, that Sir Christopher's only daughter, Jane Wren, died on the 29th of December, 1703, aged twenty-six years; she must therefore have been born in 1677. The first was the son of Faith Coghill, but Jane and William were the children of Dame Jane, daughter of William, Lord Fitzwilliams, Baron of Lafford, in Ireland. Of the death of his first wife, or the wooing of his second, we have no accounts. Even admitting the authenticity of tradition, which says the former died soon after the birth of her boy, his widowhood could not have been otherwise than short, seeing that his daughter was born in 1677. We may also surmise that he was proud of having won the regard of a lord's daughter, when he was not only a widower, but had climbed the summit of five and forty, for he named his son for his father-in-law, as well as his daughter for his wife.

The poverty of James I. confined the most magnificent conceptions of Inigo Jones to paper, and the profligacy of Charles II. was as fatal to one of

the noblest designs of Wren. In January, 1678, the Commons voted seventy thousand pounds for the solemn funeral of Charles the First, and to erect a monument to his memory. The body of the king was to be sought for and reinterred; and over his remains a splendid mausoleum was to be reared, adorned with brazen statues. The money was raised by a two month's tax; Wren made his design, and persons were sent to find the royal body. Now the royal body might easily have been found. John Evelyn says expressly, that the "blessed Martyr, King Charles, was laid in the vault just before the altar, in the chapel of St. George," and there the body was found in our own day, as related by Sir Henry Halford. "The persons sent to examine," says Clarendon, "from the alterations which were begun to be made, had their memories so perplexed that they could not satisfy themselves in what part or place of the church the royal body was interred; and upon their giving this account to the king, the thought was laid aside, and the reason communicated to very few, for the better discountenancing farther inquiry." This passage says little for the candour of the historian; he should have spoken out; no doubt he knew or suspected what has since been proved, that the sum voted had been applied to his master's private purposes, and that "none are so blind as those who do not wish to see."

The proposed structure was in form a rotunda, with a lofty dome and lantern, and a circular colonnade without, of the Corinthian order, like the temple of Vesta. The design strongly resembles the Radcliffe Library at Oxford, with the

exception of the foundation story; the columns, too, are not coupled. The enrichments outside and in were costly and magnificent. The following memorandums exist in the handwriting of Sir Christopher. "Eight vases of black marble for the great pillars under the dome at £30 each. Eight shafts of rich marble in whole stones, 28 feet long, $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet diameter, to be brought from the Levant, valued at £400 each. Eight capitals of brass work, gilt, for the above-named pillars, at £250 each. 3520 feet of incrustation, with various marbles in the lower order of pilasters, within the niches. Entablatures of white marble. In the spandrils over the niches marbles inlaid. 1606 feet superficial of mosaic work, in the heads of niches. 4620 feet superficial of the best painting in fresco in the cupola. Ten figures of great life, cast in brass, and gilt, at £400 each. Seven genii or cherubins of brass, gilt, with the ornaments appertaining, at £150 each. A colossal statue of Fame, of gilt brass, on the summit of the lantern. Twenty statues of great life on the outside. Twenty festoons of marble between the capitals. The whole charge estimated at £43,663." Three grand niches for the reception of statues are introduced in the interior. In the middle niche stands the figure of Charles I.; four statues, emblems of heroic virtues, tread indignantly on the prostrate figures of Rebellion, Heresy, Hypocrisy, and Envy, and support a shield, on which the statue of the king appears clad in armour, with ascending cherubims above, bearing palm laurels and a crown. This ingenious monument has proved the fertile source of marble allegories from the days of Charles II. to those of William IV.

The king, who had soon spent the money, retained the drawings for some time, then returned them to Wren, desiring him to keep them carefully till called for; in short, "the whole design of the funeral and tomb," says the author of *Parentalia*, "through incidents of the times, or motives unknown to the public, was laid aside." This gentleman also could have spoken out if he had pleased.

During this period of fruitless labour and vexation, Sir Christopher made a survey of Salisbury Cathedral, at the request of his friend Seth Ward, who was then the bishop; he afterwards made a similar examination of the Abbey of Westminster—and on both drew up reports exceedingly long, circumstantial, and curious. "Almost all cathedrals of the Gothic form," he observes, "are weak and defective in the poise of the vault of the aisles; as for the vault of the nave, both sides are equally supported and propped up from spreading by the bows or flying buttresses, which rise from the outward walls of the aisles; but for the vaults of the aisles, they are indeed supported on the outside by the buttresses, but inwardly they have no other stay but the pillars themselves, which, as they are usually proportioned, if they stood alone without the weight above, could not resist the spreading of the aisles one minute." Having described one serious defect in the construction of the Gothic—a defect, however, which, be it observed, is only to be found in such cathedrals as Westminster, where the central nave rises too loftily for the unity which the principles of sound construction require—he proceeds to point out *the mistakes of the architect; he is speaking of*

Salisbury Cathedral, but the sentiments are for all nations and all styles of architecture. "I must assure him," says Sir Christopher, "that, building in a low and marshy soil, he did not take sufficient care of the foundation, especially under the pillars. That foundation which will bear a wall will not bear a pillar, for pillars thrust themselves into the earth, and force open the solid ground, if the foundation under them be not broad; and if it be not hard stone, it will be ground and crushed as things are bruised in a mortar, if the weight be great. A second fault was not raising the floor of the church above the fear of inundations; many sufficient foundations have failed after the earth had been too much drenched with unusual floods; besides, it is unhandsome to descend into a place. The third fault is the poise of the building; generally, the substructions are too slender for the weights above. Besides these defects, the bracing of the walls together with bands of iron to sustain the spire of the tower, however ingenious and neat, is contrary to the rules of good architecture, not only because iron is corruptible by rust, of unequal strength, and liable to dissolve and precipitate whatever it supports into ruin, but that the very use of such a material is a proof of defect in construction, and could not be required, were all parts of proportionate strength and massiveness." It will be considered as singular enough by the reader of this passage, that the dome of St. Paul's is secured by a massy band or hoop of iron; he had his own misgivings, and sought refuge in this dangerous remedy.

Wren's remarks on Westminster Abbey merit

transcription ; some of our architects might do worse than study them when they are hesitating about a geometrical balance of parts in their structures. "The abbots," he says, "would have a cloister, but scrupled, I suppose, at moving some venerable corpses laid between the outside buttresses ; then comes a bold but ignorant architect, who undertakes to build the cloister so that the buttresses should be without the cloister, spanning over it—as may be seen in the section. This was a dangerous attempt. It is on due consideration of the static principles, and the right poising of the weight of the butments to the arches, that good architecture depends, and the butments ought to have equal gravity on both sides. Although this was done to flatter the humour of the monks, yet the architect should have considered that new works carried very high, and that upon a newer foundation, would shrink ; from hence the walls above the windows are forced out ten inches, and the ribs broken." Perhaps in these reproachful words concerning the monks, who insisted on having a cloister, though ruin to the whole edifice should ensue, there is an oblique allusion to what happened to the interior harmony of parts in St. Paul's, from the obstinate desire of the Duke of York to introduce oratories. Wren was too prudent to complain openly ; he, therefore, gave vent to his displeasure when he could do it safely, and, on this occasion, what he said might either be applied to his own grievance or not. It was in these Reports that he delivered his opinion on the origin of Gothic architecture, tracing it in imagination to the Saracens. He appears to have entertained no

very cordial regard for our ancient church architecture; he calls Henry the Seventh's Chapel a "nice piece of embroidered work," and condemns the flying buttresses, which give light and shade and strength and richness to the external walls. The Romans concealed their buttments; the Normans exposed theirs—but had the address to render them objects of beauty, as well as use.

The Cathedral and the fifty churches now proceeded with great celerity. The tax on coals was productive; the quarries of Portland yielded immense quantities of fine solid stone; and the assistants of the architect, all clear-headed skilful persons, made such excellent arrangements, and employed such able workmen, that the beauty and firmness of the rising structures were admired as much as the rapidity with which they advanced towards completion. Sir Christopher found leisure amid these manifold works to attend the Royal Society; but from the commencement of his labours in architecture, his "discoveries" and "inventions" brought, comparatively speaking, little honour to him, and too many of the discussions which occupied the hours of that learned body merited the ridicule of Butler. From the terror of that satiric pen, they were freed by death in 1680; and Wren, by this time President, might thenceforth with perfect safety announce such weighty conclusions, as that "all wholesome food should have oils; that moist roots wanting oils are not in themselves a good nourishment; and that in Ireland, where the people feed much upon potatoes, they counteract their pernicious effects by copious draughts of butter-milk, which make the

potatoes digest ; that the Chinese were so skilful in perfume, that one of their cabinets had a distinct perfume in every drawer, which he conceived to be mingled with the varnish ; and that in England jessamine-scented gloves could be made by using the bloom of daffodils !” On themes such as these did the gravest worthies of those days display their knowledge and air their fancies.

Seven years after laying the foundation of St. Paul's, Wren laid that of the Military Hospital of Chelsea. This structure owes its origin to Sir Stephen Fox, (ancestor of the two noble families of Ilchester and Holland), who, from humble beginnings and mean employments, rose to great honours in the state and to greater wealth ; he persuaded the King to found this merciful institution, and contributed largely towards it from his own purse. Wren not only designed and superintended the building as architect, but also prescribed the statutes and the whole economy of the hospital, which, for cleanliness, healthiness, and convenience, is the best designed and best regulated in Europe.*

The King, who had long indulged the idea of building a palace at Winchester, now desired the architect to prepare designs, and accompanied him to the spot where it was the royal pleasure to have it built. For the success of Sir Christopher in this structure, take the following accounts : “ The palace at Winchester,” says Walpole, “ is one of the ugliest piles of building in the island. It is a royal mansion, running back-

* It was founded by Charles, carried on by James, and finished by William and Mary.

ward upon a precipice, and *has not an inch of garden or ground belonging to it.* Charles the Second chose the place for health, and pressed Sir Christopher to have it finished in a year. The impropriety of the situation and the haste of the execution are some excuse for the architect." "The King's house," says *per contra* Gilpin, "stands upon the site of the old castle, overlooking the city, and is, I think, a beautiful piece of architecture; magnificent it certainly is, extending in front above three hundred feet; and if it had been completed in the grand style in which it was conceived, with its lofty cupola and other appendages of gardens and parks laid out in *the ample space behind*, a noble bridge over the ditch in front, and a street opened, as was intended, to the west end of the cathedral, with which its front is parallel, it would perhaps be one of the grandest palaces in Europe." The difference of these statements makes it clear enough that one of the critics had never seen the palace which he described, and those who are acquainted with Winchester will impute the ignorance to Walpole, though they may not concur altogether in the praise of Gilpin. The author of Parentalia calls it modestly "an excellent model of a royal hunting seat." The Duke of Tuscany sent a present of fine marble columns for the portico of the great staircase, and the architect planned a noble terrace similar to that at Windsor. It has since fallen from the station of a palace into that of a barracks for soldiers.

In 1684, upon being made comptroller and principal officer of the works in the castle of Windsor, Wren vacated the chair of the Royal

Society; but let no one think that this high sounding situation was largely recompensed. A manuscript in his own hand informs us that the "comptroller of the works received £9. 2s. 6d. per annum, and that R. Cottrelel, vermine-killer, received the same." Soon afterwards Charles the Second died; James, his successor, continued Sir Christopher in all his public situations; and so well was the architect, whom the king delighted to honour, esteemed by the people of Plympton, in Devonshire, that they elected him their representative in parliament, May 19, 1685. No biographer, however, has commended his eloquence, and, indeed, if he ever spoke, no historian has taken note of his speeches.

In the memorable year of the Revolution, the Cathedral of St. Paul had proceeded so far that timber was purchased for roofing the aisles of the choir, and the college of Physicians, London, was finished. The elevation of the theatre of the college next the street was, in the language of the architects, Palladian, the lower story being of Scammozian Ionic, and the upper of the Corinthian order. The interior construction has found many admirers, and the exterior some censurers; among the latter the witty and the whimsical Garth says, in his Dispensary, alluding to the gilded ball on the summit,

"A golden globe placed high with artful skill,
Seems to the distant sight a gilded pill."

The contemptible Sir John Cutler presented a large sum of money to aid in erecting this college, and the committee persuaded him to lend them some


more to complete it; but the sordid worm privately wrote them down debtors for the sum lent, the sum given, and interest upon both; and when he died his executors claimed payment to the amount of seven thousand pounds—though they ultimately accepted two thousand as a composition. Upon this the fellows, who had honoured the miser with a statue, erased the laudatory inscription from the pedestal, but left the figure standing, which should have been cast down headlong. Amid all the pressure of his public duties and increasing old age, Wren had some political hankerings. To the new parliament, the inhabitants of New Windsor paying scot and lot returned him by a majority of six voices. When the validity of the election was tried, the right was declared to belong to the mayor, bailiffs, and select burgesses; the true voices immediately re-elected him, and he took his seat accordingly.

Sir Christopher had now enjoyed the confidence of two sovereigns; his talents, his activity, and the alacrity with which he was ever willing to work for the welfare of the public, paid or unpaid, made him a favourite with King William; and Queen Mary, who had better feelings and better taste too than her husband, befriended him, from the sense which she entertained of the elegance of his genius, and also, I would willingly believe, the affection which he had ever shown for her house. Her majesty loved the fine situation and pleasant air of Hampton Court: the king, who probably never thought much of any edifice but a barrack, did not contradict his consort when she desired Wren to prepare designs for a magnificent palace, to be

connected with that which Wolsey erected for himself and reluctantly presented to Henry VIII. Several designs were made; and Mary selected one of no common elegance. King William, who estimated all things on *utilitarian* principles, preferred one which had merely been prepared as a foil to the others, and persisted in his preference with such obstinacy that his consort yielded, and Wren, with a sigh, was obliged to build from a design which he disliked. Those, then, and they are not few, who are disposed to censure the elevation of Hampton Palace, must give the royal soldier a chief share of the blame. Yet the interior is stately; and the king and queen declared their double suites of apartments, for fine proportions and elegance of accommodation, could not be paralleled among the palaces of Europe. The architect certainly moved in all he did under sad restraints from the commissioners in one place and the court in another. When the lowness of the cloisters under the apartments of the palace was noticed by one of the courtiers, the hero of the Boyne turned round on his heel like a challenged sentinel and answered sharply, "Such were my express orders;"—the rebuked nobleman bowed and acquiesced in the royal taste.

The indecent haste with which a daughter ascended a father's throne, has thrown the high qualities of Mary into the shade, and we remember her chiefly for her want of filial affection. But to her we owe the Naval Hospital of Greenwich, a work of mercy and justice; and which the maritime taste, not yet extinct in her family, doubtless suggested. This work, though designed during her

life, was not commenced till after her death, and the first stone was laid by Wren and Evelyn, at five o'clock on the thirtieth of June, 1696, Flamstead, the king's astronomer, giving notice of the precise time by observation. Any one who looks on that splendid pile stretching along the bank of the Thames, will perceive at once that it is the work of the same mind which conceived St. Paul's Cathedral; the domes seem fac-similes, and much of the detail carries on the resemblance. The plan of the whole was, however, influenced by the queen's determination to combine with the new structure that built by her uncle, Charles the Second, and that called the Queen's House, erected by Inigo Jones. "The principal front of this magnificent pile," says Hawksmoor, in his account prepared for parliament, "lies open to the Thames; from whence we enter into the middle of the royal court, near 300 feet square, lying open to the north, and covered on the west with the court of King Charles the Second, and on the east with that of Queen Anne, equal to it, and on the south, the great hall and chapel. The court of Queen Anne contains the great range, or wing, next the royal court, and holds 140 men. To the east of this is another range of building, which contains sixty-six persons; and the great pavilion, near the Thames, contains four very commodious apartments for officers. The court of Charles contains the great wing on the west of the royal court. It is a noble pile, having in the middle a tetra-style portico with arcades; the walls are rusticated, all in Portland stone; the windows artfully decorated and proportioned; the order is Corinthian; the body




of the building is crowned with an entablement of that order, and two extremes, in two great pavilions, all in the same style, rise with an Attic order above." This great structure is seen to advantage from the decks of the numerous ships passing and repassing in the Thames. We think it was wise and well to place an establishment of this kind so near the element to whose children it is a sanctuary, and disavow the taste of Evelyn, who desired to have the original pile removed from the river bank. A great deformity, has, however, arisen of late; a house of mean exterior is placed so as to fill up with its sordid front the splendid opening in the centre of the great square. The rudest seaman who sails the Thames is sensible of the vulgar intrusion; it breaks the unity of the fabric, and ought to be removed. It was the fortune of Wren to see the reign and removal of many princes. Two of his patrons died in the year 1702; James, an exile, at St. Germaine's, and William, the restorer of English freedom, at London; Queen Anne, who succeeded, continued him in all his employments.

For a period of thirty years the genius of Wren had now been watchfully inspecting the progress of that great monument of his fame—the Cathedral of St. Paul; nor had the nation at large, though shaken sometimes by civil commotions, been a cold or careless looker on. The report had long spread not only through England but through Europe, that a fabric, rivalling all in the world save that of St. Peter's at Rome, was rising on the ruins of the old metropolitan church; and now the general curiosity was quickened by the news that the

great work was nearly finished. Of the original patrons of the design, many were dead, some had been banished, and there remained but few of the commissioners who had so often impeded the early progress of the undertaking. When, in 1710, Sir Christopher, in the seventy-ninth year of his age, by the hands of his son, laid the highest stone of the lantern on the cupola of St. Paul's, there were few to rejoice of his own compeers, save Mr. Strong, the respectable master mason to the Cathedral. The pious architect performed this in humility and with prayer; and as it was publicly known, London poured out its vast population to witness the ceremony. But even while the great and venerable man was placing the crown on the head of this royal work, he was not unaware that among the spectators of the scene there were some who envied or hated his success, and still hoped to make the very fabric, whose finished beauty the crowd were so rapturously applauding, the means of bringing sorrow and shame to his grey hairs.

Seven of the commissioners for conducting the rebuilding of the Cathedral united first to thwart, and next to persecute, Sir Christopher. They were the better able to do this from the advanced age of the architect, and the death of Mr. Evelyn, whose good sense, good taste, and manly firmness had ever been on the side of his early friend. These associates, of whom five were clergymen, viz. the Dean of St. Paul's (Dr. Bettesworth), the Dean of the Arches, the Dean of Sarum, Dr. Hare, and Dr. Harwood, represented that the work of the Cathedral went on less rapidly than was due to the public—that Wren insisted upon putting a fence of



hammered iron where they desired one of cast-iron—that the great bell was so unsound as to require to be re-cast—that the clock needed frequent repairs—and that Jennings, the master carpenter, had paid his men less wages than they had allowed him, and had, moreover, purloined some of the wood! On account of these alleged misdemeanors, our seven patriots suspended the payment of the architect's salary. He petitioned the queen against their decision, and answered their charges of "Frauds and abuses at St. Paul's," by a pamphlet, which covered them, as far as they were susceptible, with shame, and held them out to public derision. To charges so utterly frivolous a serious answer was scarcely necessary—the answer, however, was serious enough. The great bell, as he showed, had been broken in consequence of the Chapter's allowing it to be struck by strangers with an iron hammer for money!—the iron rail proposed in opposition to his was unsuitable in form and quality—the work had all along proceeded as rapidly as was consistent with firmness and beauty—the profit which the carpenter was making of his men was a common allowance in the trade for all masters—if he did not pay them full wages sometimes, that arose from their not making full time—and the wood removed was all accounted for in the clerk's books. With regard to the judgment of the seven commissioners on matters of this description, Sir Christopher condemned and derided it—and, in conclusion, he claimed the protection of his country against a combination maliciously and causelessly labouring for his ruin.

It is very probable that small frauds were prac-

tised during the period of erecting the Cathedral; a ten-penny nail, a cutting of wood, and an ounce of glue, are never considered matters of any moment by workmen, and are carried off as a sort of perquisite, which no man thinks of grudging them. A wise master prevents this from being carried to excess, but he knows his interest too well to dream of checking it entirely; such interference would soon become visible in the work done, and he would have the gold picked out of one pocket whilst he secured the silver in the other. It was the consciousness of this which emboldened Jennings, the carpenter of St. Paul's, to give such sharp and audacious answers to the questions of the reverend commissioners. His explanation was satisfactory to all who knew any thing about the trade and its customs. The nation did prompt justice in this ridiculous matter by sympathising with the venerable architect, and upbraiding his persecutors; and the government declared the claims of Wren to be reasonable, the complaints against him groundless, and ordered the arrears of his salary to be paid on or before the 25th of December, 1711.

His enemies, however, still indulged in the hope of revenge, and their day of triumph was, unfortunately for the honour of our country, not far distant. Though the queen and her council had declared the Cathedral of St. Paul to be finished, this was but a friendly decision to protect Wren from the malice of the commissioners; the cope-stone of the whole was indeed laid, but there remained much to be done, and Sir Christopher set about it encumbered by ridiculous help and distracted by impertinent advice. The old grudge, in a word, remained

in full bitterness when Queen Anne, the constant patroness of Wren, died in July, 1714. One succeeded who could not or would not feel the worth and genius of the great architect; he was, however, continued in all his employments, and persevered in the performance of his duties with much of the alacrity and more than the skill of his youth. But the commissioners beheld their advantage, and instantly proceeded to an open renewal of hostilities—to harass him with idle questions, unfounded charges, remonstrances about trifles; nay, incredible as it may seem, to urge absurd, if not impossible, alterations of a design which had already received the sanction of four kings and two queens, and councils without number:—and a patience, which had held out for fifty years against opposition, courtly and clerical, began to give way at last.

As a specimen of the civil treatment which those nameless officials thought necessary to bestow on one of the first men of the age, take their own words. The cathedral was originally designed without the balustrade which crowns the upper cornices—the commissioners determined to have one, and thus they made their purpose known:—“St. Paul’s Cathedral, Oct. 15, 1717. It is our order that a balustrade of stone be set up on the top of the church, unless Sir Christopher Wren do, in writing under his hand, set forth that it is contrary to the principles of architecture, and give his opinion in a fortnight’s time: and if he doth not, then the resolution of a balustrade is to be proceeded with.” To this resolution, in which blind ignorance gropes its way, calling on knowledge to set its stumblings right, *Wren* returned the following answer:—“I take

leave first to declare I never designed a balustrade. Persons of little skill in architecture did expect, I believe, to see something that had been used in Gothic structures, *and ladies think nothing well without an edging*. I should gladly have complied with the vulgar taste, but I suspended for the reasons following:—A balustrade is supposed a sort of plinth over the upper colonnade, which may be divided into balusters over open parts or voids, but kept solid over solid parts, such as pilasters: for a continued range of balusters cannot be supposed to stand alone against high winds—they would be liable to be tipped down in a row, if there were not solid parts at due distances intermixed, which solid parts are in the form of pedestals, and may be in length as long as the freize below, whose pilasters are double, as in our case, for double pilasters may have one united pedestal, as they have one entablature and one freize extended over both. But now in the inward angles, where the pilasters cannot be doubled as before they were, the two voids or more open parts would meet in the angle with one small pilaster between, and create a very disagreeable mixture. I am farther to observe, that there is already over the entablature a proper plinth, which regularly terminates the building; and as no provision was originally made in my plan for a balustrade, the setting up one in such a confused manner over the plinth must apparently break into the harmony of the whole machine, and in this particular case be contrary to the principles of architecture. My opinion also is to have statues erected on the four pediments only, which will be a most proper, noble, and sufficient ornament to the whole fabric, and was never omitted in the best ancient

Greek and Roman architecture; the principles of which, throughout all my schemes of this colossal structure, I have religiously endeavoured to follow, and if I glory, it is in the singular mercy of God which has enabled me to begin and finish my great work so conformable to the ancient model." The commissioners had desired to have proof that the balustrade was contrary to the principles of architecture; and Sir Christopher, in reply, had showed clearly that it was not in harmony with the general plan and unique combinations of the whole structure: but his opinion was disregarded—the balustrade was placed on the cornice; and the will of a few ignorant and presumptuous babblers prevailed, in other points besides this, against the judgment of the first artist in the universe.

The first king of the house of Brunswick, a coarse and vulgar man in all respects, seems from the beginning to have looked with an evil eye on Wren. The great architect had a high spirit. He maintained the erect dignity of genius, and demeaned himself more as might have become a man of talent at the elegant court of the first Charles, than like a shrewd worshipper of fortune in the days of the first George. His reserve was misunderstood or misrepresented—

"Too poor for a bribe and too proud to importune,
He had not the method of making his fortune,"

and his fall was predicted long before it happened. It would be unjust to be silent concerning the share which his old enemies, the commissioners, had in this work; they were cunning enough to exhibit him as one unwilling to be guided by themselves, *because of their devoted loyalty to the reigning*

monarch ; and they spoke of him on all occasions as a stiff, opinionative, self-sufficient, untractable man, whose tastes and manners, as well as his political feelings, belonged to a time that had passed away. A young and supple quack, by name Benson, an architect without either talent or skill, was extolled, on the other hand, as a second Palladio ; the Germans all joined in his praise, and as every thing was then venal and purchasable, money, it is believed, smoothed the way to his ascent. At length, in 1718, Sir Christopher Wren, in the eighty-sixth year of his age, and the forty-ninth of his office, as surveyor-general to the royal buildings, was dismissed ignominiously, and this smooth pretender installed in his place. " None could credit this," says Seward, " but those who knew how the demon of politics, like that of fate, confounds all distinctions,—how it elevates blockheads and depresses men of talents—how it tears from the mouth of genius, exhausted with toil for the public good, and bending under a load of helpless age for which it has made no provision, that bread which it bestows upon the idle and the selfish." " The length of his life," says Walpole, " enriched the reign of several princes, and disgraced the last of them." All who could feel for solid worth and unrivalled genius heard with indignation that the illustrious old man had removed from his residence in Scotland Yard to make room for such a successor ; and Pope but lent lasting expression to the universal disgust when he exclaimed—

" Beneath his reign shall Eusden wear the bays,
Cibber preside Lord Chancellor of plays,
Benson sole judge of architecture sit,
And namby-pamby be preferred to wit ;

While Jones and Boyle's united labours fall,
See under Ripley rise a new Whitehall,
While Wren with sorrow to the grave descends,
Gay dies unpensioned with an hundred friends." *

The insult offered to Sir Christopher seems to have affected himself less than his friends. The income of which it deprived him he disregarded, for there was nothing mean or sordid in his nature; and he had thought little of money in the days when he could have had it showered upon him from prince and noble. He had made the plans and superintended the erection of Greenwich Hospital free of all expense, saying, "Let me have some share in an act of charity and mercy:" all through the building of his Cathedral he was diligent in discovering and rewarding the cleverest and best behaved workmen: even his regulations repressing drunkenness and profane swearing ought to have gained him the respect of the Deans of St. Paul's and Sarum. The son thus writes of the great father's disgrace—"In the year 1718 Sir Christopher Wren's patent for the office of Surveyor of the Royal Works was superseded in the fourscore-and-sixth year of his age, and after more than fifty years spent in continued active and laborious service to the crown and public; at which

* To the name of Benson (a person only remarkable for having erected a monument to Milton, in which there is more said about himself than the author of *Paradise Lost*,) the satiric poet added in a note—"In favour of this man the famous Sir Christopher Wren, who had been architect to the crown for upwards of fifty years, who had built most of the churches in London, laid the first stone of St. Paul's, and lived to finish it, was displaced from his employment at the age of near ninety years."

time his merit and labours were not remembered by some." Mildly spoken! It is painful to see with what extreme caution the son and grandson of Wren both mention in Parentalia this injurious treatment. Even the bold Sir Richard Steele, in relating the story of Wren's fall in the Tatler, found it expedient to sink both his time and name, and lay the scene in Athens!

His descendants thus simply and touchingly describe the concluding years of his life. "He then betook himself to a country retirement, saying only with the stoick—*Nunc me jubet fortuna expeditius philosophari*: in which recess, free from worldly affairs, he passed the greatest part of the five last years of his life in contemplation and studies, and principally in the consolation of the Holy Scriptures; cheerful in solitude, and as well pleased to die in the shade as in the light."

The place of his retirement was that most lovely of situations, Hampton Court. There he had a house on lease from government, which stamps and parchment had secured in spite of the fluctuation of places at court; and there, in addition to his study of the Scriptures, he pleased himself with a reconsideration of his thoughts for the discovery of the longitude at sea, and dipped now and then, with something of his juvenile ardour, into mathematics and astronomy. But his chief pleasure lay in coming occasionally to London to inspect the progress of the repairs of Westminster Abbey—where, in a moment when bad taste prevailed against the usual correctness of his judgment, he had directed the western towers to be restored in mingled Grecian and Gothic—and in visiting St.

Paul's, "a fabric," says Walpole, "which one cannot wonder left such an impression of content on the mind of the good old man, that being carried to see it, it seemed to recal a memory that was almost deadened to every other use."

Down nearly to the end, however, his mind retained all its vigour, and his judgment all its accuracy—his limbs began to fail first, and he had to be moved about; yet the serenity of his temper remained undisturbed, and his vivacity suffered no eclipse. Nature was quietly giving way, when in journeying between London and Hampton Court he caught cold, and on reaching home felt indisposed, but that so slightly, that no fears were expressed or entertained, and retiring, as was his custom, to his easy chair, to slumber a little after dinner, he breathed his last, so free from pain that his death was unobserved. "After a short indisposition," say his son and grandson, "it was the will of the Omnipotent Author and Dispenser of all Beings to release him from this mortal state and to invest him with immortality, on the 25th day of February, in the year of grace 1723, and in the ninety-first of his age." He was buried in the vault of St. Paul's Cathedral, under the south aisle of the choir, "with four words," says Walpole, "that comprehend his merit and his fame—

Si monumentum quaeris circumspice!"

Sir Christopher Wren was of low stature, his forehead broad and fair, his nose slightly acquires line, the eyes large and expressive, and the whole aspect stamped with intelligence and talent. He was light and active of body, walked with a certain *stateliness* of air, and his constitution, rather deli-

cate than robust, was saved, it is said, from consumption by habits of regularity and temperance. That he was a little man, a tradition preserved by Seward sufficiently shows. Charles the Second, on walking through his newly erected hunting palace at Newmarket, said, "These rooms are too low." Wren went up to the king and replied, "An please your Majesty, I think them high enough." Whereupon Charles, stooping down to Sir Christopher's stature, answered with a smile, "On second thoughts I think so too." He had that calm and philosophic temper which contradiction could not disturb; he heard his opinions questioned, and even saw his designs deformed by the envious or the ignorant, without change of mood or a snappish remark. That he shed tears when the Duke of York rejected the best and adopted the worst plan of St. Paul's, shows that on great occasions he could not always quite command his feelings; but this will take little from the justice of his son's eulogy, when he says "he had such wonderful sweetness of temper, such a steady tranquillity of mind, and such pious fortitude, that no injurious incidents or inquietudes of human life could ever ruffle or discompose." Sprat, who is accused of saying fine things of his friends for the sake of saying them, was not suspected of overpraising Wren when he wrote, "His knowledge had a right influence on the temper of his mind, which had all the humility, graceful modesty, goodness, calmness, strength and sincerity of a sound and unaffected philosopher—to his merits his country is further indebted than has been acknowledged." But even if the eulogiums of children and friends should be suspected, the

silence of his enemies is praise sufficient ; that his long life was eminently useful, virtuous and blameless, no one has questioned.

His experiments in science have since been eclipsed by brighter discoveries ; but there can be no doubt that he showed and pointed the way to much that has since been achieved. His invention was fertile, his ingenuity exquisite, and his application unbounded ; he could equally attend to the minute and explore the profound, discuss questions of geometrical nicety, or speculate like a poet on the possibilities of existence in remoter worlds. To him many ascribe the invention of mezzotinto engraving, commonly imputed to Prince Rupert ; and the annals of the Royal Society are filled with his experiments, studies, and inventions in philosophy and science. He had some skill in drawing landscape ; his view of Windsor was engraved by Hollar, and eight or ten plates from Willis's Anatomy of the Brain were from his pencil. He was the inventor of drawing pictures by microscopic glasses ; he found out a speedier way of etching ; and, it should not be omitted, that he displayed some skill in verse, though nothing that I have seen entitles him to the distinction of a poet. His early prose compositions were in that elaborate and ornate style of which Sidney has given enough in his Arcadia ; but when his judgment ripened, and experience and study had stored his mind with knowledge, he wrote in a clear and unembarrassed manner, and communicated what he had to say like one less solicitous about his language than his thoughts. Sometimes, no doubt, he relapsed for a sentence or two into his original sin of stilted

composition ; but nature soon regained her sway. We trace in all his writings the practical man, the man of sense, sagacity, and observation ; he set his face against all romantic views of subjects, ridiculed the proneness of some of his brethren for prognostications, and laid it publicly down as a rule, that "experiment and reason is the only way of prophesying natural events."

Eminent as he was in other sciences, Wren owes most of his fame to his genius in architecture ; in invention he was surpassed by Jones, and in original picturesque power by Vanbrugh, but he excelled them both, as he excelled all others of our island, in the perfect unity and elegant splendour of his edifices. He studied architecture in no school—and he was late in commencing its practice ; but his mathematical acquirements gave him extensive command over the very principles out of which true architecture arises ; and from the first building that he planned to the last he displayed a profound skill in that geometrical construction and balanced unity of parts without which beauty and durability are sought in vain. He looked upon his art with a severe eye, and indulged in none of those curious and startling combinations which are common with those desirous of being reckoned original. He coveted three things, beauty, usefulness and durability ; his taste secured the first, his acquaintance with the wants of man obtained the second, and for the third we must thank his geometrical science and the sagacity with which he always considered the nature of his materials.

He searched into the various natures of British stone, the capabilities of the quarries, the different

qualities of mortar and cement, made experiments on the fittest building timber, and examined the soils on which he built his structures, in order to form lasting foundations. Of these matters, all of the last importance, he made many memorandums, and the more these are examined, the more deeply will Wren be found to have mastered all things connected with the security and beauty of architecture. He will be found to have sought for his information not in ingenious theories but in everyday practice—not among the dreamers of the Royal Society, but by conversing with skilful masons, and carpenters, and blacksmiths. The art of constructing a sound wall was a favourite study with him. Those who only look at a building as a fine feature in a landscape, rarely think of the art with which such a fabric is reared. To convert a rough and unseemly pile of stones, a stack of unsquared timber, and some tons of rusty iron, into a magnificent palace, requires something more than mere animal exertion. Much of the durability of a building depends upon the propriety of the design, but much also depends upon the nature of the materials and the skill with which they are applied. A mason, cunning in his art, will lay one stone so that it secures others, and by knowledge bind the whole of the structure together on the surest principles of construction, as the separate staves of a vessel are united by the hoops. In what many may consider as beneath his genius, even in the secret art of interlacing the stones, so that, in the language of the trade, the joints are broken, and a bond external and internal continued *round the structure*, Wren thought it no disgrace

to acquire unrivalled skill. As he knew better than any other architect of his time the way to give elegance to an elevation, so did he know better than all others how to render his structures firm and lasting.

A great fire and the restoration of a king aided Wren in his career, and saved him from having to contend against the imperfect taste of his nation, of which disinclination for external splendour in buildings had usually formed a characteristic. To build public works and parish churches was no longer a matter of taste but a work of necessity, and the most parsimonious Puritan could not but acknowledge that to preach in the open air was an unseemly thing, and that London was in need of some eighty churches. The king, who, without any love of literature, had some skill in mechanics and taste in architecture, preferred looking at works which required little outlay of thought—his eye was nearly all that he had to gratify, and for this single polite taste Wren was the prime minister. I have already related how his original draught for St. Paul's was rejected by the court and clergy: it may not be so fair, perhaps, to estimate his genius by what he merely planned as by that which he successfully executed; yet surely the former should not be altogether overlooked. In the rejected design there is an unbroken grandeur of outline and interior breadth and harmony of parts, with solid majesty of elevation, to which the other cannot reach. The inward angles of the cross are judiciously exchanged for circles, avoiding those deep dark nooks, which, in the present structure, are fitted only for gathering all the dust and filth with which

the breeze is laden; while in the interior the jutting angles, which at present impede the view and disunite the harmonious arrangement of the structure, are converted into circular lines, which give a wonderful elegance and simplicity to the whole plan. Yet excelled as the design of the actual Cathedral is by that which was unhappily rejected—it has merits which place it first in outward majesty, and second in internal grandeur amongst the churches of Christendom. Buried amidst a thick-piled city—hampered as its architect had felt himself in planning the western front to suit that narrow aperture called Ludgate Hill—composed as it is of free-stone, and not of marble, and stained with all the impurities of sea-coal smoke—St. Paul's never fails to fill the mind of the commonest beholder with admiration at its exquisite unity, and varied and boundless magnificence. To construct a small work, pleasing at once from its beauty and neatness, is something; but to conceive and unite the many distant and distinct parts of such an immense pile as this into one complete whole, tying them elegantly together with that magic band which is at once their ornament and security, like the sculptured key-stone of a triumphal arch, requires a master spirit. There is, perhaps, no one part of the existing Cathedral that equals the celebrated Corinthian portico of Inigo Jones; the merit of Wren lay in observing the proprieties of art—he has few bold masterly hits—few unlooked for beauties; there is no little space in the pile on which he has, as it were, condensed his strength—his glory lies in the entire structure—in his unrivalled *skill* in balancing and combining all the members

of his edifice into one consistent and harmonious whole. This is to have in architecture a genius of the Epic order. "A variety of knowledge," says Walpole, "proclaims the universality, a multiplicity of works the abundance, St. Paul's the greatness, of Sir Christopher's mind. Our noblest temple, (St. Paul's,) our largest palace, (Hampton Court,) our most sumptuous hospital, (Greenwich,) are all works of the same hand."

Foreign censure as well as native praise has been exhausted on St. Paul's; and above all, the Abbé May has distinguished himself by his abuse of the masterpiece of Wren. His fastidious severity might easily be shown by precedents which all bow to, by reference to geometrical rules of construction which must be obeyed, and by the difficulties which the stone presented, to be frivolous or unfounded. The coupled columns of the grand portico, in particular, have been censured both by the Abbé and one of our own critics, according to whom the Corinthian capitals, sitting in pairs, injure and obscure each other, and, when viewed obliquely, seem in confusion from the mixture of the profiles. If we judge by bits, there will be room enough for such criticism in any human work, but it is the general result we must look to, for to that the great artist lent all his thoughts. If we take this portico as a detached work of art, the eye will require all parts to be seen, and will consider the coupled columns as contrary to the strict rules of the profession, since they obscure at least one side of each capital; but look at the portico in its place, as forming a small portion of a majestic pile, in which there are many porticos, straight and circular, and we see at once that it has

been devised with a view to the general effect, and could not well be otherwise than it is without positive injury. Single columns, I am convinced, would seem weak and unequal to the task these have to perform. The tradition of Portland says, that stones could not be shipped large enough for the freize of a portico with single columns, while another story points to the desire of the clergy to have a column for each apostle within a space which could not contain the number without having them coupled. The recessed portico of the second story is a portico for doves and angels, for no earthly being without wings can approach it; but this criticism affects nearly all the architecture of modern times, and the error, if such it be, must be ascribed partly to the object in view, and partly to the nature of the materials. The perpendicular portion of the dome, which rises over roof and tower, and can be seen as far as Windsor one way, and the sea another, has been more justly complained of as much too plain—it is deficient in light and shade. As Wren has borrowed not very sparingly from the designs of Inigo Jones, he might have found a dome of a richer pattern. I am afraid to mention what I suspect to be true, that he was alarmed at adding abutments to the dome, lest the increase of weight might be injurious; yet to secure it he cut a deep groove or channel in the stone all round, and laid in this a double band or chain of massy iron, strongly linked together at every ten feet, and run flush with lead and hammered smooth and fair. This, though perfectly solid and firm, and employed in Salisbury steeple and St. Peter's dome, is upon *his own* principles a defect in the construction. The

entire structure may be accused of want of massiveness, and of that severe dignity which prevails in so many of the classic fabrics. It is an union of small parts, and relies more upon its geometrical combinations for keeping it together, than on the solid strength of its masonry and the gravity of its materials. The chief fault, however, is an invisible one ; though the stones are hewn with the greatest nicety, and the masonry seems all firm and compact, yet the mortar, which should unite the whole into one solid mass, is in many places decayed and become as dust. This is the case even with some of those massive piers against which the public monuments are erected ; when the outer line of stone is cut through, the mortar comes gushing out in dust at the aperture—the sand is sharp and good, but the lime, like too much of the lime used in London, has been deficient in strength.

If in exterior magnificence St. Paul's surpasses all our other buildings, the interior, however, from many causes, is not so beautiful. You enter and the naked loftiness of the walls, and the cold and barren stateliness of every thing around, would induce one to believe that an enemy—were such a thing possible in Britain—had taken London and plundered the cathedral of all its national and religious paintings, together with a world of such rare works of curiosity or antiquity as find a sanctuary in the great churches of other countries. A few statues, some of them of moderate worth, are scattered about the recesses, and certain coloured drawings, done by the yard by Sir James Thornhill, may be distinguished far above—but all between is empty space, save where some tattered

banners, pierced with many a shot, the memorials of our naval victories, hang dusty half-pillar high. This nakedness, however, is not so much the fault of the architect as of the clergy, who ought to have adorned this noble pile more largely by the hand of the painter and the sculptor. It was the wish of Wren to beautify the inside of the cupola with rich and durable Mosaic, and he intended to have sought the help of four of the most eminent artists in Italy for that purpose; but he was frustrated by the seven commissioners, who said the thing was so much of a novelty that it would not be liked, and also so expensive that it could not be paid for. The present work, too, over the communion table was intended only to serve till something more worthy could be prepared; and, to supply its place, Wren had modelled a magnificent altar, consisting of four pillars wreathed of the finest Greek marbles, supporting a hemispherical canopy, richly decorated with sculpture. But marble, such as he liked, could not readily be procured—dissensions arose, and the work remained in the models. The interposition of the Duke of York—the malevolence of the commissioners—the Puritanic, for I will not call them Protestant, prejudices of the clergy, and, I must add, the tastelessness of the nation at large, have all conspired to diminish the interior glory of St. Paul's, and render it less imposing on the mind than many a cathedral of less mark and reputation. George III. saw what was wanting, and would have endeavoured to supply it; but all his efforts to overcome the ecclesiastical objections were unavailing. Let us hope that some of that truly good and English king's descendants may have better success.

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HIER JULEF VANDERBURGEL.

Engraved by John Martin Skene after 1783.

SIR JOHN VANBRUGH.

No man who has been satirized by Swift and praised by Reynolds, could have much chance of being forgotten ; but the fame of him who was at once the author of *The Relapse* and the *Provoked Wife*, and the architect of *Castle Howard* and *Blenheim*, stands independent of even such subsidiaries.

Of Sir John Vanbrugh much has been said, and yet little has been told ; enemies spared his person and heaped ridicule on his works, while friends were solicitous only about his works, aware, perhaps, that his private character would take care of itself. We must be cautious how we impute the forbearance of malicious wit to mercy or to respect ; Vanbrugh was eminently brave, and not likely to put a parliamentary construction on uncivil personality. Swift, who could easily hate any man, and Pope, seldom reluctant to abuse those whom the bitter Dean hated, confined their lampoons to his buildings and his plays. In process of time the latter publicly expressed his regret for having satirized a man of honour and a wit ; and the liberal criticism of Reynolds ultimately

swayed the public opinion so strongly, that not all the clever spleen of Walpole could again disturb the position of Vanbrugh.

His lineage was foreign—his grandfather, a zealous Protestant, fled from the wrath of the cruel Duke of Alva, and found that safety in London which Ghent, his native city, had not afforded. Having established himself as a merchant in Walbrook, he lived there with credit till the year 1646; and on his death, his son, Giles Vanbrugh, found himself master of a fair fortune. Of the second Vanbrugh it is said, I know not on what authority, that he was a sugar-baker, and lived in the city of Chester. The first of these assertions is unlikely to be true; such a trade was better fitted for London than Chester—besides, Blome in his *Brittania* writes him gentleman, and he is elsewhere styled esquire; and though a man could not well be more honourably descended than from an honest merchant and a sufferer for conscience-sake—we must remember that such designations retained their technical heraldic import usually, if not always, until much more recent times. Whatever his earlier occupations may have been, his education and talents were such that he obtained the place of Comptroller of the Treasury Chamber. This was probably after his marriage with Elizabeth, the fifth and youngest daughter and co-heir of Sir Dudley Carleton, of Imber Court, Surrey. If we may credit the account given in the brief memoir which precedes the comedies of Vanbrugh, the Comptroller lived where his father had so long resided, in the parish of St. Stephen, Walbrook;

an uncourtly district in our day, but the dwelling place of very lordly people then. Here their second son, JOHN VANBRUGH, was born, in the year 1666. He had, it seems, seven brothers; his mother died in the year 1711, his father in 1715, both having lived long enough to rejoice in the fame of their son.

Something of a mystery had always hung over the education of Vanbrugh—and this, since the publication of the *Curiosities of Literature*, has extended to the place of his birth. The legend which has received general credence relates, that Vanbrugh, during his architectural studies in France, was detected drawing some fortifications and imprisoned in the Bastille; that in this place of little ease he beguiled time by sketching comedies; how the governor informed the state authorities that a second Moliere was in his keeping; and that the generous ministers interposed and so dealt with the king that he was liberated. In a letter which he wrote in 1725, complaining of the conduct of that female fury, the Duchess of Marlborough, respecting the building of Blenheim, he seems to insinuate an earlier imprisonment than the story imputes. “Since my hands,” he says, “were thus tied up from trying by law to recover my arrears, I have prevailed with Sir Robert Walpole to help me in a scheme by which I have got my money in spite of the hussey’s teeth. My carrying this point enrages her much, and the more because it is of considerable weight in my small fortune, which she has heartily endeavoured so to destroy as to throw me into an English Bastille,

there to finish my days as I began them in a French one." Many will say these concluding words will bear any other construction than that he was born in the French Bastile: and no doubt such is their direct meaning; but no one has spoken of his father's having visited France or of his mother's confinement in that prison; it was an unlikely chamber for a lady in her condition; and indeed the story is scarcely credible. I suspect that Vanbrugh in saying he began his days in the Bastile, meant only that he was its tenant in early life—at the commencement of his manhood. It was probably out of desire to commemorate this event, that he gave the name of "Bastele House" to an odd whimsical dwelling which he built for himself at Greenwich, on a spot which is still called Vanbrugh's Fields.

"We have no account," says Chalmers, "of his education, but it probably was liberal." That it was liberal his works sufficiently show. One of his biographers says, "at the age of nineteen he was sent by his father to France, where he continued for some years." No place nor plan of education is named—and we are left to surmise that, whatever the intention of his parents had been, he soon joined the army. This step Chalmers imputes to his gay and lively disposition; but men who were neither gay nor lively did at that period the same; John Evelyn fought some time as a volunteer in Holland; the camp was the college where our young gentlemen of those days completed their education. But that, under whatever circumstances he joined it, he continued only a

short while with the army we have good evidence, and also that he was early distinguished for his knowledge of architecture. In 1695, when commissioners are appointed for completing Greenwich Palace and converting it into an hospital, Vanbrugh makes his appearance amongst them. He was then twenty-nine years old. "May 21," thus Evelyn writes in his Diary, "we went to survey Greenwich, Sir Robert Clayton, Sir Christopher Wren, Mr. Travers the king's surveyor, Captain Sanders and myself. 24—We made report of the state of Greenwich house, and how the standing part might be made serviceable at present for £6000. 31—Met again. Mr. Vanbrugh was made secretary to the commission by my nomination of him to the lords, which was all done that day." This was two years before the appearance of any of his comedies—but indeed we could hardly require direct evidence to assure us that it was not his comic talents which recommended him to Evelyn.

That Vanbrugh had laid aside his heroic mania by 1695 is sufficiently plain; and the story is uniform that during his military duties he became acquainted with Sir Thomas Skipwith, who, besides holding rank in the army, was a sharer in a theatrical patent; that in the idleness of winter quarters the two soldiers fell into a conversation concerning the drama, on which Vanbrugh spoke with such cleverness as to gain him the esteem of his superior officer; that Vanbrugh, encouraged by Skipwith's commendations, first showed one scene, and then several others of the *Relapse*; that it was Sir Thomas's praise which induced him to finish the piece, and offer it to the stage. But if the *Relapse*

was commenced whilst Vanbrugh was a soldier, it was not acted for a number of years after he had for ever quitted the camp and the sword. It was not produced on the stage till 1697, when it was most rapturously received. The indecencies of the days of Charles II. were not without their abettors in those of William III.: yet there abounded persons who could not listen without vexation to the unguarded looseness of language and morality which this new candidate for dramatic fame displayed in every scene. With wit at will, and a fancy inexhaustible in ready resources to supply materials for merriment and surprise, he had stooped to a larger share than was even then common of lascivious allusions, questionable situations, and characters who think it needless to profess the virtue which they certainly do not practise. These complaints Vanbrugh did not forget when he printed his piece—he imagines his defence triumphant, and exclaims—"There is not one woman of real reputation in town, but when she has read the play impartially over in her closet, will find it so innocent she will think it no affront to her prayer-book to lay it upon the same shelf." If the ladies of real reputation in those days really could listen to the *Relapse*, or lay it beside their prayer-books, I hardly know what to think of their prayers. He imputed some of the complaints made against the morality of his play to the remnant of the Puritans. "As for the saints," he says, "your thorough-paced ones I mean, with screwed faces and wry mouths, I despair of them, for they are friends to nobody; they love nothing but their altars and themselves; they have too

much zeal to have any charity; they make debauches in piety as sinners do in wine; and are as quarrelsome in their religion as other people are in their drink." Thus audaciously could wits of those days vindicate their works, when pious men charged them with levity and lewdness.

The play which exasperated the Puritans pleased Halifax, the universal patron of genius, so much, that he extended his protection—at all times powerful—to the author, and aiding him with his advice, of which he seems never to have been sparing, the comedy of "The Provoked Wife" was gathered from the loose sheets, to which it had from the time of the poet's campaigns been condemned, and moulded into a popular form was presented to the stage. It was the fashion then for a dramatic writer to produce his work under the protecting influence of some fashionable name. Great lords did then what great booksellers do much better now: they had their names placed on the first page of the play, and thus introduced the author and his work to general notice. They did more—they vindicated their own approbation by filling the pit and boxes with their friends on the first trial of the performance, and the author came off with thunders of applause from a packed jury. The merits of "The Provoked Wife," however, were such, that precautions of the nature we have described could scarcely have been necessary. The dialogue was so lively, so easy, and so witty, that those stern critics were scarcely listened to, who called it a loose performance. The characters are nevertheless drawn a little too strong for the truth of nature. A man so utterly morose, coarse, gross,

and swinish, as Sir John Brute, may have lived; but that he could have obtained such a wife, so young, so lovely, and so witty as his lady, is utterly impossible. Hazlitt, an acute and lively writer on theatrical subjects, thus draws his character. "Sir John Brute is an animal of English growth, and of a cross-grained breed. He has a spice of the demon mixed up with the brute; is mischievous as well as stupid; has improved his natural parts by a town education and example; opposes the fine-lady airs and graces of his wife, by brawling oaths, impenetrable surliness, and pot-house valour: overpowers any tendency she might have to vapours or hysterics, by the fumes of tobacco and strong beer; and thinks to be master in his own house, by roaring in taverns, reeling home drunk every night, breaking lamps, and beating the watch. This was Garrick's favourite part, and I have heard that his acting in the drunken scene, in which he was disguised, not as a clergyman, but a woman of the town, which was an alteration of his own to suit the delicacy of the times, was irresistible." The reigning defects of this clever comedy, are the equivocal character of the positions in which it places some of its heroines, and, what is worse, the air of lasciviousness which hovers over every scene. If the author desired, as he says in his prologue, to satirize the follies of the age, he was severe to folly at the expense of leniency to sin. We know, indeed, that the dames of 1698 indulged in greater freedom, simplicity perhaps, of conversation, than would be accounted "quite correct" in 1830; but we cannot believe that the sense of shame was as completely extinct in the reign of William III.

as in that of Charles II., or that the plays of Vanbrugh present anything but a gross caricatura of the women of rank of his day. It is truly sorrowful to think that such ready wit and such skill in effective scenes are entirely wasted; to open his comedies is to enter a wardrobe with the plague imprisoned amongst the purple and fine linen;—purity cannot read without taint. The volumes of Vanbrugh are shut for ever, I hope, to our countrywomen, while all the men who read them must say with Pope,

“How Van wants grace, he never wanted wit.”

I believe that Vanbrugh regretted, though he refused to acknowledge, the looseness of his two first comedies, and desired to win worthier applause by a play in which vice should be lashed and virtue lauded. He took up a French comedy, infused his own sentiments into the scenes, called the work *Esop*, and in 1698 produced it at Drury-Lane. A capital comedy might be written on human caprice. Those who before shook the head at Vanbrugh's looseness, and called loudly for a moral lesson, now when morality was served up in every scene, and virtue exhibited by pattern, found the whole so cloying, that they endured it but for a few nights. The sinners hissed—the admirers of morality were mute—the disapprobation was strong and the applause feeble. The dramatist, it is said, was afterwards heard to admit that he had not written of virtue with such hearty good-will as he had of folly. *Esop* has many of the merits of Vanbrugh; it is full of life and ease; there is learning without pedantry, and, what was uncom-

mon in him, wit without grossness ; but the cause of its failure he that runs may read. The hero of the piece sits amidst all manner of temptations, and delivers moral instruction by the hour ; he is ever wise, prudent, just and merciful ; the most winning fails to move, and the most unreasonable to disturb him ; he has fortitude for all occasions, and wit for every emergency. But such is the perversity of our nature, that we grow weary of perfection, and long for the old man and his deeds. We dislike all who pretend to be wiser than ourselves ; no man ever more effectually secures the ill-will of his companions, than when he rises above them in genius and understanding ; his fame is considered as an insult ; and they will never believe that the boy who was whipt in the same class with them at school can be brighter in intellect than themselves. That Vanbrugh was uneasy at the ill success of his play we may gather from the preface ; it had been only twice acted when published, but he had seen and heard enough to perceive that it was never to be a favourite. He ingeniously tries to persuade the public that they will soon like it much, " for the original," says he, " was routed in Paris the first day it appeared—the second it rallied—the third it advanced—the fourth it gave a vigorous attack, and the fifth put all the feathers in town to the scamper, pursuing them on to the fourteenth, and then they cried out quarter. It is not reasonable to expect Esop should gain so great a victory here, since it is possible by fooling with his sword I may have turned the edge on't. At Paris he scrambled up hill a little faster than I am afraid he will do here ; the French have more mercury in

their heads, and less beef and pudding in their bellies." The author, however, acknowledges by and bye his fears that no great success could be expected for a work

" Barren of all the graces of the stage,
Barren of all that entertains this age ;
No hero, no romance, no plot, no show,
No rape, no bawdy, no intrigue, no beau."—

He has nevertheless one consolation in store : though zeal, he says, abounds, though the stage turns to a conventicle, though ladies renounce intriguing, tradesmen cheating, courtiers bribes, and lawyers lies—

" Yet in the midst of these religious days,
Sermons have never borne the price of plays."

When no one looked for it, Vanbrugh laid down the dramatist's pen, took up the architect's pencil, and designed one of the noblest mansions in England—Castle Howard. This was in 1702, in the thirty-sixth year of his age. We know too little of his private history to be sure at what time and under what circumstances he seriously turned to architecture. The story of the sketches which procured him a lodging in the Bastile, refers to his early days ; his scientific knowledge had obtained him the notice of Evelyn in 1695 ; such are all the notices which we have, real or romantic, of his studies in art before the era of Castle Howard. This structure stands on the site of the ancient castle of Hinderkelf, and was built by Charles, third earl of Carlisle. The design is at once simple and grand. A lofty portico with six columns, rising two stories, occupies the centre ; on either

side are long galleries, terminating in advancing wings with pavilions; while a cupola, rising to the height of an hundred feet, and proportioned, in every respect, to the body of the building, is seen far and wide. The whole is of the Corinthian order, and though very lofty, there are no double stories of columns as in Whitehall. The interior is every way worthy of the exterior. The hall, thirty-five feet square and sixty feet high, adorned with columns of the Corinthian and Composite orders, is surmounted by a spacious dome. The whole house is upon the same magnificent scale, and is filled with statues and paintings. For picturesque splendour, we know of no English mansion to compare with it—nor is it more splendid than solid. The number of roofs, cupolas, statues, vases, and massy-clustered chimnies, give to the horizontal profile of the structure a richness of effect, which is nowhere surpassed in British art.

There is no architecture which excels that of Vanbrugh in the poetic effect and richness of its combinations; and this, which I conceive to be a merit, has been railed against as his main blemish. It is true that he has departed wholly from the severity of Grecian models; but so had the great Italian artists, and likewise Wren, whom no one has ever yet accused of want of classic taste. He has in my opinion obeyed the spirit, and violated the letter of the old classic law. He has avoided the rank above rank of columns, so common in the works of Jones and Wren, and, with a more poetic eye than either, has grouped his building, with all its cupolas, pediments, pavilions, clustered chimnies, and statues, in a way at once original

and harmonious, and which gratifies all admirers of picturesque magnificence. Vanbrugh was an inventor; he has been criticised by a race of classic copyists, who think it a merit of the highest kind to build according to the express dimensions and form of some famous temple of old. They cannot perceive that he has dealt in the original elements of art, and, disdaining to copy where he could invent, has created an original style of his own—impure, indeed, in many parts, and liable to a charge of heaviness, but admirably fitted to please those who have been accustomed to the varied splendours of the Gothic buildings, and who think the Attic models too severely simple. The scholars of his day were against him; but he obtained the wider applause of those who were not learned enough to try merit by other standards than their own feelings.

A work of such varied beauty as Castle Howard of course raised high expectations. Wren was waxing old, and the changeable favour of the court had nearly deserted him; and men eagerly turned their eyes on a new name and a younger candidate in the realms of taste. The Earl of Carlisle, as acting Earl Marshal of England, had something in his power; in those days it was not altogether marvellous to see a man of genius in a place of profit and honour, and Vanbrugh obtained the situation of Clarencieux King of Arms, which raised him above almost all the heralds. Who the heralds of the year 1703 were I know not, but whoever they were, they thought themselves insulted, and made a sharp remonstrance. All their efforts were in vain. The architect, who knew

nothing of the dark and mysterious art which his angry brethren professed, maintained his place boldly—put his official signature to the annual accounts, and, knowing well that but few could detect or comprehend his deficiency, stood by his post, though gules and argent utterly disowned him. All men smiled when the dramatist and architect was installed in his place, but none of the taunts of the wits have reached posterity save that poor pun by Swift, in which he insinuates that his new title enabled Vanbrugh to *build houses* in more ways than one. A small and comfortable dwelling, which the architect built for himself at Whitehall, was a fertile source of merriment to Swift. In one piece the satirist supposes the “herald and the poet” engaged in the two-fold task of writing a farce and building a house, and, as he used old scenes in the one, and old materials in the other, the “experienced bricks” took their places readily, and

“The building, as the poet writ,
Rose in proportion to his wit.
Now poets from all quarters ran,
To see the house of brother Van;
Looked high and low, walked often round,
But no such house was to be found.
At length, they in the rubbish spy
A thing resembling a goose-pie!
And one in raptures thus began
To praise the pile and builder Van;
‘Thrice happy poet who mayest trail
Thy house about thee like a snail.’”

Elsewhere he informs us that

“Van’s genius, *without thought or lecture*,
Is hugely turned to architecture;”

and represents him studying his future buildings from houses built with cards by the hands of children :—

“ From such deep rudiments as these,
Van is become, by due degrees,
For building famed, and justly reckoned
At court Vitruvius the Second.”

Vanbrugh took no notice of rhymes, which to him were harmless as the passing wind ; but proceeded with the double duty of writing plays for the stage, and planning palaces for the nobility. Of his earlier buildings I may name Eastbury in Dorsetshire, which was pulled down by Earl Temple ; King’s Weston, near Bristol, for the Hon. Edward Southwell ; Easton-Neston, in Northamptonshire ; Mr. Duncombe’s, in Yorkshire ; the Opera House, London ; Oulton Hall, Cheshire, and Seaton Delaval, in Northumberland. Though none of those structures deserve to be named with Castle Howard, yet they exhibit, amid some faults, many of the picturesque beauties of his style. It has been justly remarked by Dallaway, that he had the art of grouping his chimnies till they resembled pinnacles, or of connecting them into an arcade, by which the massiveness of the building was much relieved. He was, indeed, a great master of perspective ; and nothing can be finer than the summits of his houses ;—he always raises a central point of attraction, and groups pinnacles, peaks, towers, domes, and pavilions round it, uniting them into a splendid whole—regarding little the rules of classic art, but obeying those of poetic composition.

Of Vanbrugh's plays, it is remarked by Cibber, that "there is something so catching to the ear, so easy to the memory, in all he wrote, that it was observed by the actors of his time that the style of no author whatsoever gave the memory less trouble. His wit and humour were so little laboured that his most entertaining scenes seemed to be no more than his common conversation committed to paper. As his conceptions were so full of life and humour, it is not much to be wondered at if his muse should be sometimes too warm to wait the slow pace of judgment, or to endure the drudgery of forming a regular fable to them." Combining his taste for architecture and his skill in dramatic composition, he formed the project of building a stately theatre in the Haymarket; and such was the popularity which he enjoyed, that at his instigation thirty persons of quality subscribed, to aid him, one hundred pounds each. The theatre was built, and, under Vanbrugh and Congreve for directors, was opened by Betterton in 1706. That nothing might be wanting to secure popularity to this undertaking, a Whig lady of rank and beauty was induced to lay the first stone, and the two greatest comic writers of the age undertook to feed the stage. But Vanbrugh wrote too fast and Congreve too slow—the pieces were ill-digested or ill-timed; the public had expected more from such a co-partnership than even their genius could perform, and expressed disappointment. Betterton himself, however, imputed a double portion of the blame to Vanbrugh; his pieces for the Haymarket shewed little, in the great actor's opinion, of the ready wit and gladsome humour of

his earlier compositions ; and, what was worse, in his love of fine architecture, he had built a house where the audience could not hear the actors ; the words were swallowed up by a spacious dome, beautiful to behold, but which robbed the mind to gratify the eye.

Of the plays which he produced here, the first was *The Confederacy*. Professing to be a translation of the *Bourgeois à la mode* of Dancour, it is nevertheless a most original and witty work, abounding in rich strokes of humour and lively sallies of raillery ; he has used the scenes of the Frenchman as frames, in which to exhibit his own pictures of London Life. The leading personages are two city sharpers, low, indeed, in birth—but high in the noble arts of mystification and deception ; they have united in one scheme, viz. to make both their fortunes, by laying their whole stock of cash and assurance together, and as master and servant, secure the hand of some rich merchant's daughter, and divide her dower between them. Dick Amlet personates a colonel, and with Brass for his man, commences his career. That they are adroit adventurers, with cunning impudence, cool presence of mind, unblushing selfishness, unwearied industry, and abundance of intellectual juggling, necessary for the warfare which they wage with the folly and the simplicity of mankind, is abundantly shown in the course of the five acts. One passage will give a taste of the precious pair :—they are in the house of the citizen, with whose daughter Colonel Amlet is on the point of eloping. Brass sees it is the time to secure a good bargain for himself ; he knows if his companion carries off

the prize, his own share will be but small, and feeling that he has all to hope from his comrade's present dread of discovery, and nothing from his honour, he thus goes to work.

Brass. How speaks young mistress's epistle—soft and tender?

Dick. As pen can write.

Brass. So you think all goes well there?

Dick. As my heart can wish.

Brass. Why then, ceremony aside, [*putting on his hat,*] you and I must have a little talk, Mr. Amlet.

Dick. Ah! Brass, what art thou going to do—wo't ruin me?

Brass. Look you Dick, few words—you are in a smooth way of making your fortune; I hope all will roll on; but how d'ye intend matters shall pass 'twixt you and me in this business?

Dick. Death and Furies! what a time do'st thou take to talk out!—

Brass. Good words, or I betray you—they have already heard of one *Mr. Amlet* in this house. In short, look smooth, and be a good prince. I am your valet 'tis true, your footman sometimes, which I am enraged at; but you have always had the ascendant I confess; when we were schoolfellows, you made me carry your books, make your exercise, own your rogueries, and sometimes take a whipping for you. When we were fellow-apprentices, though I was your senior, you made me open the shop, clean my master's shoes, cut last at dinner, and eat all the crust. Nay, in our punishments, you still made good your part, for when once upon a time I was sentenced but to be whipped, I cannot deny but you were condemned to be hanged. In all times, I must confess, your inclinations have been greater and nobler than mine; however, I cannot consent that you should, at once, fix your fortune for life, and I dwell in my humilities for the rest of my days.

Dick. Hark thee, Brass, if I do not most nobly by thee, I am a dog.

Brass. And when?

Dick. As soon as ever I am married.

Brass. Ay—the plague take thee.

Dick. Then you mistrust me?

Brass. I do, by my faith. Look you, sir, some folks we mistrust because we don't know them—others we mistrust because we do know them—and for one of these reasons I desire there may be a bargain beforehand—if not, [*raising his voice,*] look ye, *Dick Amlet*—

Dick. Soft, my dear friend and companion—(the dog will ruin me,) [*aside,*] say what is't will content thee—but how canst thou be such a barbarian?

Brass. I learnt it at Algiers.

Dick. Come—make thy Turkish demand then.

Brass. You know you gave me a bank bill this morning to receive for you.

Dick. I did so; of fifty pounds: 'tis thine. So now thou art satisfied: all is fixed.

Brass. It is not indeed. There's a diamond necklace you robbed your mother (a pawnbroker) of e'en now.

Dick. Ah you Jew!

Brass. No words.

Dick. My dear Brass!

Brass. I insist.

Dick. My old friend!

Brass. Dick Amlet, [*raising his voice,*] I insist.

Dick. Ah the cormorant! [*Aside.*] Well, 'tis thine; thou'lt never thrive with it.

Brass. When I find it begins to do me mischief, I'll give it you again."

The author who could produce such scenes as this, and who was besides, with the exception of the gratuitous malice of Swift, beloved and spoken well of by every body, might have been expected to save any theatre. Congreve, however, as proud as he was eminent, retired from the speculation after a few months' trial; and Vanbrugh in vain endea-

voured to support it alone. Play after play was listened to without applause; he saw his substance wasting away, and his fame diminishing; so, sickening at last of the very name of theatrical management, he disposed of his house, his dresses, his scenes and his engagements to that adventurous person Owen Swinney, upon payment of five pounds for every acting day, and renewed his interrupted labours in architecture.

The fame of his Castle Howard procured him the building of Blenheim—an undertaking disgraceful in the upshot to the nation, and ruinous to the purse and peace of Vanbrugh. In 1706 parliament resolved to raise a public monument of glory and gratitude to the illustrious John Duke of Marlborough:—they voted a splendid mansion, without assigning funds to pay for it; but Queen Anne commanded the work to proceed; issued the money necessary for commencing it; and in compliance with the wishes of the Queen, of Sarah, the Duchess, and the hero himself, Vanbrugh was named for architect. The design was made—the site, near Fair Rosamond's Well, in Woodstock-park, selected, the foundations sunk, and the first stone laid. Marlborough, after a series of splendid victories, when within one stride of France with his conquering army, was removed from his command and recalled, that in the insults of the court, and the hisses of the people, the world might see that England could be as ungrateful as any other country to the man who had saved her from destruction. Churchill was too proud to take much pleasure in a work voted for him by those who wronged him more now than they had

honoured him before, and, moreover, he was too sensible of the value of money, not to feel that as the parliament had provided no fund for defraying the expense, any interference on his part might make him liable for the whole. These were no idle fears. During the life of Queen Anne the towers of Blenheim continued to rise; the workmen, though not regularly paid, seldom clamoured, as they believed the money to be safe; and the Duke himself, though he refused to give any directions, did not hesitate sometimes to pacify the masons and carpenters by paying their wages; believing, no doubt, that the treasury would ultimately make good his advances. But Queen Anne died—the treasury closed its doors, the parliament eluded to fulfil their engagement, and the new king sat quietly down on his throne, and allowed the hero, who had helped to establish it, to mourn his unfinished house and his ungrateful country. It will scarcely be credited, yet no fact is better established, than that the English parliament ordered Blenheim to be erected—Queen Anne paid for what was built while she lived—the Duke paid a part—and Vanbrugh and his workmen did the rest at their own proper cost and charges. The situation of the architect was extremely embarrassing on the death of the Queen. He never had been rich, and had laid out all the money he was master of on Blenheim. It would appear that he had obtained a warrant from Lord Godolphin, giving him the power of making contracts on the part of the Duke of Marlborough; but the decision of the House of Commons, that the mansion which *they* had voted was to be paid for by *the Queen*, com-

pletely quashed this warrant, which Marlborough, moreover, refused to acknowledge—asserting that Godolphin was never empowered to act in his behalf, and that Blenheim was to be built *for* him, and not *by* him.

These difficulties, brought upon them by the shabby conduct of the parliament, bred disunion between the architect and the termagant Sarah, and this soon extended to the Duke. A violent quarrel ensued. Vanbrugh declared, that though he had always looked upon the crown as engaged for the expense, the poor workmen considered the Duke of Marlborough as their paymaster, and that several contracts which he had made with them were with the concurrence of his Grace. Marlborough admits that he had occasionally advanced money to the men, and that he had been cognizant of some of these contracts, but adds that he never for a moment conceived that the workmen were employed on his account. “If, at last,” says one who drew up the Duke’s statement of the case, “the charge run into by order of the crown must be upon the Duke, yet the infamy of it must be upon another, who was, perhaps, the only architect in the world capable of building such a house, and the only friend in the world capable of contriving to lay the debt upon one to whom he was so highly obliged.” That Vanbrugh rated those high obligations very low, may be gathered from the letters which he wrote at that period. In his view, if we may trust his language throughout, he had done his duty, and asked only what he was entitled to. Meantime, old Sarah, it seems, had a notion peculiar to herself; she denied utterly

the responsibility of her husband, and averred that Vanbrugh himself was liable for the payment of the workmen. "I have the misfortune," says the architect, in a letter to Jacob Tonson, "of losing, for I now see little hopes of ever getting it, near two thousand pounds, due to me for many years' service, plague, and trouble at Blenheim, which that *wicked woman* of Marlborough is so far from paying me, that the Duke, being sued by some of the workmen for work done there, she has tried to turn the due to them upon me, for which, I think, she ought to be hanged." In another letter he handles the Atossa of Pope in the same unsparing fashion; the Duke, at his death, besides leaving near a million of money, bequeathed to the Duchess ten thousand a-year for the express purpose of finishing Blenheim. "The Duke of Marlborough's treasure," he observes to Tonson, "exceeds the most extravagant guess. A round million has been moving about in loans on the land-tax, &c. This the Treasury knew before he died, and this was exclusive of his land, his £5000 a-year upon the Post-office, his mortgages on many a distressed estate, his South Sea stock, his annuities, which were not subscribed in, and besides what is in foreign banks; and yet this man could neither pay his workmen their bills, nor his architect his salary. He has given his widow—may a Scotch ensign get her!—ten thousand pounds a-year to spoil Blenheim in her own way, and twelve thousand a-year to keep herself clean and go to law."

Even when poverty has wit and humour at command, her warfare with wealth is a sore ad-

venture. Little did the proud implacable widow of Marlborough regard the sarcasms of the artist. Armed with full power by the will of her husband, she constituted herself sole architect of the towers of Blenheim, and though she had the sense to follow the design of Vanbrugh, she neither had the honesty to pay him what was due for superintendence, nor the kindness to admit him to look at the work of his own hands. Nay, to such a length did she carry her anger, that on one occasion, when the architect with his lady, accompanied by his friends from Castle Howard, desired to see the place, "old Sarah" admitted the Howards, and excluded the Vanbrughs. "We staid two nights in Woodstock," says the architect; "but there was an order to the servants, under her Grace's own hand, not to let me enter Blenheim; and, lest that should not mortify me enough, she having somehow learned that my wife was of the company, sent an express the night before we came there, with orders that if she came with the Castle Howard ladies, the servants should not suffer her to see either house, gardens, or even to enter the park; so she was forced to sit all day long and keep me company at the inn."

The mansion for which the parliament lost all the honour it had to lose, the poor masons and carpenters two-thirds of their wages, and the ingenious architect the whole of his salary, is, however, worthy of the great name to whose glory it was raised. No one can doubt that Vanbrugh admitted the landscape as part of the picture, and thus, in the spirit of nature, if we may so speak, designed the great monument of his art. He

received, indeed, the distinction of knighthood at the hands of George I.; but this had even then become a poor honour, though far from so utterly contemptible as now, when, unless in certain official cases, it is the mere badge of vanity. With this exception, he gained nothing but loss and sorrow by Blenheim. Even his personal probity was attacked, in consequence of his connection with the national tribute to Marlborough. But surely, if there were nothing more, instead of a whole life of honour, Vanbrugh affords ample proof of his honesty and candour in a communication to Sir Robert Walpole concerning his summer-house at Chelsea. Lord Orford, indeed, chooses to be silent on the subject of his father's intercourse with the architect—it would have deadened the effect of his own sharp but flip-pant criticism. The following satisfactory letter is, however, extant:—"The inclosed is the second part of what I troubled you with the other day, which I hope you will think a most reasonable application. I have made an estimate of your fabric, which comes to 270*l.*; but I have allowed for doing some things in it in a better manner than perhaps you will think necessary, so I believe it may be done to your mind for 200*l.* But for your further satisfaction I desire you will send your clerk of the works to me, and I will explain it so to him that he may likewise make a calculation without showing him mine, or telling him what I make the expense amount to. And when this is done, we will give each particular article to the respective workmen, and they shall make their estimation too—so that you shall know the

bottom of it at last, or the devil shall be in it. Your most humble architect, John Vanbrugh." One would have thought an architect so saving, so minute, and so guarded as this letter shows Sir John to have been, would have suited the parsimonious pair of Blenheim; but I suspect that, knowing his man, the correspondent of Sir Robert Walpole affected a care and a circumspection foreign to his own heart. There may be some truth in the assertion of D'Israeli, that he played the dramatist occasionally in matters of architecture.

Blenheim was the last of his buildings. The acrimonious invectives of satirists, and the loud and bitter complaints of the fierce Atossa, had their influence at last, and Vanbrugh ceased to be employed in the public edifices of the country. His lively fancy, his facetious and engaging humour, and perhaps the fame of the persecution which he had endured, made many desire his company from pleasure and from sympathy. His lady, twenty years younger than himself, and the mother of an only son, who died with honour in the battle of Tournay, contributed to his happiness during his latter days; in the winter they lived in their house at Whitehall, and during the summer at Vanbrugh Fields, Greenwich. In those days—which were now numbered—he looked back with a severer eye on his dramatic compositions, and would fain have rendered some of them more worthy of his reputation. On the revival of the *Provoked Wife*, he took the sting out of the fourth act, where he had made a rake speak after his own heart in the *dress of a clergyman*—the play was left, neverthe-

less, sufficiently indelicate. But, in truth, grossness was the fashion of the time: even Dryden's masculine genius did not escape the general pollution:—so complete a gentleman as Congreve mingled profanity with licentiousness; and Vanbrugh equalled, if he did not surpass, them all in freedoms of speech and situation which no modern audience would endure. We are become purer in speech certainly than our ancestors, and more sensitive in matters of visible grossness; but I dare not say that more has been accomplished. The severe strictures of Collier abated the lascivious license of the stage; but in destroying the insect in the rose, have we not permitted the perfume to be crushed out of the flower? If we are less graceless, are we not more dull? And after all, have we gained much more than that our comic writers, instead of open indecency, palter with us in a double sense?

The life of Vanbrugh extended to sixty years. He was about to be made Garter King at Arms, but finding the younger Austin had a reversionary grant, he resigned his tabard, February 9, 1726, and sickened and died at Whitehall on the 26th of March following. The nature of his disease has not been mentioned.

The fame of Vanbrugh as a writer has waned somewhat, while his professional reputation as an architect has increased more and more. The change of manners and the improvement made by education in the proprieties of speech, have injured the dramatist, while the expansion of taste, as to the real requirements of architecture, has operated with at least equal effect. The spleen of Swift,

indeed, descended to Walpole, when he said, "Vanbrugh wants all the merit of his writings to protect him from the censure due to his designs. What Pope said of his comedies is much more applicable to his buildings :—

How Van wants grace !—

grace !—he wanted eyes, he wanted all ideas of proportion, convenience, propriety. He undertook vast designs and composed heaps of littleness. The style of no age, no country appears in his works ; he broke through all rule and compensated for it by no imagination. He seems to have hollowed quarries rather than to have built houses ; and should his edifices, as they seem formed to do, outlast all record, what architecture will posterity think was that of their ancestors ? Durable as his edifices are, *The Relapse*, *The Provoked Wife*, *The Confederacy* and *Esop* will probably outlast them ; nor so translated is it an objection to the two last that they were translations. If Vanbrugh had borrowed from Vitruvius as happily as from *Dancour*, *Inigo Jones* would not be the first architect of Britain." But in this, as in many other matters, *Horace Walpole* wrote according to the feelings of a generation that had passed away. No doubt his injurious criticism, stolen from *Pope's* description of *Timon's villa*, and founded on the shallow assumption that the standard of *Vitruvius* was the rule by which all succeeding architecture should be tried, had its temporary effect. Men who really were pleased with the grandeur of *Castle Howard* and *Blenheim*, were afraid to say so, lest they should be derided for want of taste, and for having

the weakness to be pleased in spite of rules. But the universal feeling required only the shadow of authority to speak out ; and the manly courage of Sir Joshua Reynolds gave in due season all that was wanted. " I pretend," said that great but cautious man, " to no skill in architecture. I judge of the art now merely as a painter. When I speak of Vanbrugh, I speak of him merely on our art. To speak then of Vanbrugh in the language of a painter, he had originality of invention ; he understood light and shadow, and had great skill in composition. To support his principal object he produced his second and third groups of masses—he perfectly understood in *his* art what is most difficult in *ours*, the conduct of the back ground, by which the design and invention are set off to the greatest advantage. What the back ground is in painting, is the real ground upon which the building is erected ; and no architect took greater care that his work should not appear crude and hard ; that is, it did not abruptly start out of the ground without expectation or preparation. This is the tribute which a painter owes to an architect who composed like a painter."

Sir Uvedale Price, whose work on the picturesque will never be forgotten, stood before Blenheim with this great painter's eulogy in his recollection, and looking at the vast extent of front, the massy columns, the grand porticos, the lofty towers, the innumerable pinnacles and clustered chimnies, which gave light and shade and such varied magnificence to the elevations and the horizontal profiles, concurred with the painter, and then endeavoured to discover on what principles the

whole had been planned. " Reynolds is the first," he says, " who has done justice to the architecture of Vanbrugh, by showing that it was not a mere fantastic style without any other object than that of singularity, but that he worked upon the principles of painting, and that he has produced the most painter-like effects. It appears to me, that at Blenheim Vanbrugh conceived and executed a very bold and difficult design, that of uniting in one building the beauty and magnificence of the Grecian architecture, the picturesqueness of the Gothic and the massive grandeur of a castle ; and that in spite of many faults, for which he was very justly reproached, he has formed, in a style truly his own and a well combined whole, a mansion worthy of a great prince and a warrior. His first point appears to have been massiveness as the foundation of grandeur ; then to prevent the mass from being a lump, he has made various bold projections of various heights, as foregrounds to the main building, and lastly, having been forcibly struck with the variety of outline against the sky in many Gothic and other ancient buildings, he has raised on the top of that part, where the slanting roof begins in any house of the Italian style, a number of decorations of various characters. These, if not new in themselves, have at least been applied by him in a new and peculiar manner, and the union of them gives a surprising splendour and magnificence, as well as variety, to the summit of that princely edifice."

The genius of Vanbrugh as an architect, since the diffusion of these and other equally generous criticisms, has been sufficiently acknowledged. The originality which ruined his fortune has raised his

fame, and he now stands, as he deserves, high on the vantage ground of original invention—a position in which there are few British rivals to jostle him. He has many faults—among which all must recognise a cumbrous splendour—a multiplicity of little parts in buildings of diminutive size—and a want of attention to interior detail ; but the merit of an originality at once grand and poetic atones for all such deficiencies, and places him foremost amidst the architects of our latter times. He will ever be honoured as the only great original architect of the reign of Queen Anne and George the First ; and his last comedy, *The Journey to London*, will satisfy all the world that, however the bad taste of his age may have poisoned his theatrical vein, he might, under other circumstances, have been a dramatical classic at once refined in art and blameless in morals.

GIBBS.

WALPOLE, in writing of Gibbs and Lord Burlington, ascribes natural genius to the latter, and mechanical knowledge to the former; he claimed for the peer that spirit of invention, which can create, combine, and execute; and assigned to the commoner that tameness of mind, which, like a child walking with a hold of its mother's gown, can never move out of the charmed circle of other men's works—avoiding faults, yet furnishing no beauties. In all things, however, save rank and fortune, the two men appear to me to have been much alike. The high descent of Boyle blinded the sagacious Walpole—he never forgot for a moment that he was writing of a peer, and was courtly, kind, and complimentary; Gibbs, on the other hand, having nothing but his merit, such as that was, to recommend him, met with much colder treatment; the aristocratic critic looked down on the humble adventurer from the north with no patronizing smile, and probably imagined he did him great honour in writing about him at all. Justice requires that these things should be noticed;—but I am the last that would suffer such foibles to entice me into the too prevailing fashion of undervaluing Horace Walpole; he has preserved many valuable anecdotes of art, delivered



W. H. 1711

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and titles, including "The Hon. Mr. Justice" and "The Hon. Mr. Justice".

2. The second part of the document is a list of names and titles, including "The Hon. Mr. Justice" and "The Hon. Mr. Justice".

many sound opinions upon works of genius, and supported the fair fame of our country; and he is the more entitled to praise for this, seeing that his taste had a strong French tinge. He admired their manners, their literature, their painting, their sculpture, their porcelain, their paste puppets, their lace, their embroidery. But with so much of the Frenchman about him, he had great pride in whatever adorns the name of England.

Gibbs was born, says Chalmers, in Aberdeen, about the year 1674. Walpole, whose authority in dates is deservedly low, places his birth in 1683; but this is improbable; his talents in architecture had gained him fame in a foreign land before 1700, and I therefore put trust in the author of the Biographical Dictionary. He was the only son, if not the only child, of Peter Gibbs of Foot-deesmire, a respectable merchant in Aberdeen, by his second wife, Isabel Farquhar. The education of an only son is generally well attended to; he was instructed at the grammar school, and in the Marischal College of his native city, where he took the degree of Master of Arts. It would seem that he was deprived of both his parents early, for we find him master of his own actions in the twentieth year of his age, and resolving, since he had few friends in his native place, to seek for fortune abroad. He was not, however, one of those unhappy persons "unfitted with an aim," amongst whom Burns ranks himself; he had achieved considerable progress in mathematics, and made up his mind to pursue them into the study of architecture, an art at that period much encouraged in Britain.

Gibbs passed into Holland in the year 1694;

whether he had originally meant to make much stay in that land of little taste we know not; but there he accidentally fell into the company, and soon afterwards entered the employment, of an architect of some reputation, whom, however, no one has thought fit to name. Most men of talent, when they rise to distinction, seem reluctant to look back on those early days of toil, hardship, and disappointment, in which they prepared themselves for their fortunes; few have the fortitude to describe like Gifford or Burns the lowliness and discomforts of their boyish condition. Nor need we wonder at this. The wealthy or the titled, who patronize the polished scholar or poet, would not perhaps enjoy being frequently reminded that his "clouterly ploughboy carcase" had been exposed to all the winds of heaven; that their honoured guest had in the days of former years cobbled peasants' shoes, turned a straight furrow, or tasted no better food than porridge and milk for weeks together. Such confessions would be apt to be considered out of place while the feathers of duchesses were fanning his brow, tables laden with plate smoking before him, and obedient lacquies standing in pairs behind him, watching the motions of his knife and fork.

Concerning his early career Gibbs, like others, has related little. It appears, however, that his progress must have been rapid, for his talents attracted the notice of John Erskine, Earl of Mar, when he visited Holland in the year 1700. "Mar," says Sir Walter Scott, "was a man of quick parts, and prompt eloquence, an adept in state intrigues, and a successful courtier." It is more to our pur-

pose that he was a kind and benevolent nobleman, of no inconsiderable skill in architecture; that he not only favoured Gibbs with his countenance, but generously assisted him with money and commendatory letters, and advised him to travel into Italy, and correct his taste, and expand his views, by the study of the noble edifices of that country. This conduct, so honourable to the name of Mar, was nobly rewarded; when through rebellion and forfeiture the fortunes of the Erskines fell low, Gibbs remembered those who had aided him in his early struggles, and bequeathed a thousand pounds in money, all his plate, and an estate of £280 a year, to the only son of his first benefactor.

In 1700, then, he left Holland and went to Rome, where he studied several years under Garroli, a sculptor and architect of considerable note. He was not one of those dreaming students who squander the golden hours of their youth in devising schemes which they have not the perseverance to fulfil; like Inigo Jones before him, he examined with much care all the chief structures, ancient and modern, in Italy, and wrote memorandums respecting them for his future guidance. During his hours of leisure too, he made sketches of such works as presented themselves to his fancy, or portions of those edifices which he thought executed in the choicest spirit, laid them down carefully to scale, and noted the dimensions. After ten years thus diligently spent in Rome, Gibbs thought himself fully prepared for commencing as architect, and appeared in London in the thirty-sixth year of his age.

The time was not unpropitious. He found Lord

Mar in the ministry and favoured by the queen, and, what was still better, as much disposed as ever to aid and befriend him. The famous act was soon after passed, in which, as a measure salutary for religion, fifty new churches were directed by parliament to be built in the growing city of London. Wren aided them with his advice concerning the proper sites, and built certain churches already alluded to in these pages; Vanbrugh had shocked the pious and the moral by the voluptuousness of his comedies, and his hands were not reckoned pure enough for touching matters so divine; Kent had not yet been heard of—and under these circumstances, Mar had little else to do than to introduce Gibbs to the commissioners, as a man of knowledge and taste in his profession, to secure him immediate employment. The first building, however, which he completed was at King's College Cambridge; it has been sharply criticised for its diminutive Doric portico, and for the innumerable little parts out of which it is composed. But the task of the architect was difficult; he had to plan many small apartments. Story succeeding story, and chamber rising above chamber, like the cells of a bee-hive, are hardly compatible with that massive breadth of parts, without which there can be no grandeur. It is rarely that domestic comfort and accommodation combine with the severe graces of art. Whilst Gibbs was busied with this work and submitting plans of churches to the commissioners of parliament, ruin unlooked-for and sudden came upon his noble benefactor. Mar, stung by the neglect or insult of the court, hurried from London, put himself at the head of

those who had armed themselves to restore the House of Stuart, and encountering the army of the loyalists, led by Argyle, fought a sharp and indecisive battle at Sherrifmuir. Though victorious in one wing and commanding superior numbers, the jacobite chief hesitated to renew the battle ; his army, whom hope of victory only held together, began to be infected with the irresolution of their leader, and melting from about him like snow, left him no alternative but a bloody scaffold or immediate flight.

The downfall of his generous patron had, however, no visible influence over the fortunes of Gibbs. In truth, at that period the aristocracy of England were for the most part friendly to the cause of the exiled house ; though a salutary regard for their own persons, and a paternal love for their broad estates, kept them out of the strife to which they often stirred up others. The protégé of a suffering jacobite was not likely to meet with much dishonour at such hands, and Gibbs rose so rapidly, that he was soon one of the most popular architects in England. Many circumstances had indeed concurred to aid him. Wren, discountenanced by the court, and injuriously deprived of places of trust and profit, which he had held under the Stuarts for fifty years, was fast sinking to the grave ; Vanbrugh was suffering under the double load of misery arising from the unmerited sarcasms of Pope and Swift, and the resentment of a powerful nobleman and his vindictive wife ; and the reputation of Benson, who supplanted Wren, being one of the gourd tribe, soon withered and died

away. There was ample room then for a new hand, and Gibbs had the great good fortune to make a hit at starting.

The first edifice which he built in London was one that could not fail to make a powerful impression in his favour. The portico of St. Martin's church, for utility, compact beauty, and perfect unity of combination, is yet unsurpassed in the metropolis; and though in other respects the exterior is not so excellent, being deficient in light and shade, and the steeple inclines to be heavy—yet on the whole it forms a noble work, not unworthy of Wren in his brightest days; and almost justifies the high eulogy of Savage in “the Wanderer:”—

“O Gibbs! whose art the solemn fane can raise,
Where God delights to dwell and man to praise!”

The interior of the church is a perfect picture of architectural beauty and neatness of accommodation. All the parts are nicely distributed, and nothing can be added and nothing can be taken away. It is complete in itself, and refuses the admission of all other ornament. Gibbs perceived how injurious the sculpture of Westminster Abbey was to the internal splendour of the pile, and planned St. Martin's with so much care, that the sister art cannot find space to stick up even a cherub's head and wings. The chief charm of the structure, nevertheless, lies in the portico. I know not how it happens, but few men of science who have written on art, with the exception of Chambers, speak well of this magnificent work. The multitude—to make amends—admire it much;

and the rudest clown, who sees it for the first time, stands and wonders, and goes home and talks about it. The architects contemptuously say we may see its prototype in the portico of the Pantheon at Rome; forgetting that, if it comes to this kind of criticism, one portico begot all that followed—some better, some worse—like a succession of hereditary kings. The columns of the Roman portico are composed of solid blocks of oriental granite, fifty-two feet high, exclusive of base and capital; those of the British portico are of common stone, and measure only thirty-three feet three inches inclusive. Both indeed are of the Corinthian order, and the number of columns alike; but the proportions are not precisely the same. Chambers was so greatly pleased with St. Martin's church, that he presumptuously compared it to the Parthenon; but for this he is rebuked by his editor. "Artists," says Gwilt, "who ever saw an antique temple, or read Vitruvius, know that St. Martin's church, though one of the best in London, is no more than a very inferior imitation of the Greek prostyle temple, and will not enter into the slightest degree of comparison with the chaste grandeur, the dignified simplicity, and the sublime effect of the Parthenon." We know that in this land, architecture, at the best, is only successful imitation; classic works have supplied, and are still supplying much that our artists claim reputation from; and if the portico of St. Martin's church is so unworthy of comparison with the divine originals, what tasteless bunglers must they be who have never yet had the sense to purloin anything better? Though this portico is not more original than others, it at least

might obtain its author a larger share of praise from those who have not equalled it in unity and beauty. The mean houses, which for near a century were huddled round it, are now removed, and the whole structure is seen to advantage. It was finished in 1726, and cost thirty thousand pounds; and we may safely ask whether anything so good has been erected since for double the money?

The next work of Gibbs, the church of St. Mary, in the Strand, is by no means so successful an effort. It wants massive grandeur, and is composed of a multitude of little parts, which, though all united, and that skilfully enough, into a perfect whole, produce no impression of simplicity or true beauty. The body of the church, though far from lofty, is broken into two parts, and the spire exhibits tier succeeding tier of Roman architecture, though the shape requires something more akin to the Gothic or Chinese. The desire of rendering his work complete, which distinguishes the church of St. Martin's, is carried to excess here; there are too many breaks, too many architraves, and far too many mouldings and ornaments, for an edifice which aspires after classic severity. Favourable critics say the situation precluded grand masses of architecture; and that he did well in calling in the aid of ornament to produce effect. To be fine without being elegant is, however, no unusual fate; and we must agree with Walpole that the church in the Strand is "a monument of the piety more than of the taste of the nation."

Gibbs had now risen into eminence, and thought his name of importance enough to justify him in *collecting* his designs and laying them before the

public in the shape of a volume. This, after some preparation, he accomplished in 1728, and with such success, that he made nearly two thousand pounds by the book and the sale of the plates after the impression was disposed of. Many of these designs are not unworthy the architect of St. Martin's church. They have not the beauty of those of Inigo Jones, nor the boldness of those of Vanbrugh; but they show a man alive to the merits of other artists' conceptions—that he knew how to borrow and how to adapt—and, moreover, that he was, in geometrical knowledge, worthy of being compared with Wren himself. There is great variety—indeed we have designs for almost every kind of structure, save a bridge. But this branch of the art was not neglected by Gibbs alone. In fact none of his rivals, any more than he, seem to have thought of it.*

* Till lately, to unite the two banks of the stream so that a waggon might cross safely, was the sole aim. Our old bridges are clumsy and narrow; their arches are so small of span that a boat can scarcely pass through, and yet rise so high above the current, that a carriage mounts them with difficulty. The old bridge of London, indeed, with its lofty houses on either ledge and its warded gates in the middle, must have looked picturesque; but the stones were soft and thin, the arches small and narrow, and the landstools and piers were sunk so little below the bed of the river, that at every flood the inhabitants trembled. Geometrical skill and genius came at length with Rennie and with Telford into bridge architecture, and works were constructed worthy of the days of the Romans. Hoards were formed to keep off the stream; excavations were made deep below the bed of the river, till solid earth for the piers was found; the water, which oozed in or arose from springs was expelled by Watt's steam-engine; piles of beech or elm, forty feet long, and

The Ratcliffe Library of Oxford is of a circular form, and exhibits a cupola one hundred feet in diameter and one hundred and forty feet high; with all its columns, which, like those of St. Paul's, are coupled, and with all its windows and conspicuous buttresses, it is deficient in light and shade, and though very high, appears squat and low. "It looks as if it were making a courtesy," as the Duchess of Marlborough said of her house at Wimbledon, built by the Earl of Pembroke. Yet, viewing this structure as part only of a magnificent whole, it must be admired. The Ratcliffe dome, in fact, conveys to every distant observer the idea of its being the air-hung crown of some gigantic cathedral or theatre. It is, perhaps, the grandest feature in the grandest of all English architectural landscapes; it rises wide and vast amid a thousand other fine buildings, interrupts the horizontal line, and materially increases the picturesque effect of Oxford. The interior of the library is admired by men of science for the skill with which the arrangements are made, and for the art displayed in the construction of the cupola: the lessons which he took in Roman architecture are

pointed with iron, were driven by the impulse of machinery into soft or unsuitable foundations as close as they could be planted; a thick and thwarted coating of plank was laid over, and on the whole the squared blocks of the hardest granite were placed in mortar ground in a mill. When the pier rose fairly above the water, and another required to be built, the piles which formed the protecting hoard were extracted by that most compact and ingenious instrument, the hydraulic machine of Bramah. Such was the way in which Rennie constructed Waterloo Bridge, and rendered it a work of surpassing strength and beauty.

sufficiently visible here. Gibbs was a benefactor to this splendid library as well as its architect; he bequeathed to it five hundred valuable volumes, chiefly on subjects connected with the arts. One hundred or more are upon architecture, and they include the best works on the science which the world then afforded.*

Gibbs was one of those architects who united the art of designing public monuments to that of making palaces and churches; and, if costly materials and picturesque extravagance be merits, his monument to John Holles, Duke of Newcastle, may take rank with any in Westminster Abbey. Heavily and darkly, as it deserves, speaks the learned catalogue of the place concerning this specimen of cumbrous magnificence: "the beauty of it consists chiefly in the design, and as those who are ignorant of architecture can have no relish for things beyond their knowledge, it has happened that what was intended to draw all eyes upon it, has been neglected almost as soon as raised." It is, in fact, the architecture of the monument that gives the chief offence. It is wholly out of harmony with the Gothic recesses and canopied statues around; while the figures which have the story of the House of Newcastle to relate are perched

* "Gibbs," says Walpole, "though he knew little of Gothic architecture, was more fortunate in the quadrangle of All Souls than with the Ratcliffe Library: there he has blundered into a picturesque scenery, not void of grandeur, especially if seen through the gate that leads from the schools." The new buildings at All Souls, however, were the work of Hawksmoor; and Walpole himself elsewhere intimates, in a note, his knowledge of this fact.

upon tomb and pediment, like pigeons in a dove-cote. The allegory of Gibbs is, however, as intelligible as the marble personifications of any other man. The warlike duke holds his baton in one hand, and his coronet in the other; Wisdom stands on his left, and Sincerity on his right; Cherubs fly upward, to show the way, and two Angels sit above—one to receive him, and the other exhibiting an hour glass, through which life's last sand is running.

When I add to this, that he built the great quadrangle of the King's College, the Royal Library, and the Senate House, at Cambridge, and presented the plan of the church of St. Nicholas to his native city, Aberdeen, I have related all that I know concerning the works of this Scottish architect. After five years' suffering from the gravel and stone, the waters of Spa affording no relief, he died in London, on the 5th of August, 1754, and was buried in the church of Mary-le-Bonne.

Gibbs was a strict nonjuror; but such was the mildness of his nature, and his general good-will and forbearance to others, that he was widely esteemed by good men of all persuasions. He was kind, charitable, and upright. The fear of interruption to study, which matrimony excites in so many studious minds, or his inability to maintain a household till the passionate hours of youth had flown by, and "all the life of love was gone," kept him single. Though largely employed he was of too generous a nature to amass money. He left in all fifteen thousand pounds, beside many valuable books. I have already mentioned his dutiful tribute to the memory of the Earl of Mar, and

his splendid bequest to the Ratcliffe Library. He bequeathed an hundred pounds to St. Thomas's Hospital, and a similar sum to the Foundling Hospital; and forgot none of his personal friends. The portrait of this worthy man was painted by Hogarth, and his bust carved in marble by Rysbrach.

Concerning his talents in architecture much has been written; and I cannot but think that there is a disposition among his brethren to place him lower in the scale than he deserves. His bitterest enemy, however, is Walpole. "He proved," says the noble virtuoso, "what has been seen in other arts, that mere mechanic knowledge may avoid faults without furnishing beauties; that grace does not depend upon rules; and that taste is not to be learnt. Virgil and Statius had the same number of feet in their verses; and Gibbs knew the proportions of the five orders as well as Inigo; yet the Banqueting House is a standard, and no one talks of one edifice of Gibbs. In all is wanting that harmonious simplicity that speaks a genius—and that is not often remarked till it is approved of by one. It is that grace and that truth so much meditated, and delivered at once with such correctness and ease in the works of the ancients, which good sense admires and consecrates, because it corresponds with nature. Their small temples and statues, like their writings, charm every age by their symmetry and grace, and the just measure of what is necessary; while pyramids and the ruins of Persepolis only make the vulgar stare. Gibbs, like Vanbrugh, had no aversion to ponderosity, but not being endued with much invention, was only

regularly heavy. His praise was fide his failing want of grace."

Such are Walpole's words; but judgment of the world is influenced by wit nor by ridicule, by exaggerated or by unmerited eulogiums. Kent and whom Walpole admired and extolled little regarded, while Gibbs and Vanbrugh risen quietly into the places of which criticism had too long defrauded the original powers of Gibbs were, however owned, not of a high order. His works, and his unemployed designs: there are many in volumes and portrait in the Ratcliffe Library—show a man familiar with the great masters of the art;—he was fine, perceived what was majestic and fully used his mathematical knowledge and strength and elegance to architecture whose highest ambition was to borrow from the ancients, it was something to meet man as this. Beauty, durability, and a three chief excellencies in architecture understood by Gibbs; nor was he in the necessity of having massy stone masonry. The chief deficiency in architecture arises from the want of blocks of stone large and hard to ensure the endurance of porticos without calling in the aid of rusts when laid within eight inches of the surface. Roach Abbey stone is hard and lasting in seams of unequal quality and color. moreover, crossed with veins, which is a mark of workmanship; Portland stone inclines

and unsound, and, though much of it is exceedingly beautiful in quality, it would be difficult to find blocks suitable for forming the friese and cornice of a truly majestic portico. By using short blocks as lintels over the columns, the mason is compelled to form an invisible interior arch to prevent the stones from dropping down, and over the whole he extends a massy bar of iron, clamped in at the ends, to prevent his concealed arch from shouldering the pillars asunder. This defect is visible enough even in the works of Wren. A portico constructed in that manner contains within itself the principles of destruction; but we must not blame English architects for the nature of English stone.

KENT.



WILLIAM KENT is to be numbered among those fortunate men, who, without high qualities of mind or force of imagination, obtain wealth and distinction through good sense, easy assurance, and that happy boldness of manner which goes rejoicing along the way where original merit often hesitates and stumbles. Much of what we know of him is through the friendly medium of Horace Walpole, who, incapable of appreciating the fine genius of Vanbrugh, found a man to his mind in Kent, and lavished such praise upon him as I hesitate to transcribe. But the man who could see in Lord Burlington the Apollo of architecture, may be forgiven for mistaking Kent for its high priest, "the great restorer of its science," and the "inventor" of landscape gardening, an art which, according to his lordship, "realizes painting and improves nature." It is natural to ask where are the works by which such magnificence of eulogy is to be justified? and in answer, I can only say, a few houses of moderate elegance still attest that Kent was an architect; an altarpiece or two mouldering in the churches of London signify that he claimed the name of a painter; the wretched monument to Shakspeare, in Westminster Abbey, bears his name; in some moth-frequented wardrobe a dow-



W. C. Edwards

WILLIAM KENT,

FROM A DRAWING BY HIMSELF

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ager's gown may still survive with a temple designed by this man of many trades on its capacious skirts; and the gardens of Carlton-house may yet be present to the memories of some of my readers, as well as these words of Walpole: "Mahomet imagined an Elysium, but Kent created many."

His parentage was humble but respectable: he was born in the North Riding of Yorkshire, in 1684, received the common rudiments of education, and was apprenticed to a coach painter—tradition says, in the fourteenth year of his age. From this north country practitioner he soon acquired sufficient knowledge in the application of colours to believe himself capable of commencing for himself, and accordingly, without any quarrel or even intimation, he quitted his master, in the nineteenth year of his age, and repaired to London. Walpole, who probably had his account from Lord Burlington, says, "he felt the emotions of genius and so left his master without leave." A dislike of his master was probably the cause of this step—at all events, that the light by which he ran off was not that of heaven, is proved sufficiently by the works which he produced on his arrival in London. If the paintings of his manhood, after he had spent many years in Italy, were such sad frights as to render it a matter of some difficulty for a Hogarth to caricature them, what must those early daubings have been of which Walpole says, that "they excited a generous patronage in some gentlemen of his own country, who raised a contribution sufficient to send him to Rome, in the year 1710?"

This journey to Rome took place, we are told, in his six-and-twentieth summer—after Kent had

employed six or seven years in London in the attempt to establish himself as a painter of portraits and history. "In the capital of the arts," says Walpole, "he studied under Cavalier Lutin, and in the academy gained the second prize of the second class, still without suspecting that there was a sister art within his reach more congenial to his talents. Though his first resources were exhausted he still found friends. One of his countrymen, Sir William Wentworth, allowed him £40 a year for seven years." Rome at that period swarmed with wealthy Englishmen, all eager to exchange their gold for the paintings and sculptures of Italy. One of the most distinguished was Lord Burlington, then very young and newly come to his ample inheritance. In the year 1716, Kent had the good fortune to obtain the notice of this generous nobleman, "whose sagacity," says Walpole, "discovered the rich vein of genius which had been hid from the artist himself." His labours as a painter delighted Lord Burlington, who carried him home to England, gave him apartments in his own house, and added all the influence of his recommendation to hand him up to fame. "By his interest," continues Walpole, "Kent was employed in various works both as a painter of history and portrait; and yet it must be allowed that, in each branch, partiality must have operated strongly to make his lordship believe he discovered any merit in his friend. His portraits bore little resemblance to the persons that sat for them; and the colouring was worse, more raw and undetermined than that of the most arrant journeyman to the profession. The whole-lengths at Esher are standing evidences

of this assertion. In his ceilings, Kent's drawing was as defective as the colouring of his portraits, and as void of every merit." The protégé of Lord Burlington filled Wanstead House with frescos—painted several ceilings in chiaro-scuro for Sir Robert Walpole at Hampton, and a staircase for Lord Townshend at Rainham, &c. &c. In these performances he dealt largely in gods and allegories, but he had neither form for the one nor colour for the other, and all the praises of peers would not have sustained him much longer before the public eye, had he not luckily stumbled upon that unwrought vein of architecture, the discovery of which has been imputed by Walpole to his first patron.

It was observed that whenever he introduced temples or palaces in his paintings, these things had a certain air of classic elegance and scientific accuracy, which made some atonement for the absence of all sentiment in the figures. Kent was a shrewd man, and did not neglect the hint which this species of commendation supplied. In former days, we must remember, art was not divided and subdivided as it is now; Holbein had turned his skilful hand to household furniture, nay, to knives and forks, as well as to portraiture; Inigo Jones shone in dramatic scenery as well as in palaces; Wren had earned fame in all departments of science; and Vanbrugh's drama eclipsed for a time his architecture. Kent knew all this, and resolved in like manner to spread himself out, disdaining nothing that could please the tastes or caprices of the time. He presently attracted much notice by his skill in interior arrangements,—he could plan

bookcases, cabinets and chimney-pieces; hang curtains with a grace; introduce ornaments in wood or stone, and in short, do all, and more than all, that the upholsterer aspires to now. Many, however, of his ornamental door and chimney-pieces are heavy and cumbrous; Walpole says they are lighter than those of Inigo Jones—but this deserves more than mere contradiction. The chimney-pieces and doorways of Jones are distinguished from those of Kent, and Burlington too, by their fine symmetry and classic elegance, and of this the volumes of his designs contain sufficient evidence. The massive cornices and pediments of Kent, and indeed his whole system of decoration, though more suitable for the light and shade of the open air, were nevertheless picturesque, and avoided in lofty rooms the lavish expenditure of paintings and furniture. At that period it was taken for granted that the admission of regular architecture into dwelling houses had been universally adopted by the Greeks and Romans; though common sense might have suggested the suspicion that men who displayed in all things as much of propriety as of genius, were not likely to have encumbered the interior with those large projections and massive cornices which sunshine and rain required in the exterior. The excavations of Pompeii, in short, had not then taken place: Kent never doubted that he had classic authority on his side—and his method prevailed during his lifetime. “His oracle,” says Walpole, “was so much consulted by all who affected taste, that nothing was thought complete without his assistance. He was not only consulted for furniture, as frames of pictures,

glasses, tables, chairs, &c. but for plate, for a barge, for a cradle. Nay, so impetuous was fashion, that two great ladies prevailed on him to make designs for their birth-day gowns. The one he dressed in a petticoat decorated with columns of the five orders: the other like a bronze in a copper-coloured satin with ornaments of gold."

His numerous avocations, his high pretensions, and the blaze of patronage he enjoyed, fixed presently the indignation of Hogarth. An altarpiece which Kent painted for the church of St. Clement's was first attacked—and the result was a caricature scarcely more laughable than the picture itself. The satirist succeeded better in his "Taste of the Town"—Kent standing on the summit of Burlington Gate, brandishing his palette and pencils over Raphael and Michael Angelo, forms a principal feature of that cutting performance. There was abundance of fuel to keep up the flame of Hogarth's wrath. His victim presumed to dictate a monument to Shakspeare; and moreover, by the patronage of the Queen, the Dukes of Newcastle and Grafton, Lord Burlington, and Mr. Pelham, he was successively made master carpenter, architect, keeper of the pictures, and principal painter to the crown, by which he obtained £500 a year. It would be vain to inquire into the manifold arts, the designs for furniture, cradles, boots, and petticoats, with the smooth speeches and diplomatic management, by which Kent contrived to pass himself upon so many titled people for a person of genius: much as such blindness on their parts was injurious to men of modest merit, it is perhaps less reprehensible than their having con-

fided to his hands the designing of a monument to Shakspeare. How a man, who had no invention, could presume to lay his hand upon a work in honour of him, who in invention stands without a peer, is indeed inconceivable! Even Walpole forgets all his enthusiasm for Kent when he comes to this egregious performance. "What an absurdity," he says, "to place busts at the angles of a pedestal, and at the bottom of that pedestal! Whose choice the busts were I do not know; Queen Elizabeth's head might be intended to mark the era in which the poet flourished; but why were Richard the Second and Henry the Fifth selected? Are the pieces under the names of those princes two of Shakspeare's most capital works? or what reason can be assigned for giving them the preference?" The chief defect, however, lies in the figure of Shakspeare himself—he leans upon a pedestal, like a sort of sentimental dandy—there is no mark of intellectual power in his face, and his whole air is mean and conceited. This thing belongs to "the Cockney school" of sculpture.

Kent designed illustrations of Gay's fables, and vignettes for the works of Pope, and in these there is some truth and nature—several of them are even elegant; but nothing of the kind can be said of that more pretending series of prints, exceedingly praised by his admirers, with which he had the audacity to equip Spencer's Fairy Queen. It is almost impossible to believe such productions could be the offspring of a mind at all acquainted with art; there is an utter absence of good drawing, much ignorance of perspective, a general awkwardness of attitude in the figures, and what is most to


be marvelled at, the buildings, which are scattered pretty thickly about, are deficient in proportion. "There are figures," says Walpole, "issuing from cottages not so high as their shoulders, castles of which the towers could not contain an infant, and knights who hold their spears as men do who are lifting a load sideways. The landscapes are the only tolerable parts, and yet the trees are seldom other than young beeches, to which Kent as a planter was accustomed."

When he published the designs and sketches of Inigo Jones, he added several of his own, some by the Earl of Burlington, and one by Palladio. These are all varieties of the Greek and Roman architecture; we may recognize a rich confusion in those of Kent, and a plain unadorned simplicity approaching to boldness in those of his noble patron—but the single specimen of Palladio kills them all—it stands alone for beauty, unity, and dignity. The chimney-pieces of Kent have chiefly close or open pediments, heads with wreaths, embellished panels, children supporting coats of arms, and conversation parties of the gods. The ceilings of his rooms, the cornices—and the panelings—are all enriched to profusion; he was well acquainted with all the varieties of architectural embellishment, and desired to introduce nothing which he could not justify by precedent. He dealt largely, both within doors and without, in statues and groups upon pediments; and hesitated not in his interiors, to mete out panels to receive paintings from his own or some other pencil, which, like Thornhill's or La Guerre's, could work to pattern and space, and fill up the outline of whatever subjects he was

pleased to dictate. With princes, he dealt largely in kings receiving the oil of consecration and giving audience: for lords, he provided scenes of ceremony and state, and for soldiers and sailors he had abundance of labour by sea and land—navies in flames, cities besieged, and armies joining battle. He planned a royal gallery for sculpture and painting—the walls exhibited niche and panel turn about, and the ceiling had three divisions for any brush that could depict earth and air and sea.

In the midst of all these employments he undertook a second journey to Italy, for the twofold purpose of improving his acquaintance with Roman architecture, and purchasing pictures for his steady patron, Lord Burlington. This was in the year 1730; but what improvement he then made we have no means of estimating, inasmuch as none of his architectural works of the earlier period now survive in a perfect state; his mind, like that of Inigo Jones, teemed with mighty undertakings, but here the parallel stops. The designs of Kent were, throughout all their height and length, remarkable for no particular beauty; story was piled on story, portico succeeded portico—but still no decisive effect was produced; looking at parts as parts, there might often be much to praise, but to scientific excellence of combination, to say nothing of the felicitous invention of genius, this architect had no claim. The model of the palace which he designed for Hyde Park, and which is still shown in Hampton Court, is a very plain performance; massive without magnificence, well fitted for a barracks or a manufactory, but surely unworthy of being called a palace. Such is my opinion; but the

reader might justly complain if I omitted altogether the record of Lord Orford's far different estimate of Kent. "His taste," says his lordship, "was universally admired; and without enumerating particulars, the staircase at Lady Isabella Finch's, in Berkely Square, is as beautiful a piece of scenery, and considering the space, of art, as can be imagined. The Temple of Venus, at Stowe, has simplicity and merit, and the great room at Mr. Pelham's, in Arlington Street, is as remarkable for magnificence. I do not admire equally the room ornamented with marble and gilding at Kensington. The staircase there is the least defective work of his pencil, and his ceilings in that place, from antique paintings which he first happily introduced, show that he was not too ridiculously prejudiced in favour of his own historic compositions. Of all his works, his favourite production was the Earl of Leicester's house at Holkham, in Norfolk,—the great hall with the flight of steps at the upper end, where he proposed to place a colossal Jupiter, was a noble idea. How the designs of that house, which I have seen a hundred times in Kent's original drawings, came to be published under another name, and without the slightest mention of the real architect, is beyond comprehension. The bridge, the temple, the great gate-way, all built I believe, the two first certainly, under Kent's own eye, are alike passed off as the works of another, and yet no man need envy or deny him the glory of having oppressed a triumphal arch with an Egyptian pyramid." The history of Holkham is perplexed and puzzling. The noble proprietor,



the Earl of Leicester, claimed the merit of the design for himself, and said he only employed Kent to act as a better sort of clerk of the works. Some time after, the Earl took a fancy to prepare a splendid volume of plans, which should cost from ten to fifty thousand pounds; and one Brettingham was employed to arrange the materials; but before the book was ready the patron died, and behold Brettingham, to the astonishment of Walpole, boldly claimed the design of Holkham as his own. Little interest attaches to a controversy about such a design: it is heavy and monotonous, and stamped with all the faults, which were many, and all the beauties, which were few, of him who proudly wrote himself "Painter, Sculptor, and Architect."

Of landscape gardening, an art which "realizes painting and improves nature," Kent was, according to Walpole, "the inventor and maker." The elegant connoisseur enters into a very learned and ingenious discussion, the object of which is to prove, that though the poets of old have described gardens filled with flowers of all hues and fruits of every kind, and adorned them with statues, fountains, walks, bowers, and temples, still these were but the airy visions of the muse. In the poetic paradises of Spencer and Milton, however, it is impossible not to recognize an exquisite perception of beauty, and of that particular kind of beauty too, for the absolute invention of which Walpole claims honour to Kent. The easy winding or undulating line of beauty, which he so much extolled in all Kent's compositions, had been laid down as the primary rule by William Hogarth. That Kent, in these creations had great merit there can be

little doubt, but I think the amount of his merit is fairly stated, not by Walpole, but by Burgh, who, in his notes on the "English Gardener," says, "Bacon is the prophet, Milton the herald, and Addison, Pope and Kent were the champions of this true taste in gardening—because they absolutely brought it into execution."

The English gardens of the days of the Tudors and the Stuarts were more remarkable for the solid excellence of their productions, than for the varied beauty of their walks and the lustre of the landscape. Pears and plumbs and apples were enclosed within walls so thick and lofty, that foreigners supposed we defended our fruits by means of fortifications. All the picturesque beauty of the forest and hill was excluded from the view of those hapless ladies, in hoops and high-heeled shoes, who paced in secluded glory along the straight walks, and underneath the clipt yews, of this verdant fortress. These stately penfolds required something to enrich and enliven their insipidity—and inventions with this view soon abounded. "Fountains, first invented for use," says Walpole, "which grandeur loves to disguise and throw out of the question, received embellishments from costly marbles, and at last, to contradict utility, tossed their waste of waters into air in spouting columns. Art, in the hands of rude man, had at first been made a succedaneum to nature; in the hands of ostentatious wealth it became the means of opposing nature; and the more it traversed the march of the latter, the more nobility thought its power was demonstrated. Canals measured by the line were introduced in lieu of mean-

dering streams, and terraces were hoisted aloft in opposition to the facile slopes that imperceptibly unite the valley to the hill. Balustrades defended those precipitate and dangerous elevations, and flights of steps rejoined them to the subjacent flat from which the terrace had been dug. Vases and sculpture were added to these unnecessary balconies, and statues furnished the lifeless spot with mimic representations of the excluded sons of men. The difficulty and expense were the constituent parts of those sumptuous and selfish solitudes; and every improvement that was made was but a step further from nature. The trick of water-works to wet the unwary, not to refresh the panting spectator, and parterres embroidered in patterns like a petticoat, were but the childish endeavours of fashion and novelty to reconcile greatness to what it had surfeited on. To crown these impotent displays of false taste, the sheers were applied to the lovely wildness of form with which nature has distinguished each various species of tree and shrub. The venerable oak, the romantic beech, the useful elm, even the aspiring circuit of the lime, the regular round of the chesnut, and the almost moulded orange tree, were corrected by such false admirers of symmetry. The compass and square were of more use in plantations than the nurseryman. The measured walk, the quincunx and the etoile imposed their unsatisfying sameness on every royal and noble garden. Trees were headed and their sides pared away; many French groves seem green chests set upon poles. Seats of marble, arbours and summer-houses terminated every vista; and symmetry, even where the space was too large

to permit its being remarked at one view was so essential, that, as Pope said,

—— “each alley has its brother,
And half the platform just reflects the other.”

The first who ventured to assert the independence of nature was Bridgman, who boldly threw down the bounding walls, and protected the garden from the intrusion of the hares and deer of the forest by substituting a sunk fence. Levelling, mowing and rolling followed; the eye now wandered freely over the wild domain, shut out before by the lofty walls, and the desire to invade its roughness was the natural consequence. “At that moment,” says Walpole, “appeared Kent, painter enough to taste the charms of landscape, bold and opinionative enough to dare and to dictate, and born with a genius to strike out a great system from the twilight of imperfect essays. He leaped the fence and saw that all nature was a garden. He felt the delicious contrast of hill and valley changing imperceptibly into each other, tasted the beauty of the gentle swell or concave scoop, and remarked how loose groves crowned an easy eminence with happy ornament, and while they called in the distant view between their graceful stems, removed and extended the perspective by delusive comparison. Thus the pencil of his imagination bestowed all the arts of landscape on the scenes he handled. The great principles on which he wrought were perspective and light and shade. Groups of trees broke too uniform or too extensive a lawn; ever-greens and woods were opposed to the glare of the champain, and where the view was less for-

fortunate, or so much exposed as to be beheld at once, he blotted out some parts by thick shades to divide it into variety, or to make the richest scene more enchanting by reserving it to a further advance of the spectator's step. Thus selecting favourite objects and veiling deformities by screens of plantations—sometimes allowing the rudest waste to add its foil to the richest theatre, he realized the compositions of the great masters of painting. Where objects were wanting to terminate his horizon, his taste as an architect could bestow immediate termination. His buildings, his seats, his temples, were more the works of his pencil than of his compasses. We owe the restoration of Greece and the diffusion of architecture to his skill in landscape.

“ But of all the beauties he added to the face of this beautiful country, none surpassed,” continues Walpole, “ his management of water. Adieu to canals, circular basins, and cascades tumbling down marble steps, that last absurd magnificence of Italian and French villas. The forced elevation of cataracts was no more. The gentle stream was taught to serpentize seemingly at its pleasure, and where discontinued by different levels, its course appeared to be concealed by thickets properly interspersed, and glittered again at a distance where it might be supposed naturally to arrive. Its borders were smoothed, but preserved their waving irregularity. A few trees, scattered here and there on its edges, sprinkled the tame bank that accompanied its meanders; and when it disappeared among the hills, shades descending from the heights leaned towards its progress, and framed the distant

point of light under which it was lost as it turned aside to either hand of the blue horizon."

Such is the glowing account of Walpole: the enchantments, however, which Kent wrought were not wholly his own—the share of nature was great, that of Pope was considerable, and the sunk fence of Bridgman had levelled the way, and in some measure dictated what was to be done. The garden of Pope extended but to five acres, but within that small space he contrived to display exquisite and varied taste. The gloom of the grotto, which connected it with his house, made the light of the garden into which it opened doubly delightful—the retiring and again assembling shades, the dusky groves, the larger lawn, and the solemnity of the termination at the cypresses that lead up to his mother's tomb, were all managed with consummate judgment. The famous garden which Kent laid out for General Dormer was but an expansion of this of the poet; and the Prince of Wales's at Carlton House was evidently from the same source. Even in gardening, notwithstanding the eulogium of Walpole, I cannot but think his taste was petty: there were no majestic features in his landscapes; he aspired to the neat, the smooth, and the agreeable; the rough magnificence of nature was too strong for his pruning knife and spade. He, however, aided in banishing uniformity and in admitting nature, and thus led the way to the beauty and splendour of succeeding artists. That all that he tried to do, had been exemplified ages before he was born, by nature herself, in many a chosen and favoured nook of earth, I have no doubt; but I think this is his best merit.

Kent enjoyed the rare felicity of maintaining his fame in painting, sculpture, architecture, and landscape-gardening till the last hour of his life. His manners are said to have been agreeable, nay, winning, and his stubbornness in all matters of taste was graciously placed to the account of his genius. With princes for his patrons and peers for his daily companions, he passed much of the latter period of his existence, and when he died at Burlington-house, April 12, 1748, in the sixty-fourth year of his age, he was buried with honour in the vault of the noble house of Boyle, at Chiswick. "His fortune," says Walpole, "which, with pictures and books, amounted to about ten thousand pounds, he divided between his relations and an actress with whom he had long lived in particular friendship." His name was so famous in many ways in his own time, that it could not be omitted in these sketches; but I doubt whether any man would take it as a compliment now to be told that he painted a picture, planned a monument, designed a house, or laid out a garden as well as William Kent.



Sir G. Kneller

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EARL OF BUCKINGHAM

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RICHARD EARL OF BURLINGTON.

RICHARD BOYLE, third Earl of Burlington, and fourth Earl of Cork and Ossory, was born in the year 1695: his noble name had already been associated with the highest honours of worth and science, and his youth promised that its reputation would not be lowered in his keeping. His station commanded the best instruction; and he was an apt pupil in whatever tends to refine taste. Before he was of age he had distinguished himself by his strong love for all the liberal arts: he was already well known as a patron of poetry and painting; but architecture was his chief favourite; nor did he think it unworthy of his rank to study its principles and make himself familiar with its technical details. At an early age he learned to draw and design; he sought knowledge at the best sources; he studied the portfolios of Inigo Jones, and the magnificent structures of Palladio: indeed he seems to have neglected nothing except our own old Gothic architecture; for that he had ever studied this no one will ever believe who hears him confessing that he could see little either of science or of beauty in the most splendid of our English cathedrals.

His fortune was ample, and his spirit was open and generous. "Never," says Walpole, "was

protection and great wealth more generously and more judiciously diffused than by this great person, who had every quality of a genius and an artist, except envy. He spent great sums in contributing to public works, and was known to choose that the expense should fall on himself, rather than that his country should be deprived of some beautiful edifices. His enthusiasm for the works of Inigo Jones was so active, that he repaired the church of Covent Garden because it was the production of that great master; and purchased his gateway at Beaufort Garden, in Chelsea, and transported the identical stones to Chiswick with religious attachment. With the same zeal for pure architecture, he assisted Kent in publishing Inigo's designs for Whitehall, and gave a beautiful edition of the *Antique Baths from the drawings of Palladio*." The truth is, that Lord Burlington bore all the cost of Kent's *Inigo Villars of the Ancients*, giving the profits of the work to the author; the *Palladio* was only for private distribution.

Burlington's taste in architecture was considered superior to his taste in poetry; yet, such is the fortune of life, the most eminent poet of the time was his friend and companion, while he bestowed his patronage on but an indifferent architect. All the paintings, carvings, buildings, and landscape gardens of Kent have reflected less honour upon his lordship's name than the single epistle of Pope. In the labours of Kent we may, however, read the taste of the peer; of his character we can gather some little from the page of the poet;

and Walpole assists us to a few touches, which, however, must be considered with caution, as it was his pleasure to view all men of title or station through a magnifying medium. Sobering down the splendid colours of friendship and of praise into the sedater hues of historical truth, we shall perhaps arrive at the conclusion that the Earl was an enthusiastic admirer of literature and art, rather than a man of natural taste and original genius. He who imagined Kent to be a great historical painter, might admire the poetry of Pope through implicit faith rather than just feeling. For his early-given and long-continued love of the architect as a painter, no better excuse can be offered than that it was the fashion of his day to look upon painting as the handmaid of architecture. Correct shape, good grouping, and glowing colours were all that was required for picturesque embellishment; and probably Lord Burlington thought that the shapeless gods, the heavy heroes, and allegorical personages of Kent were good enough to fill up empty panels, sprawl on coved ceilings, and perform evolutions in halls and on staircases.

He visited Rome in his twenty-first year, and returned a confirmed admirer of Palladio—a determined patron of art—and, to show the world that he was in earnest, he began to build, and gave Kent apartments in his own house, in which he lived and died. That worthy personage, John Bull, with all his boasted plainness, has never been the less apt to admire any man because he was a lord. To see a young peer, rich, accomplished, and of high descent, directing, like a working architect, the execution of his own plans

in town and country, was calculated to impress a feeling of his talents upon all minds. No one inquired from what sources his knowledge came; they saw him raising a new front and a splendid colonnade to Burlington House; they followed him to Chiswick, and beheld another elegant structure arise under his eye; few knew, or perhaps cared, that the designs of those works were adopted from the inventions of others, and that Palladio could claim whatever was beautiful in both. It was right and natural that a young nobleman, who showed such zeal to reap personal distinction, should be favourably considered; and we need not wonder that ere long the name of Burlington was classed, in general estimation, with those of Jones, Wren, and Palladio.

I am sorry to say that he made, in one respect, a bad use of the influence thus acquired: he was insensible to the original genius of Vanbrugh—during his life-time materially swelled the cry raised by men of classic taste against his fabrics; and when he died, he exclaimed with the epigram—

“ Lie heavy on him earth, for he
Laid many a heavy load on thee ! ”

We must consider, however, that they were worshippers of different gods; and perhaps the witty Vanbrugh smiled at the elegant tameness of Burlington's designs, as often as the other arched his eyebrow and shrugged his shoulders at the wild and unprecedented splendours of Blenheim or Castle Howard. One was an original inventor—admired *at once* by the public, and by slow degrees admitted

into the favour of critics and connoisseurs; the other, by working to pattern and rule, achieved a name of note in his own time, but which has ever since been on the wane. Such, sooner or later, is the sure fate of all copyists. We never can lawfully become heirs to the fame of men who wrought in other lands, and died three thousand years ago. No poet will claim as much merit from translating Homer or Dante, though he should excel Cowper or Cary, as he would deem his due, had he written a *Fairy Queen* or a *Task*; but your architectural copyist takes a much loftier view of himself; he imagines he has achieved something truly grand when he has persuaded a prince or a peer to have a house, every pillar and architrave of which can be justified from antique example. This servile spirit disgraces the architecture of our country. Greece will never surrender to us the honour of her porticos, or Italy of her elevations; and there is the more reason that we should dwell on the memories of such men as Wykeham and Vanbrugh, whose genius, whatever else we may say of it, has at least given us architecture that we can honestly call our own.

Of the time when Burlington obtained the notice of Pope there is no exact account. That it was early there is sufficient reason to believe. He is addressed by the poet in 1731 in a strain at once familiar and elevated: Pope claims an intimate acquaintance with his studies and designs; with his maxims in matters of taste; with the councils which he had squandered on his brother peers; and more than hints that others were profiting by the genius of his noble friend.—

" You show us Rome was glorious, not profuse,
And pompous buildings once were things of use ;
Yet shall, my lord, your just, your noble rules,
Fill half the land with imitating fools,
Who random drawings from your sheets shall take,
And of one beauty many blunders make ;
Load some vain church with old theatric state ;
Turn arcs of triumph to a garden-gate :
Reverse your ornaments, and hang them all
On some patched dog-hole eked with ends of wall."

The poet proceeds to unfold his own opinions in art ; wisely urging the propriety of going hand in hand with nature, with the pencil as well as the spade.

" To build, to plant, whatever you intend,
To rear the column or the arch to bend,
To swell the terrace or to sink the grot,
In all let nature never be forgot ;
But treat the goddess like a modest fair,
Nor over-dress nor leave her wholly bare.
Let not each beauty every where be spied,
Where half the skill is decently to hide.
He gains all points who pleasingly confounds,
Surprises, varies, and conceals the bounds."

We have already hinted that much of the praise which Walpole claims for Kent in landscape gardening, was the rightful property of Pope, who *consulted the genius of the place in all*. The poet thus magnificently concludes :—

" You too proceed, make falling arts your care,
Erect new wonders and the old repair ;
Jones and Palladio to themselves restore,
And be whate'er Vitruvius was before ;
Till kings call forth the ideas of your mind,
Proud to accomplish what such hands design'd."

Bid harbours open, public ways extend,
 Bid temples worthier of the god ascend,
 Bid the broad arch the dangerous flood contain,
 The mole projected break the roaring main,
 Back to his bounds the subject sea command,
 And roll obedient rivers through the land.
 These honours peace to happy Britain brings,
 These are imperial works and worthy kings."

These verses are worthy of the poet, and, in the opinion of Dr. Johnson, far above the merits of Lord Burlington. "Except Lord Bathurst," says he, "none of Pope's noble friends were such as that a good man would wish to have his intimacy with them known to posterity: he can derive little honour from the notice of Cobham, Burlington, or Bolingbroke." Pope, however, was a warm friend, and I can easily believe that he was unconscious, while he sang, that such flights as he recommended were far beyond the power of the Earl of Burlington.

When he added the new front and the colonnade to Burlington House, Mr. Kent, to whom his lordship was willing to assign the merit of the plan, and Horace Walpole, his friend and admirer, were both in Italy: immediately on the return of the latter he was invited, he relates, to a ball by the earl, and as he passed under the gate by night he could not perceive the consummate beauty of the design. "As we have few examples," says Horace, "of architecture more antique and imposing than that colonnade, I cannot help mentioning the effect it had upon myself. I had not only never seen it, but had never heard of it. At day-break, looking out of the window to see the sun rise, I was sur-

prised with the vision of the colonnade that fronted me. It seemed one of those edifices in fairy tales that are raised by genii in a night's time." That this is a very graceful and classic colonnade no one has denied; and Lord Burlington, when the public praised it, had no objection to claim it for his own; but, in truth, the design is almost all Palladio's, and was borrowed from the palace of Count Vieriati, at Vicenza. This splendid mansion, the chief ornament of Piccadilly, was on the point of being sacrificed to the demon of street building, then raging in its neighbourhood, when Lord George Cavendish had the generosity to purchase, and the taste to restore it in its original beauty.

Chiswick-house is a copy, with some deviations, of Palladio's splendid Villa Capsa, near Vicenza. The earl had resolved, it seems, to set one of the finest models of modern building before his countrymen as an example and guide, but forgot to adapt the Italian design to the necessities of our ruder climate; his lofty chimnies indeed carry away the sea-coal smoke, but our sterner scenery and inclement skies demanded a more massive style. The villa of Chiswick is nevertheless beautiful, though it be not in strict harmony with the *genius of the place*. The stateliness of the design, and the want of domestic accommodation which were visible, called forth remarks and lampoons—and among the rest, these verses from Lord Chesterfield:—

“ Possessed of one great house for state,
Without one room to sleep or eat;
How well you build let flattery tell,
And all mankind how ill you dwell.”

The noble architect, it is said, asked Lord Hervey what he thought of his house. "House!" cried the other, "do you call it a house?—why, it is too little to live in, and too large to hang to one's watch." Walpole says, "it is a model of taste, though not without faults, some of which are occasioned by too strict an adherence to rules and symmetry. Such are too many correspondent doors in spaces too contracted; chimnies between windows, and, which is worse, windows between chimnies; and vestibules, however beautiful, but too little secured from the damps of this climate. The trusses that support the ceiling of the corner drawing-room are beyond measure massive, and the ground apartment is rather a diminutive catacomb than a library in a northern latitude. The larger court, dignified by picturesque cedars, and the classic scenery of the small court that unites the old and new house, are, however, more worth seeing than many fragments of ancient grandeur which our travellers visit under all the dangers attendant on long voyages." Chiswick house is now the property of the munificent Duke of Devonshire, and a favourite residence.

When the present mansion-house for the lord mayor of London was proposed, Lord Burlington instigated Kent to send in a design, and, it is said, aided him privately with his own hand. The plan of Dance, the city surveyor, was preferred; and when, the building being nearly finished, his lordship was consulted by the citizens concerning the fittest person to carve the bas-relief on the pediment—his answer showed that he resented the slight formerly put upon him. "Employ the city mason," said the earl: "why should you go out

of the city?—besides any body will do to carve the ornaments of such a building.”—“The other works,” says Walpole, “designed by Lord Burlington, were the Dormitory at Westminster School, the Assembly Room at York, Lord Harrington’s at Petersham, the Duke of Richmond’s house at Whitehall, and General Wade’s in Cork-street. The two latter were ill-contrived and inconvenient; but General Wade’s had so beautiful a front, that Lord Chesterfield said, “as the general could not live in it to his ease, he had better take a house over against it, and look at it.” The noble architect’s fame is best secured by Pope’s epistle. He died in 1753, in the fifty-eighth year of his age.

Lord Burlington, in spite of Dr. Johnson’s sneer, seems to have been a kind, condescending, and benevolent nobleman; conscious, but not vain, of his personal accomplishments, and possessing those naturally graceful and conciliating manners, which win the favour of all classes. By his influence and example, he strove to awaken a love of art and science among people of wealth and rank; and he gave his time and his fortune freely to the furtherance of high pursuits. That he sometimes mistook a person of ordinary capacity for a heaven-born genius, ought not, perhaps, to be urged to his discredit; such blunders will always be common; your smooth and plausible pretender, who talks, like Ancient Pistol, “as brave words as a man could wish to hear on a summer’s day,” will often succeed in the strife for immediate distinction against his betters:—

“So hath it been since time was young,
And so it still will be.”

If, however, England has produced few noblemen so accomplished as Boyle, she has certainly produced many superior architects: his wealth, his generosity, his kindliness of manner, his love of mixing with men of talent as well as title, were quite enough to float his name further on the stream of fame than it deserved; and we need not wonder if it has drifted back a little. His buildings are not numerous: in the book of designs by Inigo Jones, Kent has preserved several plans and elevations by his noble patron; all of which show a taste for selecting what is beautiful, and some of them such skill in interior arrangement, as promises domestic accommodation to a greater extent than was bestowed on General Wade. He is deficient in vigour, in light and shade, and in the skill of adapting to our climate the designs which he hesitated not to own that he borrowed. Though well acquainted with all the varieties of combination and embellishment, his elevations are frequently plain, even to meanness; he was a lover of simplicity, but it is beauty only that safely dares to be simple; the justest geometric proportion, and the finest arrangement of parts, uniting into a splendid whole, like the members of the Apollo, may venture to dispense with the graces of ornament; but he who has not an eye formed by nature for the perception of harmonious unity, will do wisely to hide, as well as he may, his deficiency in embellishment. The colonnade of Burlington House is indeed a work of beauty, and the octagonal room at Chiswick, with its fine columns, galleries, wreathed panels, niches, and upper light, is splendid, both as to ornament

and proportion; but even in the happiest of his works there is a visible deficiency of original thought; we continually feel that we are in the land of the shadows of Jones and Palladio. Inigo was indeed the god of his idolatry. He looked on St. Paul's, when the last stone was laid, and thinking of the fallen portico of his master, exclaimed, "When the Jews saw the Second Temple, they reflected upon the beauty of the first and wept."

22-11-21 11:44



Sur Joshua Reynolds

W.C. Edwards

W^m Chamber

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SIR WILLIAM CHAMBERS.

A SCOTTISH merchant, who supplied Charles the Twelfth of Sweden with money and warlike stores, having suffered in fortune from receiving payment in the adulterated coin which the necessities of the king obliged him to issue, went over to Stockholm to seek redress for his losses. The death of Charles and the distress of his kingdom rendered this a business of time and difficulty. After remaining abroad for many years, the Scotsman returned to Britain, and took up his residence at Ripon. The legend of the family says that his ancestors, who, if we may believe it, had in older times been barons of Tartas in France, always spelt their names Chalmers; why he thought fit to change it, no one has said, but it is certain that when he settled in England, in 1728, he wrote it Chambers. His son, William, born in Stockholm, the subject of this narrative, was then a child two years old. Neither the maiden name of his wife nor her country have ever been mentioned.

It would appear that the family connection still continued with Sweden, notwithstanding the change of residence, for we find young Chambers, as soon as he had received a fair education at Ripon School, appointed, at the age of sixteen, supercargo in a ship belonging to the Swedish East India Com-

pany. These were certainly tender years for situations of mercantile trust and adventure, and the fact implies the appearance of early talents and prudence. It seems too that the boy—for such we must at these years regard him—extended his views beyond merchandize: on reaching Canton he saw and admired the picturesque buildings and gardens of the Chinese, and having acquired some skill in drawing at school, made as many sketches as sufficed for a little publication on his return home. These engravings, though recommended by the skilful hands of Grignion and Rooker, were sharply censured by the critics, and the taste of Chambers was questioned and assailed; there was more zeal than discretion in all this; for surely whoever widens the sphere of knowledge, and makes us acquainted with the taste or the scientific skill of a distant nation, is, more or less, our benefactor. At the age of eighteen, and after he had made one voyage to the east, says one of his biographers, he abandoned all commercial pursuits: another, with more probability, gives him the advantage of two visits to China, and continues his connection with the the sea till his twenty-second year; but neither of them says any thing of his early architectural studies; and we are left to imagine that he acquired his knowledge in his own way. It is curious to observe the blossoms of the tree transforming into fruit; and it is still more curious and instructive to watch the human mind rough-shaping its own purposes; the stripling, who built houses of snow and fortifications of sand, rising into an architect, and working in more stable materials.

“Abandoning, however, the commercial pursuits,” says Hardwicke, his pupil and biographer, whose account I adopt and condense, “he followed the natural bent of his genius, and travelled into Italy—for the purpose of studying the science of architecture, not only by measuring and drawing the invaluable remains of antiquity, but likewise those admirable productions of the revivors of the arts which distinguished the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. He carefully examined and studied, with unwearied application, the works of Michael Angelo, Sangallo, Palladio, Scamozzi, Vignola, Peruzzi, Sanmichele, Bernini, and other Italian architects, whose designs were in general guided by the rules of the ancients, but whose extraordinary talents, exalting them above the character of mere imitators, produced an originality in their compositions that fully established their fame, and pointed them out as the fittest models for succeeding artists. Mr. Chambers knew how to distinguish and to combine all the excellencies of those great men, and his intuitive good taste and sound judgment led him also to examine into the merits of those French architects, whose productions have since been so much esteemed and applauded, among whom Claude Perrault and Jules Mansard held the most distinguished rank. At Paris he studied under the celebrated Clerisseau, and acquired from him a freedom of pencil in which few excelled him.” I have transcribed these words to show how high the character of Chambers stood in the estimation of an intelligent pupil. His works, however, according to my humble opinion, fail to sustain such praise :


the happiest of all his designs cannot be mentioned in comparison with some of the productions of those distinguished foreigners, whose excellencies Hardwicke pronounces him to have combined.

Having made himself acquainted with Roman art, he supposed he knew enough; so without visiting Sicily, where Greek works abound, he returned to England, and taking a house in Poland-street—then less obscure than now—commenced the profession of an architect. I know not what faith may be due to the tradition that poverty obliged him to quit Italy, but it is now certain that the story of his having wrought as a carpenter on his arrival in London is without foundation. In truth, this latter tale could never have been a credible one; a man cannot be a carpenter when he chooses; he must learn the trade before he can hope for employment; and, moreover, Chambers was an accomplished draughtsman, even during his visit to Canton, and as such must always have been able to command bread. To his skill as a draughtsman he added a certain agreeable and winning way, partly the gift of nature, and partly the result of his intercourse with the world, which assisted him in the pursuit of notice and patronage; nor did accident, to which we all owe more than we care to acknowledge, refuse to lend him a helping hand. A tutor in architecture was wanted for the Prince, afterwards George the Third, and the Earl of Bute was informed by John Carr, of York, whom he consulted, that Chambers was very skilful, and his conversation and manners not only unexceptionable, but inviting. All this and more was confirmed to Lord Bute by a personal interview,

Chambers was introduced to the Prince, who became, in the course of his studies, so much attached to him, that, on his accession to the throne, he appointed him royal architect, and promoted his interest on all occasions.

The first work, however, of any consequence on which he was employed was Lord Besborough's villa at Roehampton in Surry. "He delivered to his lordship," says Chalmers, "his plan as an architect and his estimate as a surveyor, and on being applied to afterwards to know whether he would undertake to complete the building himself for the money mentioned in the estimate, he readily consented, and in the execution of his contract gave and received that satisfaction which seldom fails to result from the happy concurrence of professional taste and skill with the most distinguished character for punctuality and probity." The portico of this villa, so celebrated in the world of fashion, has always been praised for the elegance of its proportions.

The studies of his royal pupil, however, were not so laborious, nor were his works for the nobility at that time so numerous, as to prevent him from publishing "Designs for Chinese Buildings," and, what was infinitely more beneficial to his fame, his "Treatise on Civil Architecture." The first of these performances was stared at, laughed at, and forgotten; but the latter was very favourably received, and without question it merited the encouragement of the country. We had no fixed laws nor settled rules by which excellence in architecture could be judged: a palace or a church was tried by precedent and by comparison, and unless



it happened to resemble something which time had sanctioned, it was pronounced unclassic and barbarous. Something like the dawn of rules might indeed be found in the instructions and memorandums of Wren : and repeated allusions to the geometrical beauty, and the elegant combinations of architecture, had been scattered over the pages of our poets and historians ; but it was reserved for Chambers to collect those fragments together, add the results of his own observation and taste, and compose a regular and elaborate treatise on the art of design, accompanied by explanatory engravings.

Chambers was not without talents for this undertaking, though no one will say that he equalled in mental stature the standard of excellence set up by Vitruvius. " An architect (says that venerable authority) should be a writer and draughtsman, understand optics, geometry and arithmetic ; be a good historian and philosopher, well skilled in music, and not ignorant either in physic, law or astrology. He should possess a great and enterprising mind ; be equitable, trusty and totally free from avarice ; ever disinterested, he should be less solicitous of acquiring riches than honour and fame by his profession." It is not improbable that the sagacious Roman had some illiterate, presumptuous, and parsimonious artist in his eye when he made out his list of *desideranda* : our countryman himself took a soberer view of the matter ; yet I am afraid few of our artists will abide the gauge by which even he proposed to try their fitness for the profession. " The business of an architect," says Chambers, " requires him rather to be a learned judge than

a skilful operator, and when he knows how to direct and instruct others with precision, to examine, judge, and value their performances with masterly accuracy, he may truly be said to have acquired all that most men can acquire: there are but few instances of such prodigies as Michael Angelo, who was at once the first architect, painter, geometrician and sculptor of his time. The necessity of these qualities in one destined to direct and manage great works, to govern and controul numerous bands of clerks, inspectors, artificers, artists, workmen and labourers, must be sufficiently obvious. As at the present time few engage in any profession till qualified for the world by a proper school education at least, it must be supposed that to a competent proficiency in the learned languages the student adds a thorough knowledge of his own, so as to speak and write it correctly at least, if not elegantly. Proficiency in the French and Italian language is also requisite to him: not only that he may be enabled to travel with advantage, and converse without difficulty in countries where the chief part of his knowledge is to be collected, but also to understand the many and almost only valuable books treating of his profession, the greater part of which have never been translated. To those qualifications must be united genius, or a strong inclination or bias of mind towards the pursuit in question, without which little success can be expected. This genius must be of a complex sort, endowed with a vivacity and powers of imagination requisite to produce sublime or extraordinary compositions; and at the same time with the industry, patience and penetration necessary to investigate mathematical truths, discuss difficult, some-

this memorable Treatise: 1. Origin and progress of building. 2. Parts which compose the orders of architecture, and of their properties, application, and enrichments. 3. The orders of architecture in general. 4. The Tuscan order. 5. The Doric order. 6. The Ionic order. 7. The Composite order. 8. The Corinthian order. 9. Of pilasters. 10. Of Persians and Caryatides. 11. Of pedestals. 12. Of the application of the orders of architecture. 13. Of intercolumniations. 14. Of arcades and arches. 15. Of orders above orders. 16. Of basements and attics. 17. Of pediments. 18. Of balustrades. 19. Of gates, doors, and piers. 20. Of windows. 21. Of niches and statues. 22. Of chimney-pieces. 23. Of profiles for doors, windows, niches, chimneys, &c. 24. Of block cornices and extraneous entablatures. 25. Of the proportions of rooms. 26. Of ceilings. To these were added an introduction concerning the natural genius and acquirements necessary for an architect; designs for casines, temples, gates, and doors; and an explanation of the principal terms employed in the science of architecture; the whole accompanied by such illustrations as the author supposed his text to require.

Chambers seems neither to have wanted knowledge, nor to have spared consideration and research to render his work worthy of public approbation. Here we have the progress of architecture traced from the wigwam to the palace, and may read in a sequence of examples, how rudeness grew into beauty, and coarse strength into splendour and magnificence. The writer urges all who hope for eminence to acquire mathematical knowledge in the first place, and then painfully examine the

works of genius, modified as they all are and must be by the peculiarities of climate and material; to make themselves acquainted with the varieties of stone, and mortar, and wood; to study the nature of the country, the qualities of its soil, the properties of its water, and the influence of its air; and, above all things, obtain a thorough familiarity with the customs and modes of living of their own times, so that, in providing the elegant and the durable, the comfortable and commodious may be secured. He warns the student, that in a land where such various degrees of rank exist, every new employer will open a fresh field for investigation, and demand something peculiar. Having settled the plan, selected the materials, and prepared the foundations, he next demands masonry of the most beautiful kind and of the firmest workmanship. The horizontal beds, and the vertical joints of the stones must be close and fair; the mortar which cements them of the best quality; and the whole compactly built according to the true geometrical principles of construction. All that experience had taught him or study suggested, he pours readily in his Treatise; he seems to have retained none of those professional secrets, such as Wilson and Reynolds supposed they possessed. No one who desires the knowledge of an architect can acquire it without the Treatise of Chambers.

He professes an unbounded admiration for the Roman architecture, prefers it, without hesitation, to that of Greece, and calls upon all those who hope for distinction to study the works of the Italian artists. One of his biographers imputes this predilection to his "never having trod the

classical ground of Attica, nor even visited Sicily or Pæstum, where he might have beheld some of the most ancient and imposing works of the Grecian Republic." I am not sure, however, that his admiration would have been otherwise bestowed, even had he been acquainted with the whole range of Grecian architecture; the combinations in the works of the great Italian masters seem better suited for mansions and palaces and the daily purposes of modern life; the rank above rank of columns, the arcades and pavilions and towers afford a succession of rooms, and require stones of but an ordinary size in the construction; while the loftiness which want of horizontal space sometimes demands for our city buildings, would need colossal columns, and the Orders aggravated to such vast dimensions as could not but be fatal to the graceful fitness of the Grecian style. I cannot ascribe to any other cause the want of works of the true antique model in our architecture. Our travellers have helped us to descriptions, plans, and specimens, and yet few works of Attic simplicity and elegance have been the consequence, while good buildings in the Roman fashion abound. Our words are Greece! Greece! and our works are Italy! Italy! The Gothic tastes of our ancestors, I suspect, are still strong within us. Our love of the varied Roman comes of our attachment to the picturesque of the middle ages. I am afraid to write what I feel, that the admiration which we lavish on the majestic temples of Greece is not a little affected—it comes less from the heart than from classic education. I fear we cannot so readily appreciate exquisite symmetry and graceful

simplicity as picturesque magnificence, and that in more departments than one our sense of the beautiful is far less lively than our sense of the splendid.

Our author's notion of the importance of architecture seems sufficiently lofty; it answers many purposes, and tends, he tells us, "to preserve, to secure, to accommodate, delight, and give consequence to the human species. Without it, men are savages, dwelling in wretched huts or dripping caverns; indolent, dull and abject, with faculties benumbed, and views limited to the gratification of their most pressing necessities; but wherever societies are formed, and commodious buildings are found, they converse and live with ease, and taste the sweets of social enjoyments; there they are spirited, active, ingenious and enterprising; vigorous in body, speculative in mind; agriculture and arts improve and flourish; the necessities, the conveniencies, and even the luxuries of life become abundant. Architecture then smooths the way for commerce, she forms commodious roads through marshes, fills up valleys, unites or levels mountains, throws bridges over deep or rapid waters, constructs canals of navigation, builds ships and contrives ports for their secure reception in the hour of danger. As the powers of gratification increase, fancy multiplies wants, till at length indolence or pleasure, vanity and superstition, fears and resentments, give birth to a thousand superfluous, a thousand artificial cravings, the greater part of which could not be gratified without the assistance of architecture; for splendid palaces, magnificent temples, costly dwelling houses, amphitheatres, theatres, baths and porticos, triumphal arches and

bridges, mausoleums, and an endless number of similar inventions, are all either necessary instruments of ease and pleasure, or striking testimonies of wealth, of grandeur, and pre-eminence either present or past. Nor is architecture less useful in defending, than prosperous in adorning and enriching countries; she guards their coasts with ships of war, secures their boundaries, fortifies their cities, and by a variety of artful constructions controuls the ambition and frustrates the attempts of foreign powers; curbs the insolence and averts the danger, the horror of internal commotions."

We can import paintings, purchase antique statues, and thus bring the wonders of art to our doors; but we cannot move ancient temples, and must, therefore, travel to see what neither wealth nor strength can bring us. "Traveling," says Chambers, "rouses the imagination; the sight of great men or uncommon objects elevates the mind to sublime conception; enriches the fancy with numerous ideas; sets the reasoning faculties in motion; he who has beheld with attentive consideration the venerable remains of ancient magnificence, or studiously examined the splendid works of modern times, must have acquired notions far more extensive and superior to him whose information has been gleaned from the copiers or feeble imitators of those stupendous works; he must be in composition more animated, more varied and luxuriant; in design more learned, correct, and graceful; ever governed by a taste formed at the fountain head upon the purest models; and impressed with the effect of these great objects, which some time or other in life have been the admiration

of most who either claim distinction or aspire to elegance, he must always labour with greater certainty of success."

No doubt his *Treatise on Civil Architecture* was the fruit of much research, study and travel; he had to collect and to compare the opinions of others, consult innumerable rare and costly books, add his own knowledge to the whole, and mould a work adapted to our raw and changeable climate. There is more incivility than justice in the remark, that his own structures were not of that high kind as to warrant implicit confidence in his precepts; a man may see and feel the excellence of a work which he cannot produce; we praise the sweetness of the pine-apple we know not how to rear—we shed tears at the pathetic song we have not the genius to write, and we are in a glow of admiration at the heroic deed we have not the strength to achieve. Since the leading spirits of the earth have abstained from disclosing the mysteries of their pursuits, we must be thankful to any hand that lifts the veil a little. No Homer has left us a critical dissertation on poetry; Inigo Jones has been silent concerning the secrets of his style; Shakspeare has not left a receipt for dramatic composition; Sir Joshua Reynolds wrote on every branch of painting save that in which he himself excelled; Nelson neglected to compose a work on naval tactics; and no one whispers that Wellington is writing on the art in which he beat great Napoleon. Chambers, though unworthy of being ranked as an architect with either Jones or Wren or Vanbrugh, has bequeathed us a book, that would do no dishonour to any of their names; it is the only

British fountain at which the native student in architecture can drink. "The truths it inculcates," says Hardwicke, "and the proportions and forms it recommends, the results of long experience and repeated observation of structures which have stood the tests of centuries, cannot fail to impress upon every mind that there is a criterion of taste in architecture as well as in the other liberal arts; that genius is consistent with rules, and that novelty is not necessarily an improvement."

This treatise made a great impression; the royal pupil of Chambers had now become king; and the rise of the architect was not looked for in vain. He was among other things employed to lay out and improve the gardens at Kew. But if the spirit which presides over the grotesque productions of China kept away from his book, it cannot be concealed that it entered largely into his garden. Before the whole was completed, he perhaps began to feel that he was making a work of curiosity rather than of taste, and that certain familiar specimens of the fine arts of Pekin, exhibited on jars and teapots, had effectually prejudiced the public against the importation of any thing more lasting than crapes and china from that region. "The gardens at Kew," says the architect, in a kind of oblique apology, "are not very large, nor is their situation by any means advantageous, as it is low and commands no prospects. Originally the ground was one continued dead flat, the soil was in general barren, and without either wood or water. With so many disadvantages it was not easy to produce any thing even tolerable in gardening, but princely munifi-

cence and an able director have overcome all difficulties and converted what was once a desert into an Eden." It must be acknowledged that Kew has no extensive views, is without variety of hill and dale, and wants, though Thames is at hand, that pleasant voice of the woods, the sound of running water; yet I can see no reason why an English landscape should be punished for its flatness with Turkish falbalas and Chinese chequer work. A predilection for the gardening of "the Celestial Empire," which he could not controul, was the cause of all this; and threw suspicion upon the taste of the monarch who patronized him. These decorations were finished in 1765, and so well pleased was Chambers with the work, that he hastened to tell the world what he had done in a splendid folio, entitled "Plans, Elevations, Sections, and Perspective Views of the Gardens and Buildings at Kew, in Surry, the seat of her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales." This book was instantly assailed by epigrams from the wits, and by dissecting dissertations from the critics; to these Chambers seems to have paid no attention—he who has the monarch's favour is sure of the approbation of the court, and the man whom courtiers applaud and kings delight to honour may set criticism at defiance. He was made Comptroller of the Office of Works, and Surveyor General to the King; in 1768, a member of the Royal Academy, which he helped to establish; in 1771, the King of Sweden, in return for a present of the finished drawings of Kew Gardens, conferred on him the order of the Polar Star; and his own sovereign

allowed him to assume, in consequence, the usual style and title annexed to British knighthood.

The favour of kings, however, is never enjoyed without envy and seldom in peace. Sir William made a design for Lord Clive's villa at Claremont, in Surry—but that of Brown, the eminent landscape gardener, was preferred, and this occasioned a difference between the two artists which was never entirely reconciled. The learned and travelled Chambers considered the unlearned and untravelled Brown as an ignorant intruder—one whose mean education rendered him an unworthy antagonist to a knight of the Polar Star; and who, moreover, made light of the mystery of Oriental gardening, and was therefore entitled to no respect. Upon this he wrote and published, in 1772, his "Dissertation on Oriental Gardening," and in the introduction handled Capability Brown, as he was generally called, with little delicacy or deference. Now was the time for those who disliked Sir William for his influence with his sovereign as much at least as for his defective taste in architecture, to raise their voices and attempt to confound him and all his works. Of the numberless satires which the Dissertation called into life, the only one, however, which survives is the "Heroic Epistle," attributed for a time to Anstey, the author of the Bath Guide, but now known to be the work of Horace Walpole, with some aid from Mason the poet. When Warton was pressed in conversation to say what he knew about it, and whether it were not Mason's, he replied, "Aye, Sir, cut out by Walpole, but buckramed by Mason."

Lord Orford, secure as he imagined in concealment, thus wrote of the work of Sir William and his own Epistle in 1784: "The great improvement suggested by Chambers was the abolition of geometrical lines and curves, and the contrary extremes of bareness, trimness, and serpentine walks, by which an equally disgusting monotony was produced. His remedy was to introduce an infinite variety of artificial embellishment: and thereby to effect continued surprise by objects *unfamiliar* to the English eye, somewhat *familiar* to Grecian forms. But the triumph of *Chambers* was of short duration; no *war* had the Heroic Epistle' followed *no* *country* upon the imitation, than the national taste returned from its aberration,—the wit and irony delighted—the delicate satire was universally relished. *James* was by political allusions. The *pasture* of *Long* transplanted into *England* were made to contain the court, and *no* *controversy* the *Controversy* controversy."

Of this epistle, which came at a *crucial* moment in the succour of native taste against the *French* invasion, personal spleen was undoubtedly the main inspiration. *Chambers* was offended *James* by publishing the *Dissertation* on *the* *English Garden*; and the *criticism* of *Walpole*, was no less than *used* as a weapon to deter the *key* from introducing classic improvements into the *garden* of *Long*mond. The main doctrine of the *Controversy* had, however, been made plain *James* the *English Garden* of *Long* appeared, and there is no better foundation than *James* for *no* *controversy*.

cion of Walpole. Some specimens of this successful epistle may amuse the reader ; it commences thus :—

“ Knight of the Polar Star, by fortune placed
To shine the cynosure of British taste ;
Whose orb collects in one refulgent view
The scatter'd glories of Chinese vertu ;
And spreads their lustre in so broad a blaze,
That kings themselves are dazzled while they gaze !
O let the muse attend thy march sublime,
And with thy prose caparison her rhyme ;
Teach her, like thee, to gild her splendid song
With scenes of Yuen-Ming, and sayings of Li-Tsong.”


It must be acknowledged that the lofty and cumbersome language of Sir William's Dissertation is imitated with much skill in the Epistle, and that the poet has aptly caparisoned his rhyme from the turgid sentences of the architect. “In their lofty woods,” says Chambers, “serpents and lizards, of many beautiful sorts, crawl upon the ground, and innumerable monkees, cats, and parrots clamber upon the trees. In their lakes are many islands, some small, some large,—amongst which are seen stalking along, the elephant, the rhinoceros, the dromedary, the ostrich, and the giant baboon. They keep in these enchanted scenes a surprising variety of monstrous birds, reptiles, and animals, which are tamed by art, and guarded by enormous dogs of Tibet, and African giants in the habits of magicians. Sometimes in this romantic excursion the passenger finds himself in extensive recesses, surrounded with harbours of jessamine, vines, and roses ; where beauteous Tartarean damsels, in loose transparent robes that flutter in the air,

present him with rich wines, and invite him to taste the sweets of retirement on Persian carpets and beds of Camusakin down." The poetic version of these ludicrous passages scarcely comes up to the original :—

" Nor rest we here, but at our magic call
Monkies shall climb our trees, and lizards crawl;
Huge dogs of Tibet bark in yonder grove,
Here parrots prate, there cats make cruel love;
In some fair island will we turn to grass,
With the queen's leave, her elephant and ass;
Giants from Africa shall guard the glades
Where hiss our snakes, and sport our Tartar maids;
Or, wanting these, from Charlotte Hayes we bring
Damsels alike adroit to sport and sting."

There are, however, parallel passages of a more serious cast: and here again Sir William is not easily outdone in ornate splendour. "Their scenes of terror," he observes, "are composed of gloomy woods; gibbets, crosses, wheels, and the whole apparatus of torture are seen from the roads. Here too they conceal in cavities on the summits of the highest mountains, founderies, lime-kilns, and glass-works, which send forth large volumes of flame and continued volumes of thick smoke, that give to these mountains the appearance of volcanos. Here the passenger from time to time is surprised with repeated shocks of electrical impulse—the earth trembles under him by the power of confined air." These are "brave words," but the lampooner was obliged to ask the aid of other associations to "caparison" his version.

" Now to our lawns of dalliance and delight
Join we the groves of horror and affright;



This to achieve no foreign aids we try,
Thy gibbets, Bagshot, shall our wants supply;
Hounslow, whose heath sublimer terror fills,
Shall with her gibbets lend her powder mills.
Here too, O king of vengeance, in thy fane
Tremendous Wilkes shall rattle his gold chain,
And round that fane on many a Tyburn tree
Hang fragments dire of Newgate history:
On this shall Holland's dying speech be read,
Here Bute's confession and his wooden head."

The laugh raised by these satiric rhymes in due season died quietly away; and Chambers, abandoning Chinese pagodas and eastern bowers, confined himself to Roman architecture. Of many buildings which he designed, the most remarkable is Somerset House—a work magnificent in extent, abounding in splendid staircases, and exhibiting considerable skill in the interior arrangements, but heavy and cumbrous withal. He had more than Inigo Jones's admiration of rustic work; and his passion for a multiplicity of little parts was quite peculiar. That massive breadth, so much required in all works that are proposed to endure, admits not of many minor graces; and the airy and graceful Corinthian refuses to harmonize with frosted pilasters and rusticated columns. The structure, it is true, is as yet but a fragment; but, even making ample allowance for this, there are errors in its detail which nothing can remove. On the side next the Thames a portico stands on the summit of a semicircular arch, the bases of two out of its four columns resting on the hollow part, and giving an appearance of insecurity altogether intolerable in architecture. The vases on the summit are alike unmeaning and inelegant. Yet,

with all its defects — and they are not few — Somerset House must be classed among the finest of our later public buildings; indeed I know hardly any that ranks before it except the Bank of England and the Post Office:—it brought the architect an income during its erection of two thousand pounds a-year, and greatly increased his reputation at home and abroad.

When Chambers grew old, he retired a little from public business, and enjoyed the company of men celebrated for their genius or their wit—amongst whom we may number Johnson, Goldsmith, Reynolds, Burney, and Garrick. He also presided occasionally at a little convivial association called the Architects' Club, who met once a month at the Thatched House. His wife, to whom he was united in his youth, was his constant companion; and he delighted in his children, of whom he had five, viz. four daughters and one son: the latter married one of the daughters of Admiral Lord Rodney. Towards the close of his life he was afflicted with an asthmatic complaint, which obliged him to use an inhaler, and other artificial means of respiration; these ceased to afford relief, and nature gave way on the 8th of May, 1796, when he had reached his seventy-first year. He was buried in Westminster Abbey.

The fame of Chambers depends upon his *Treatise on Civil Architecture*, and that will probably be lessened when even a man of real genius takes up the subject; nevertheless he will always be considered as a benefactor to art, and mentioned with respect as the first Englishman whose pen offered us systematic instruction in a profession of

great usefulness and elegance. As to his other merits I transcribe, for I feel their truth, the words of Mr. Hardwicke. "To Sir William Chambers we are indebted for many improvements in the interior decoration of our buildings. He introduced a more graceful outline, an easy-flowing foliage, and an elegant imitation of such flowers and plants, and other objects in nature, as were best adapted to the purposes of architectural ornament." It may be added, that he spared no pains to instruct his masons and carvers, and had the judgment to select the most expert and skilful. All his designs are beautifully executed.

END OF VOL. IV.

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